



*The Portrait of John Gower from a MS. preserved in the Cotton Library. 1*

MUSEUM  
BRITANNICUM





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This booke is intituled confes-  
 sio amantis / that is to say  
 in englyshe the confession of  
 the hert maner and compendy by  
 Johan Golder squire borne in Walys  
 in the tyme of kynge richard the second  
 which booke containeth how he was confes-  
 syng to Genghis prest of Venus booke  
 the cause of hys in his freer wyth  
 and fayne delyt spawes / as in this  
 sayde booke at charge appereth / and be-  
 cause there been compendy therein by  
 newe hystories and fables aduertyng  
 curyng maner / thus ordyned a table  
 here folowynge of al such hystories  
 and fables wher and in what booke  
 and how they stande in as here after  
 foloweth

First the prologue how Johan Golder  
 in the viij parte of hys reuerend the  
 second booke in make this booke and  
 dyrected to hys of Lancaster thence  
 out of this folio  
 Of the state of the royaume of France  
 the sayde part folio  
 Of the state of the clergie the tyme of  
 Robert gylbonensis namynge hym self  
 cleme / thence and after folio  
 Of the estate of the comyn people  
 folio  
 How the worth of the penance that na-  
 turaly shalbe in his freer hantynge  
 and how of golder / a tyme of syluer / a  
 tyme of / a tyme of yron / and  
 folio  
 How the state of the tyme / and

how the world was full of gold / &  
 after althow wher & wher folio

### Thus endeth the prologue

### Here begynneth the booke

And first the auctor nameth this  
 booke confessio amantis / that is to say  
 the shryfte of the hert / wherof alle  
 this booke shal shewe not onely the  
 hert humayn / but also of alle lyvynge  
 bestes naturally folio  
 How cupido smote Johan Golder  
 with a fyer arrowe and bounde hym  
 so that Venus complaynt to hym grew  
 to hys prest for to hys hys confesse  
 on folio  
 How Genghis kynge sette / the hert  
 lynchynge to hys hym prayeth the sayde  
 confessor to appose hym in his com-  
 on folio  
 The confession of the amant of the  
 of the pryncipalite of his freer wyth  
 folio  
 How althow for hys tyme Deane  
 was turned in to an hert folio  
 Of phoebus and hys thre daughters  
 which had but one eye / & how phoebus  
 was slaine them folio  
 How the serpente that bewyn the char-  
 huncle stoppeth his one eye wher hys  
 tyme and that other both the eye  
 when he is encountred folio  
 How Phobus es- and so the mar-  
 den by howynge of hys serps  
 folio  
 How foloweth that there ben viij delyt  
 games / of whome the first is

1 2 3 4 5  
BRITISH 1 MUSEUM 2



*Engraving of the first map of the world, as it was then known, by Willem Blaeuw, 1667.*

MUSEUM  
BRITANNICUM

This booke is intituled: confes-  
 1 sion amantie / that is to say  
 in englysshe the confessyon of  
 the louer maad; and compyled; by  
 Johan Golber squier borne in walpo  
 in the tyme of kynge richard the second  
 which booke teacheth how he was confes-  
 syd; to Gengus pater of Venus vpon  
 the causes of love in his fyue wyttes  
 and fyny adely spynners / as in this  
 sayd booke al charge appereth / and by  
 cause there been compyled; therein dy-  
 vers hystories and fables adreynge  
 curty matters / I have ordeyned a table  
 here folowynge of al such hystories  
 and fables wher and in what booke  
 and leaf they stande in as here after  
 foloweth

First the prologue how Johan Gol-  
 ber in the viij parte of kynge richard the  
 second; began to make this booke and  
 dyced; to haue of lancaster thence  
 came of derby folio ii  
 Of the state of the royales temporally  
 the sayd; pater folio iii  
 Of the state of the clergie the tyme of  
 robert gyllonensis namynge hym self  
 elemente thence and here folio iii  
 Of the estate of the comyn people  
 folio v  
 How he teacheth of the ymorte that na-  
 ture godenofor fild; in his slep hangynge  
 on the d of gold / a lyste of syluer / a  
 lyste of e / legges of yron / and  
 feet in yron / in a halfe crisse folio vi  
 Of the relation of the tere / and

how the world was first of golde / &  
 after althow verse & verse folio vii

### Thus endeth the prologue

### Here beynneth the booke

And first the auctor nameth this  
 booke confessio amantis / that is to say  
 the shryfte of the louer / wherof alle  
 this booke shal shewe not onely the  
 true humayn / but also of alle lyuynge  
 bestes naturally folio ix

How cupido smote Johan Golber  
 with a fyrre arrowe and bounde hym  
 so that Venus compyled; to hym Geng-  
 us her pater for to here his confesse-  
 on folio x

How Gengus leynge sette / the louer  
 luelynge to here hym prayeth the sayd;  
 confessor to appose hym in his con-  
 fessyon folio xi

The confessyon of the amant of the  
 of the pryncipalste of his fyue wyttes  
 folio xii

How atheon for sleepynge vpon Deane  
 was turne; in to an herte folio xiii

Of choraxus and his thre daughters  
 which had; but one eye / & how phor-  
 axus slewe them folio xiiii

How the serpente that leech the char-  
 huncle stoppeth his one eye thow his  
 tale and; that other wyth the crisse  
 when he is enchaunted; folio xv

How elyces es- wed fro the marmay-  
 dens by stoppynge of his serps  
 folio xvi

Here foloweth that there ben viij dedes  
 of synners / of whome the fyrste is



pride haupng dyurte spires / and the  
first is pocrisie / whose pocrisie the  
confessor declareth to the amant  
folio xiij

Here treateth the confessor with  
the amant how somme there be that

deceiue fraudulently by pocrisie

of the innocente wyemen folio xiij

Holv a knyght of Rome named mun  
dus by fayned pocrisie & folowed one  
paulynne the most chaste wyf of wome  
by the mene of the false prestre

folio xiij

Holv by the colour of sacrefise the gy  
fte than troye in effryng of an hors  
of linc / by which the cyte was des  
troied / and the kynge by tantes sleue / e

alle vnder fayned pocrisie fo xvi

Here he telleth of the second spere of  
pride named inobeyence / & declareth

the nature of this vye folio xvi

Of the vye hangyng to inobeyence  
which serue to hym as secreete mynys  
tres / and they beyn murmur and com  
pleynt folio xvi

Of florence newelle to the Emperour

by his obedyence reformed the kynges

doughter of Seple / which beyn her

stepmoder had been transformed

folio xvi

Here he speketh of the thyrde spere of

pride / which is surquedrye and de  
clareth it to the amant folio xvi

Of the knyght Campanus which

was for his surquedrye lorde by hys

compyng two hawes at the syege of the

tee folio xvi

Here he telleth an ensaumple of a

kyng of hungarye which humbled

hym to your men / whereof his lorde

refused hym / and holv the knyght by

hys mercurious wysdom chastysed

hys lorde folio xvi

Holv narasus after his huntyng had

gret thyrfte / and drunke of a well

wherein he salde his olde fere / on

which he enamoured byenging it had

ben a nymphe / and holv for his beaute

he dyed folio xvi

Here he speketh of the fourth spere of

pride named auaricie / and saldeth

the nature of this vye folio xvi

Holv althys kyng of the hundres

after he had slayne guymonde a kyng

he maade a cuppe of the sculle of hys

lode / and toke Rosmund hys

doughter in mariage / and after he

maad hys for to drunke of the cuppe

maade of hys faders skulle / wherefore

he was afterwarde slayne

folio xvi

Here the confessor speketh of the fyfth

spere of pride which is called wyne

glorie / and belideth the nature of the

vye in the cause of lene to the amant

folio xvi

Holv Nabugodonosor kyng in linc

moste glorie / godd chastyde his lorde

and transformed hym in to a be

estynge lye / and soo alode seven yere

or he was restored to hys lorde and

to game folio xvi

Holv a prudent kyng demaunded the

questyons of one of hys knyghtes

upon hys lode / which were assayed

by hys doughter / and for her lode

dem the kyng wedded hys folio xvi

Here endeth the first booke

And here foloweth the seconde booke

Here the confessor speaketh of the  
synne of enuye / and of the spere  
of which the firste is foule of

another maner these folio xxvi  
Holt polypotimus for enuye that he  
saue this speynge wyth galathe/  
theire ande casty on aie a grete weir  
and saue hym / ande when he holdy  
haue myssed Galathe Nepotimus  
lepte hys two polypotimus folio xxvii  
Of the secunde speyn of enuye whiche  
is tope of othe mennes shoulde / and  
telleth of the nature of the vice in cause  
of here folio xxviii

Holt iustice sende his aungel to tibe  
enuyous may one courtois ande that  
othe enuyous folio xxviii

Of the thirde speyn of enuye namede  
detraction folio xxix

Holt constancer the daughter of the  
emprour was sent to the soldan of  
surge ande of h. metaphras aduent  
into folio xxx

Of the enuye ande detraction kildene  
pessus ande Demetrius sones of ph  
lyp kynge of macedone / ande holt that  
one muste that othe to be slayne  
folio xli

Here treteth the confessor of the fourth  
speyn of enuye / whiche is calldy dy  
smylacoy ande telleth his nature  
folio xli

Holt hercules wyth dyonyus was de  
quedy of nessus at a ryer / in he  
ryng albere dyonyus / ande of the  
farte by which hercules after had his  
deth folio xlii

Here he treteth of the fyfthe speyn of  
enuye calldy suplantacion ande telleth  
of his nature folio xliii

Of geyn ande amphytion folio xliv  
Holt an emprours sone ofrome was  
suplantid by his felde / of the sold  
dane brought by a kynge to hym hys  
couyn folio xlv

Holt the poye honeste suplantid  
fraudulently alse his paterfour

Wherfor afterwarde he was in grete  
myrre of hunga ande thurste  
folio xlvii

Holt joas emprour of the hoost of da  
uidy stelde abner / ande Achisfel for  
enuye that he had that cause was pe  
fectede longe hym self folio xlviii

Holt the confessor wyrteth the nature  
of enuye / as wel in loue as after the  
proppete of the vice folio xlix

Holt the vertu of charite is agaynst  
enuye / ande telleth of constantyn sone  
of k. lagn sholdy haue be kiledy of hys  
lepte by bloody of chyldeken whiche he  
pardoned / wherfore he was kiledy by  
myracle folio cl

### Here endeth the secundy booke

### And here begynneth the thirde booke

Holt the confessor treteth of the  
synne of pry / ande of hys fyue speyn  
of whiche the fyrst is calldy malice  
colpe folio cl

Holt machabe sone of kynge Solu  
gare his suster Canace wyth chylde  
wherfore hys fader jugedy hys to deth  
folio cli

Holt tyrtas for departinge of  
two serpentes engendryng was  
transformed in to a thoman  
folio clii

Here he treteth of the secunde speyn of  
pry namede chete or stryf / ande telleth  
his nature ande what harme cometh  
therof folio cliii

Holt paynter is a vertu agaynst pry  
ande telleth holt Socrates by spoll  
and whar byon hys husbondes  
cliv

fredy andy hold he suffredy patiently  
folio

Of a queypon Epithene Jupyter andy  
juno / whether a man or a woman  
were moste braving in concupysance  
and ordeynedy iustysas to be judge  
folio

Holv phidias transformedy the ewolve  
whiche was whyte / in to blacke by  
cause she tolde hyr ladyes counseyll  
folio

Holv Jupyter cut of the tongue of  
laar / because she tolde that he laye by  
jupiter folio

Of the thyrde spere of yre namedy hate  
e of his nature folio

Holv thea palamides was slepyng tui  
twyslye at the syege of troye / Nam  
plis in his contr made arayn signis  
to decyue the shippes of grece  
comynge homewardy so auenge hys  
sones dethe folio

Of the fourth and fyfthe spere of  
lunathe whiche ben contrit e homperde  
e of theyr nature holv they lye not  
patiently folio

Holv dyogenes sittynge in a tunne all  
slyderdy alexander folio

Of the hystorye of yramus and byste  
and holv eche slewe hym self for loue  
of eche other folio

Of the loue of phedrus that he hady to  
daphne / and holv the horder that he lo  
uedy hyr the coler she was folio

Of the vengeaunce of attemas andy  
demophon in theyr contr after they  
hady returned fro troye / e of the pary  
e of lypng nestor folio

Holv elymestir by the counayll of  
egypte slewe Agamenon slepyng in  
his bedde / and holv his sone hystes  
toke vengeaunce therof folio

Here he telleth agaynst the moerers  
of watre / whiche is not onely cause of

homperde / but desolacyon of alle the  
worldy folio

Holv the grece werryde in emery con  
tra that was ryche and fertile / but  
archoe by cause it was lurren e rou  
se it adde in yre folio

Of a see wauer taken in the see andy  
brought to olysaunders / whiche sayde  
yf he were myty as he was / he sholdy  
be calldy a conquerour / but for he  
fale but lytel he was calldy a theff  
folio

Of a hynde haungy the bysage of a  
man / whiche when he hath slayne by  
his pryce a man / andy after seeth in  
the water that he hath slayn one lyke  
hym self / anone he deperth for sorowe  
folio

Holv achilles byth the laphus  
fought agaynst Tenar / andy when  
Tenar was asse down achilles wold  
haue slayn hym but the laphus by his  
pyte saved hym folio

Thus endeth the thyrde booke

And here begynneth the fourth booke

Here the confessor speeth of the  
pyne of skethe andy of the spere  
of whiche the first is lachasse e the  
lath his properre folio

Holv eneeas lefte dydo lypng  
at cartage / andy holv the slawe yre  
self folio

Holv penelope wote an eyfelle  
to dydo to troye / blamyng hym  
for his lachas and lunge lypng  
folio

Holv an astrologer had made an in  
gynous werke by the spere of dydo



And for latches of a momente before it  
 alle folio lxxv  
 And also of the true folysse Virgins  
 for theye latches entered not with  
 the spouse in to weddyng folio lxxv  
 Here he speaketh of purgatory &  
 of his nature folio lxxv  
 How purgation by his continual  
 prayers caused an euery ymage to  
 be an angel and to haue fleshe and  
 blood folio lxxv  
 How king lygus menard his wyf  
 if he had a daughter it shold be sleyn  
 and how by the goodesse of his he was  
 transformed in to a man folio lxxv  
 Of the Spere of forgetyng and of his  
 nature folio lxxv  
 Of demofon and philis / and how  
 philis linge her self for lue  
 folio lxxv  
 Of the vice of negligence and of his  
 nature folio lxxv  
 How philis sone of the forme lader  
 his fathers miter & sitte at the world  
 a fere / and fell in the sea and was  
 deuoured folio lxxv  
 Of decaus and permes his sone how  
 they flye in thayer and how permes  
 for negligence was sholwen to the  
 ground folio lxxv  
 Here alleth the confessor of that spier  
 of shunthe which is named ydelnesse  
 And sayeth the nature thereof  
 folio lxxv  
 How the daughter of the kynge of ar  
 more mette on a tyme a companye of  
 the fayre / and founde one folowynge  
 keryng the harkens of thoset to lxxv  
 How iust had answered to make sa  
 crifice to gode the first that came to  
 welcome hym home / and it was his  
 daughter / which desired to be with  
 her lxxv  
 How for the cause of her walpaur

of chynalpe shold not lene his  
 eyerpe folio lxxv  
 Here allegeth the amant for his ey  
 casapon how achilles for the loue of  
 polixene left to do armes at  
 trope folio lxxv  
 How vlyses was taken by the garkes  
 for to goo to trope / where he wold  
 fayne haue abyden with penelope his  
 wyf folio lxxv  
 How protheselaus setting his wyues  
 conspell a part had luer dye by so  
 neur at trope / than tabide at home in  
 ydelnes folio lxxv  
 How king saul not withstanding sa  
 muel and the phitonyse which tolde  
 hym he shold be slayn if he went to  
 batayle / yet he preferred the same  
 of chynalpe folio lxxv  
 How achilles was in his yongthe en  
 couraged by chit a centaur for to be  
 hardy / and hym to take lyes & such  
 other bestes / and spaw them that fled  
 fro hym folio lxxv  
 How ericulis conquerd achilus for  
 lue of dyantra folio lxxv  
 How patrisila queene of amozone cam  
 to trope for lue of dador / And in  
 her persone refused not to be  
 armes folio lxxv  
 How phylomenys for fame of chynal  
 pe came to trope and gat petry to  
 haue the maydens fro the wyame of  
 Amozone folio lxxv  
 How enecas ouercame turnus in  
 batayle / by which he gat the lue  
 of laigne / & subdued the roy ame of  
 patry folio lxxv  
 How gentylnes is preferred ofte  
 and what gentylnes is folio lxxv  
 Of the dyspency of our pryncessours  
 & their doctrine folio lxxv  
 Of the three stones that the phylis  
 petro made / that is to saye Petra  
 iii



A mynmal / e mynmal folio lxxxviii  
 Here is tith of sompnolence / whiche  
 is chamberleyn to shewe / and tith  
 of his nature e proper folio lxxxv  
 Of the kyng: Cery kyng of twynge  
 and alaron his wyf / e hold for hie  
 Alaron lepe in to the see to her hus  
 bond / and hold they were turned in to  
 fyrces folio lxxxvi  
 Dolt archolus by walkyng gate Au  
 rocam his hie e despyde the sonne e  
 the mone to lentye theyr coare  
 folio lxxxvii  
 Dolt ro has transformed in to a  
 colwe / e put to the keepyng of argus  
 by juno / but mercurys broughte hym  
 a slewe e slewe hym folio lxxxviii  
 Dolt pphre the sone of Tencar hupde  
 a mayde / and coude not gett hie by  
 pryete ne pester / henge hym self at  
 his faders gate / and the goddes wro  
 ned the mayde therfor in to an hard  
 stone folio lxxxix

### Thus endeth the fourth book

### Here begynneth the fiftthe book

Here entendeth the confessor to tith of  
 couetyse and ouerpr which is wch of  
 al euphe e of his spere folio lxxxix  
 Dolt myda kyng of frige lxxvii  
 Cillenun the prest of lachus / what  
 for lachus had hym demaunde what  
 he wolde / and he shold haue / e Un  
 dyscreetly he despyde that alle that he  
 touchde shold be golde folio lxxx  
 Of the wyke of Jakuspe whiche ent  
 hath suspencion e without cause  
 ymagyneth corruption folio lxxxi  
 Dolt Vulcanus fonde Venus a hede  
 with more / wherupon he called all the  
 felabshyp of goddes to see them / and

they laughed hym to scorne  
 folio lxxxii  
 Of the false sectes of goddes / e hold  
 they began by the pyrgons / and first  
 of the sect of the cultres fol lxxxiii  
 The epistle of Dyndymus kyng of  
 lachmans sent to kyng Algram  
 der folio lxxxiv  
 Of the first cultum in wherewyng  
 to ydolls folio lxxxv  
 Of the synagoge of the lxxvii  
 Jelles / which sayde what the church  
 of cryste began folio lxxxvi  
 Of cristen fytthe in which is iness al  
 ly lxxvii the complement of the my  
 stre of the holy sacrament / e funda  
 ment of our sauacion folio lxxxviii  
 Dolt thos the high prest of the am  
 ple of mynerne coupte by golde der  
 nede his face a spe wherewyng  
 Antenor take alwey the palladium  
 folio lxxxix  
 Dapni gurgon sayth Ndon prse that  
 come with the jury / Andalus whiche  
 arday / Thomas with ynde / e Poule  
 with the gentyles / what shal be  
 now say folio lxxx  
 Here the confessor tith on the super  
 of ouerpr namede quetyse e sheweth  
 it to the amant in the caust of her  
 folio lxxxii  
 Of cnyllas the Emperour for quetyse  
 let ouerpr the myroure of Virgile  
 in which the remayne myt see what  
 hard shold come to them folio lxxxiii  
 Of hem that seue in pyrges courtes  
 e quetyse for theyr myroure folio lxxxiiii  
 Of fedyrke the Emperour hold to hie  
 lxxvii pome men stryng / one sayng  
 that he may be whel reth whome the  
 kyng lxxvii / e that offer said lxxvii  
 godd lxxvii shal be reth / e to pome  
 the kyng made lxxvii lxxvii  
 Here is tith of the super that is

called false by p[re]st[er] and p[ri]nce / &  
the nature thereof folio

**C vii**  
Holt thes[is] ch[ri]st[ian] o[r]ph[an]e his son  
in ch[ri]st[ian] of a maye / and sent hym  
to kyng h[er]mes l[et]t[er] he saye w[ith]  
his daughter and gaue h[er] w[ith]  
ch[ri]st[ian] folio

**C viii**  
Holt jason gaue the golden fleece and  
after falsed[ly] medea for h[er] of crusa / &  
forsoke h[er] and was forsoth[er]  
folio

**C ix**  
Holt medea made eson his fader y[ou]ng  
agayn folio

**C x**  
Holt the golden fleece came first in to  
colchos folio

**C xi**  
Holt the t[ri]st[er] of the sp[er] of Auarice  
call[ed] Vm and of h[er] nature  
folio

**C xii**  
Holt juno all[er]ged h[er] on Eto for  
let buld[er]e folio

**C xiii**  
Holt the t[ri]st[er] of the sp[er] of s[ar]cane  
wh[ic]h w[il]l not depart to gode ne to  
man folio

**C xiiii**  
Holt emetio large and p[re]sumpt[ive] &  
ap[er]ed bulpon st[er]p[er] and auaricious  
of the hur of h[er]e by h[er] large p[er]f[ect]  
as folio

**C xv**  
Holt the sp[er] of the sp[er] of auarice  
call[ed] Ingu[er]it[us] or Unlign[er]esse  
wh[ic]h is in cond[er]p[er]on abhominable  
folio

**C xvi**  
Of adrian senat[er] wh[ic]h h[er] in a  
p[er]t[er] / and holt h[er]d[er]e pulk[er]e h[er]  
out and also the l[et]t[er] / wh[ic]h l[et]t[er]  
r[et]ard[er]e h[er] / & holt the sayd adrian  
was Unlign[er]e folio

**C xvii**  
Of the Unlign[er]e of thes[is] to adrian  
an wh[ic]h h[er]e saued his l[et]t[er] / & holt  
he l[et]t[er] h[er] and w[il]l p[er]d[er]e h[er] sister  
folio

**C xviii**  
Holt the t[ri]st[er] of the sp[er] of auarice  
nam[ed]e m[er]ce wh[ic]h moder is e[st]e[m]d  
on & of his nature folio

**C xix**  
Of p[er]u[er]e and p[er]u[er]e's sister

holt thes[is] there d[er]p[er]ed by Teruo  
And of thes[is] t[ra]nsformac[er]on in to  
h[er]e folio

**C xx**  
Holt spe[er]k[er] of the sp[er] of auarice  
call[ed] thes[is] folio

**C xxi**  
Holt neptuno wold[er] haue opp[er]sed a  
p[er]gyn w[il]k[er]e by the se sp[er]  
And Pallas d[er]p[er]ed h[er] fro h[er]  
hande folio

**C xxii**  
Holt jupit[er] in sym[er]tude of a maye  
m[er]ssed by thes[is] the p[er]gyn[er] of  
calstons and gaue on h[er] Archas  
folio

**C xxiii**  
Holt phirp[er]us the f[er]st yong man  
of rome put out his olde eye by  
ma[er] he wold sone abhominable in the  
sp[er] of w[er]m[er]e that d[er]p[er]ed h[er]  
folio

**C xxiiii**  
Holt Valentin[er]an the emp[er]our had  
more ioy that he l[et]t[er] kept his Virg[er]  
n[er]e th[er] of al the conquest that he had  
subdured to rome folio

**C xxv**  
Holt the t[ri]st[er] of the Vir[er] call[ed] se[er]  
the[er] or m[er]ch[er] / and h[er] nature  
folio

**C xxvi**  
Of l[er]ch[er]e wh[ic]h p[er]d[er]e d[er]p[er]ed  
Unlign[er]e the moder / w[il]l[er]fore h[er]  
fader d[er]d to hurp h[er] qu[er]che/out of  
wh[ic]h toml[er]e groweth an h[er]e call[ed]  
golde folio

**C xxvii**  
Of hercules and Eole / and holt that  
e[er] of them w[il]l[er] others clothes / and  
holt fulmin[er]e came to hercules bedde in  
stode of eole / w[il]l[er] hercules th[er]e to  
the grownde folio

**C xxviii**  
Holt the t[ri]st[er] upon the laste sp[er] of  
conel[er]e and is call[ed] sac[er]lege  
wh[ic]h is to stele holy th[er]nges / and  
in holy places folio

**C xxix**  
Holt the t[ri]st[er] of the sac[er]leges / one  
ma[er]e anthiochus / another naburadan  
& the third nabugodonosor fo **C xxx**  
Holt p[er]p[er]e of the m[er]ssed out of  
the temple h[er]e w[il]l[er] to h[er]e

menelaus / wherfore after alle Troy  
was destroyed folio C xxxij  
Here he speketh of the Vertu of lye &  
gesse whiche stondeth bytwene lye  
wile & prodigallite folio C xxxv

Thus endeth the fyfthe booke

And here begynneth the syxthe booke

Here the confessor tretteth of the  
synne of glotony / and telteth onelye  
of ilbo his Tye that is drunkenhede  
and delycacye & of theyr nature  
folio C xxxvi

Holv juppiter hath in his selwe ilbo  
tonnes / in the fyre of which is moste  
swete lyeour / and the secundy is ful of  
byster spawte folio C xxxvii

Holv at the requeste of lachus lachan  
he came fro a lutoyle out of the orient  
and coude fynde no maner drynke /  
Juppiter sente hym a wyder which  
with hys fote smote the grounde / and  
there anon sprange a welke  
folio C xxxviii

Here he telteth holv Tyrtam for the  
drynke that hanglberyng gawe to hym  
he was affectyd & dwonken in the hure  
of hile yfolde folio C xxxix

Holv the centaurs lachan they were  
dronke beynde wood / and in theyr  
woodnes myssed jwotace fro yro  
thes his husbond folio C xxxix

Holv galla & Hyalus were juged to  
deth / & chere for to be dwonke when they  
shold dre aschylbe the more the wyne  
of deth folio C xxxix

Here he tretteth on the synne of glotony  
callid delicye folio C xli

Here he telteth the ensaumple of dyane  
& lazare whiche is expressid in the gos  
pel of luke folio C xli

Of the delycacye of new folio C xli  
Holv the impossyble ymagyned in  
the mynde glotony & maketh the lites  
of luto delycate folio C xli

Here he tretteth holv delycacye & dwonke  
nesse leryng a man to the promocien  
of carnal concupysance / and causyn  
morgyle folio C xlii

The names of the auctours of the bo  
kes of natural & suprenatural mo  
tylle & nygromancye folio C xlii

Holv lye a gude magycan comyng  
fro troy aryved in the ylle of Cylly  
where the gude wyche artus was / on  
whom he gawe a sene which estalward  
shelbe his fader folio C xlii

Holv neitralus desoyred elympos  
by his craft / and gawe en lye lye  
fader the gude conquerour fo C xlii  
Holv Zetach the fader magycan  
laughed at his lye / wher he lye  
of syre shelbe folio C l

Thus endeth the syxthe booke

And here begynneth the seventh booke

In this vij booke thauctor entredeth  
to alle the doctrine of aristotle which  
he taughte to Alyxander auctore  
astracye and physyke / & darydeth  
it in to thre parties / that is theoric / re  
thoryke & practyke folio C li

Here he telteth first of theoric / which  
is endowbed with thre sciences / that  
is theologic / metaphysic / and metaphysic  
folio C li

Of thirfold essence folio C li

The secundy parte of theoric callid  
physyke folio C li

The thirde parte of theoric callid  
thematyke folio C li

Of musike folio C li



Of geometrye folio C li  
 Of the creation of the four elementis  
 and of thys naturs and properties  
 folio C li  
 Of the erthe that is the first element  
 folio C li  
 Of the water which is the second  
 element folio C li  
 Of the ayre & iii element folio C li  
 Of the purgynge of the ayre fo C li  
 Of the fyre flyng in the ayre by  
 myght & of thys names folio C li  
 Of the fyre which is the fourth ele-  
 ment folio C li  
 How after the nature of the four ele-  
 mentis ben four complexions in man  
 nes body / which ben malencolye  
 ffyllow / blood / & coler folio C li  
 How the four complexions haue in  
 mannes in mannes body fo C li  
 Wherefore the stomake strueth fo C li  
 Here he speaketh of the dysposyon of  
 the erthe which was departed after  
 the flood to the iij sonnes of noe that  
 is ashe / offryde & eurow folio C li  
 How the see is called the ocean  
 folio C li  
 Here he speaketh of the fourth spere of  
 mathematike / which is called astro-  
 nomye / and his skille is astrologye /  
 and of the sunn planete folio C li  
 Here he speaketh of the mone the nethe-  
 rest planete folio C li  
 The ii is mercurie folio C li  
 The thyrde planete is called Venus  
 folio C li  
 The fourth planete is the sonne of his  
 cours & his aparyll folio C li  
 The fyfthe planete is mars fo C li  
 The syxthe planete is Iuppiter  
 folio C li  
 The vii planete is Saturnus fo C li  
 Of the ethere signes and effectes in  
 the iij monethes folio C li

Of the doctryne of neclanabus that  
 he taughte to alpharander of ydypyn &  
 cytal steres with thys stones & her  
 les conuenient to the natural opina-  
 on in arte magyke folio C li  
 Of thauours of astronomye and the  
 bookes therof made folio C li  
 Here the confessor speaketh of the second  
 parte of philosophy which is retho-  
 ryke and maketh men sauoure / and  
 of his iij spere that is gramer and  
 logyque by whos doctryne the rethour  
 pfecteth his wordes folio C li  
 Of the eloquens of Iulius Cesar in  
 the cause of catlyne agensst cyllene &  
 other folio C li  
 Here he treateth of the thyrde parte of  
 philosophy which is called practyse  
 And hath thre spere / that is ethyca-  
 peconomya & polycpa folio C li  
 How after polycpa he treateth of fyue  
 articles bylongynge to the rule of a  
 kyng / and the first is trowthe  
 folio C li  
 How daryus demaunded his kynge  
 & who was strangest / the kyng / the  
 wyne or the woman folio C li  
 Of the strengthe of loue which was  
 bytweene amys kyng of perse & apemen  
 daughter of beazys folio C li  
 Of the trowthe of alaste wyf of amete  
 which chaas to deye to haue hys hus-  
 bond to lyue folio C li  
 Here he treateth of the second polycpa of  
 the magistere of a kyng which is cal-  
 led largesse folio C li  
 How aristotle made exaunple to al-  
 faunder by the exactions of the kyng  
 of chalyces folio C li  
 How Iulius Cesar refusede such  
 kyngdomes as were noble and salpauit  
 folio C li  
 How a kyng shold rebard and gyue  
 by dyscusion folio C li



Helpe the state of a kyng ought to be  
supported of his twelve leges

folio C lxxij

Holw prodigallite of a kyng tryngeth  
in comyn pouerte folio C lxxij

Holw flaturis in p. p. n. s. courtis  
offende the maner wyse folio C lxxij

Holw anisippus tryumphe dyogynus  
by cause he wolde not dwelle in court  
and holw dyogynus answerde hym  
folio C lxxij

Here he putteth an ensample agynst  
flaturis/and telleth what is said to  
such as take theyr tryumphe in court  
folio C lxxij

Holw when an emperour is interrony  
sed in his estate / a mason shal be  
maunde hym of what stone he wyl  
haue his temple made folio C lxxij

Of somme that make them self wyse  
by foue in thende folio folio C lxxij

Holw kyng achab refused to take p. s.  
phetes / and heyluod flaturis  
folio C lxxij

Here he treateth of the thyrd polycr of  
a kyng / which is called iustice /  
which undirth euery man that he  
ought to haue folio C lxxij

An emperours mageste ought not to  
be defendid onely by armes / but also  
by iustice folio C lxxij

Holw maymyng the emperour wolde  
knowe the fame of a man or he wolde  
sette hym in any offyce folio C lxxij

Holw gagus fabrycus refused riches  
and wolde not be coupet for golde  
folio C lxxij

Holw carmyde togyre for lepyng of his  
statute shal be hym self folio C lxxij

Holw camylus dyd deo flee a false  
iuge / and made his sone to spake on  
his faders steyn to auryse hym folio he  
juged folio C lxxij

Of the names that first made talbes

folio

C lxxij

Here treateth the confessor of the fourth  
polycr of a kyng / which is named

p. s. folio C lxxij

Holw kyng alexander juged a  
kynght to deth / & he appeld his son  
that he wyl be p. s. to his p. s.

folio C lxxij

Holw a helpe and a saufsyn meth / &  
he the helpe tryuod the p. s. n. m.  
wherefor a l. p. n. shal be hym

folio C lxxij

Holw codrus kyng of attenes chas  
to be slayne hym self in the batayle for  
to saue his p. s. folio C lxxij

Holw p. s. n. m. after he had taken the  
kyng of armene in the batayle he hym  
goo quyt / saying it is more noble to  
make a kyng / thenne to depose a kyng

folio C lxxij

Holw leoncyus out of the nose a kyng  
of iustynpan / and folio it was after  
dunnged folio C lxxij

Holw one herillus maad a kulle of  
lms for the p. s. n. m. of Spulus the  
kyng to arment men therin / & heril-  
lus was the first that was tormen

tyd therin folio C lxxij

Holw dyenys gave his charyte to be  
decuredd and eyn of his bris / and  
in the wyse herules gave dyonys to  
be eyn of the same bris so C lxxij

Holw spephon gave mannes fleshe to  
be eyn / wherefor he was transformed  
in to a bulfe folio C lxxij

Holw a leon speweth may that l. p. n.  
down prostrat folio C lxxij

Holw spectachus spawd none / but  
shelbe them that were ouercome / and  
in the wyse after he was not spawd

but was dwolued in the d. folio C lxxij

Though a p. s. n. m. ought not to be ouer-  
cuel / in the wyse he ought not to be

folio C lxxij

Though a p. s. n. m. ought not to be ouer-  
cuel / in the wyse he ought not to be

saer pusillanymous ne tymorous  
folio

**C lxxxvii**  
Holt gedon with ther hondred men  
onely ouercome fyue kynges with  
four score and ten thousand men

folio **C lxxxviii**

Holt a kyng is bounden to slee by  
ryght his aduersaryes somtyme / as it  
sheweth by Saul bycause he slede not  
agag / he was put out of the kyngdom  
of Israel and his hewe also

folio **C lxxxix**

Holt dauid commaunded to salamon  
to slee joab without any trespesson  
folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt salamon ayeid by wisdom of god  
for to rule his people and alle other  
goodes came to hym with alle

folio **C lxxxix**

Holt turus the emperour ayeid of  
his secreta collapours what men sayd  
of hym and holt thep answered / and  
what his foole sayd folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt coluas by cause he dyd after his  
yonge counayl and refused the counayl  
of olde men lest he trye of Israel  
attoures folio

**C lxxxix**  
A questyon whether hit is better to  
haue a wyfe pryncer with euyl coun  
ayl / or a folysse pryncer with good  
counayl folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt antonyus by ensauple of Sa  
pyon / had leuer to saue one of his  
olde people / than sle an hondred of  
his enemyes folio

**C lxxxix**  
Hert tith Aristotle of the fyfthe  
policye of a kyng / which is named  
chastyte / he tolde what clennes it o  
fruct folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt sardanapallus became alle fyne  
nym and left for the hure of wymmen  
the warre / wherfore he leste his rya  
me folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt Dauid for the hure of wymmen

left not the herte ne the exercise of  
armes folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt ams kyng of perse coude not  
ouercome the kynges / but he dyssmyss  
edy / by which his enemyes were dys  
used / and after thenne sedynly he  
ranne on them and bynquysshed  
them folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt amelech sente wymmen to the  
hebrewes / by whome he ouercome them  
folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt salamon for hure of his couay  
nes worshipped false goddes  
folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt ochpas the prophete put his man  
at in to twelue partyes / and gaue  
ten of them to ierobas so

**C lxxxix**  
Holt Atroous sone of Tarquyne by  
falschete deapured the gabyns and  
caused the towne to be taken

folio **C lxxxix**

Holt the said atroous came to Rome  
and fraudulently opprest Lucresse  
wyf of collatyn wherfore she slewe hir  
self folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt a myghty byrgyneus shode his  
olde daughter by cause she shold not  
lese hir byrgynete folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt the seuen husbondes of Sara  
were slayne the fyrst nyght of there  
marriage / and holt thobye was pre  
sed by thaungel folio

**C lxxxix**

Thus endeth the seventh booke

Here begynneth the viij & last booke

Here tolleth the confessor of them  
that in loues cause doon agayns na  
ture as in there kynges and spekede  
folio

**C lxxxix**  
Holt calygula lare and rauysshed  
his olde wyf suetors / and afterward  
egged them folio

**C lxxxix**

Holv amen sone of daupdy myssyd  
his sister thamar folio CC lxxxij

Holv Loth after that his wyf was  
tornedy in to a saltstone laye by hys  
two doughters/and gate on them two  
sones/one Moab and that other amon  
folio CC lxxxij

Holv kyng antyochus & foulde hys  
doughter /and of the problem that he  
put forth to them that dysred/ and of  
apellgnus answber and his ciuety  
thus aduersytes /and holv it tornedy  
al wel in thende folio CC lxxxij

Holv Epon lues cause genius the  
confessor entornedy after the confessen  
made to the amant the thynges which  
ben meste helsum and expedyent  
folio CC iij

Here speketh he of the contraries  
bytwene the confessor and the amant  
folio CC iij

The forme of a supplicacō of thamar's  
part /delgnerdy by Genius Unto Ve  
nus folio CC iij

Here is shewedy holv Venus after the  
wraynyng of the supplicacō of the  
luer wythout delaye answberth to ene  
ry thyng folio CC v

Here is shewedy holv Venus beholdyng  
the Insymptre of the soek luer exhor  
ted hym by many ensamples to like  
hys court folio CC v

Holv the amant was fallen deil as he  
had ben ded/and appere with a grete  
multitude of luers came and beheld  
hym folio CC vi

Of the names of them that tofore had  
lued/ /somme yonge and somme olde  
of whom the olde prayde specially to  
the godd and goddesse of lue for hym  
folio CC vi

Holv Venus drete out fro the amant  
the spy arolde / and Venus took a  
colde oynement and enoynted hym /

and holv he salde in a mytoure lye  
age and Insymptre folio CC viij

Holv Venus lude hym to pray for the  
pres / and spunge about his necke a  
wyge of lues blacke as salt  
folio CC viij

Here in the ende he teacheth that al lue  
whiche is not in trap chace is of  
no valewe /for he that abyeth in chas  
yng abyeth in godd folio CC ix

The enuer of his book & synnys  
of the same folio CC x

Expat





Oportet hunc fructus scola p  
ua labor minimus q/Cau  
sant quo minimus ipse mi  
nora canam/Qua tum eis  
gisti lingua canit insula bruta/ Angli  
a carmen et metra iunant loquor/Os  
sibus ergo carnis que contrit ossa lo  
quor/ Absit et Interpres stet procul  
quo malus,

Hic in principio libri declarat qua  
litate in Anno Regis Ricardi Secun  
di Septuagesimo Johannes Collier pre  
sentem libellum composuit et finaliter  
compleuit / quem serenissimo domi  
no suo. Domino Henrico De Lancas  
tria tunc Derby Comiti cum omni res  
uerencia specialiter destinavit /

I am that Wy  
an do to fore/  
The bookes duck  
le: We therefore  
Wen taught of y  
was Wyman tho  
For thy good is

that We also/ In our tyme amog do  
le. Do Wyte of ne We somme matre  
Ensampled of the old Wyse  
So that it myght in such a Wyse  
When We be dede and elles where  
Beleue to the Wylles etc  
In tyme comend after this  
But for men seyn e seke it is  
That who that al of Wylsedom Wyte  
It dulleth ofte a mannes Wyte  
To hym that shal it al day rede  
For thyske cause yf that yf we  
I wol goo the myddel Wy  
And Wyte a book byt Wene the Wey  
Somewhat of luse/ e som what of luse  
That of the lasse or of the more  
Some man may luse of that I Wyte  
And for that seke men endyte



In our englyshe for to make  
 A booke for englonde's sake  
 The xxvij of kyng Richard  
 What shal befall here afterwarde  
 God wote / for now upon this tyme  
 Man see the world on every syde  
 In sondry wyse so dyuerſed  
 That it wel nygh stant al reuerſed  
 Also for to speke of tyme a goo  
 The cause why it chaungeth so  
 It needeth nought to specefy  
 The thyng so open is at the eye  
 That every man it may behold  
 And netheles by dayes olde  
 When that the bookes weren lout  
 Wrytyng was bylounde ever  
 Of hem that weren vertuous  
 For her merite among be . . .  
 If noman wryte how it stode  
 The pryse of hem that were good  
 Shold as who sayth a grette partye  
 Be lost so for to magnifye  
 The worthy prynces that the were  
 The bookes shewen her & there  
 Whereof the world ensampled is  
 And tho that dyden thynne amys  
 Thowgh tyrannye & cruelte  
 Ryght as they stonden in degre  
 So was the wrytyng of the werk  
 Thus I which am a forl clerk  
 Purpose for to wryte a booke  
 As for the world that whylome tolde  
 Long tyme in old dayes passyd  
 But for men seyn it is now lassed  
 In were plyngh than it was tho  
 I thanke for to touche also  
 The world which neweth every daye  
 So as I can / so as I may  
 Thowgh I schenesse haue upon honds  
 And long haue had yet wol I fonde  
 To wryte & do my besynesse  
 That in som partye so as I gesse  
 The wyse man may be aduysed  
 For this prologue is so assidid  
 That it to wisedome al bynggeth  
 That wyse man that it vnderfongeth

He shal drasse in to remembraunce  
 The fortune of the world's chaunce  
 The which noman in his persone  
 May knowe but the god allone  
 When the prologue is so dispended  
 The booke shal afterwarde be ended  
 Of due which doth many a wonder  
 And many a wise man hath put vnder  
 And in this wyse I thanke trewe  
 Toward them that now be grete  
 Betwene the vtrike & the vtrike  
 Which longeth vnto this offyce  
 But for my wyte is so smale  
 To telle every mannes tale  
 This booke vpon amendement  
 To stond at his commaltement  
 With whome myn lert is of accorde  
 I send vnto myn owne lord  
 Which of Lancaster is herry named  
 To hygh god both hym proclaimed  
 Ful of knyghthode & al grette  
 So wolde I now this werk embrace  
 With booke trust & booke bypate  
 God graunte I mote it wel achue  
 i Empus proutum patus for  
 tuna beatum. Eiquit & antiquas  
 verit in vtrike bias / Progenit vtrike  
 tem concors dilectio parum  
 Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis  
 erat / Legibus vnicolre tunc amporis  
 autu refultit / Justia: plane tunc q  
 fuerit die / Nunc q latens odium bul  
 tum depingit amoris / Pax q sub fictu  
 tempus ad arma agit / Justar & q  
 vtrike mutabile Cameliontis / Eo ge  
 nit & regnis sunt noua iura noua  
 climata q fuerant solidissima sic q  
 per orbem / Soluuntur nec eo antea q  
 etis halant  
 E sta tu regnos Et dicunt secun  
 dum temporalia / Videtur amporis Re  
 gis Ricardi secundi. Anno Regni sui  
 Sextodecimo

1  
 What was in to my  
 mynde. The tyme passed  
 than I fynde. The World  
 stood in al his welthe  
 Tho was the lpf of mā  
 in helth/ To Was plant tho Was Ry  
 chesse. Tho Was fortune tho Was pro  
 wesse. Tho Was knyghthode in pry  
 by name. Wherof þ wide worldes fame  
 Wreth in Cronycles is yet withhold  
 Justys of lawe tho Was holde  
 The pryvilege of Rygalte  
 Was fast/ & al the Barons  
 Worschipped Was in his astate  
 The Cytyes linke no debate  
 The peple stood in obysaunce  
 Under the rule of gouernaunce  
 And pers With ryghtwysenesse kept  
 With charyte tho stood, in wete  
 Of mannes lert the courage  
 Was shewed thenne in the bylage  
 The Word Was lyche to the conyng  
 Withouth semblaunt of decept  
 Tho was ther vnenygd lue  
 Tho Was vertu set aboue  
 And vyc was put vnder foot  
 No stant the crop vnder the rote  
 The World is chaunged ouerall  
 And therof moost in speccial  
 That lue is falle in to discord  
 And that I take in to record  
 Of euery lond for his partys  
 The comyn wyse. Which may not lye  
 Nought vpon one but vpon alle  
 So that men now clepe & calle  
 And syne that wyne ben deuyd  
 In stead of lue is hatte guped  
 The wyte wol no pce purchace  
 And lawe hath take hys double face  
 So that Justys out of the way  
 With ryghtwysenes is gone away  
 And thus to loke on euery balde  
 May see the soow without falde  
 Which al the World hath ouertake  
 Ther is no wyne of al out take  
 For euery clymat hath his byle

After the bynyng of the Wyle  
 Which bypate fortune ouerthreweth  
 Wherof the certayne noman knoweth  
 The true wote What is to done  
 But we that dwelle vnder the mone  
 Stand in this world vpon a wyte  
 And namey but the wyte  
 Of hem that ben the worldes gupers  
 With good counseyle on euery syde  
 Ben kept vpright in such a wyse  
 That hatte batte nought thassise  
 Of lue Which is al the chere  
 To kepe a wyne out of meschere  
 For al wofen wold this  
 That vnto hym Which the truewyte is  
 The members bypate that to be  
 And he sholde eke be twytwytwy  
 With al his lert and make hem chere  
 For good counseyle is good to lere  
 Al though a man be wyse hym selue  
 Yet is the wysewys more of edelwe  
 And yf they stonde both in one  
 To both it were thenne anone  
 That god his grace wold sende  
 To make of this wyte an ende  
 Which euery day now groweth ne we  
 And that is gretely for to we  
 In speccial for wytes sake  
 Which wold his owne lpf forsake  
 Amonge the men to reuen woe  
 But now men tellen nethel  
 That lue is from the world departed  
 So stant the pce vncuene parted  
 With hem that lye now a dayes  
 But for to loke at al assayes  
 To hym that wold wofen seche  
 After the comyn worldes speche  
 It is to wonder of this wyte  
 In which none wote who hath þ wyte  
 For lnd hym self deapweth  
 And of wyse his wote wopweth  
 And yet take men no kepe  
 But this wyte Which al may kepe  
 To whome no counseyle may be hpd  
 vpon the world Which is to lpd  
 Amende that wote of men playnen



With twelfe letters & With pleyne  
And reconseyle here ayene  
As he which is kyng souerayne  
Of al the worldes gouernaunce  
And of his hygh purueaunce  
Affirme pres byt wene the londes/  
And take her cause in to his bondes  
So that the world may stande appesed  
And his goddette also be plesed

Quae coluit moyses virtus aut nouus  
Ipse iohannes / Hesternus leges dixit  
Ista dies / Sic prius ecclesia hinc  
Virtute potuit / Nunc magis inuicta  
pallat utraque Via / Pacificam petra uirgi  
nam micro infumens / Portum ad epi  
Verba cruoris iact / Nunc tamen assiduo  
gladium de sanguine tinctum / Vultat  
quatuor lege repperit sacra / Sic lupus  
est pastor pastor hostis moro miserrator /  
Prodo qd largitor pag & in ore timor /

D E statu cleri Et dicunt secundum  
spiritualia / Videlicet tempore Ro  
berti Silkenensis / qui nomen elemetis  
sortitus est sibi tunc Antipape

O thynk vpon the dayes olde  
The tyme of clerkys to be holden  
Men seyn how þey were the  
Ensample & a wile of al the  
Which of wyse dom the vertue souzayn  
Onto the godd fyste they bysoughten  
As to the substantiaunce of hie scole  
That they ne shold not be folde  
Her wite vpon none erthly werkes  
Which were ayene the estate of clerkis  
And þey myghten see the wyse  
Which Symon hath in his offyce  
Wherof he taketh gold in honde  
For this tyme I vnderstode

The lumbard made none exchaunge  
The byshoppriches for to chaunge  
He put a letter for to send  
For dignite ne for prouende  
O curyd / or without cur  
The church lay in aduenture  
Of armes & of bugantaylle  
Stode no thyng thanne vpon bataylle  
To fyghe or for to make cheste  
Yet thought hem they not honeste  
But of symplecyte and pacyence  
They made thanne no defence  
The court of worldly regaill  
To hem was thanne no bataylle  
The wyse honour is nought despyde  
Which hath the proude lorde fytte  
The humylyte was the withholde /  
And pryde was a byer holde  
Of holy church the largesse /  
Passe thanne & dyde grette almesse  
The pouer man that had nede  
They were the chaste in word & dede  
Wherof the peple ensample toke  
Her lust was al vpon the doke  
O for to pryde or for to pray  
To wyse men the ryght waye  
Of such as stode the trowth vntrede  
Lo thus is petrus barge stered  
Of hem that yllke tyme were  
And thine cam fyrste to mannyngs ere  
The fepth of apst & al good  
Thurgh hem that then were good  
And sober & chaste large & wyse  
And now men seyn is other wyse  
Symon the cause hath vnder take  
The worldes swerd in hond is take  
And that is wonder nethel  
Whan crist hym self hath bothe pre  
And set it in his testament  
How now that holy church is went  
Of that he laue possyde  
Hath set to make were & serpe  
For worldly goodes which may not  
laste / God wote the cause to the last  
Of every ryght & wronge also  
But wyse the laue is wylde so



That clerkes to the better intende /  
 I not hold that they shal amend  
 The woful world in other thynges /  
 To make pre byt wene thynges  
 After the sake of charges  
 Which is the proper deute /  
 Belonged vnto the parished  
 But as it thyndeth to make manfode  
 The beuie is for the world is nyght  
 And wagne ghere is the to slepe  
 Which couerth both noll withholde  
 That they none other thynges befolde  
 But only that they myghen wyne  
 And thus the better they be zenne  
 Wherof the holy church is wred  
 That in the point as it is aged  
 The dysme goth to the bataylle  
 As though crist myght not auayle  
 To do hem ryght by other waye  
 In to the sword the church laye  
 Is turned and the hol: be  
 In to cursing and euery fode  
 Which shold stonde vpon the feth  
 And to this cause an eie sepe  
 Astonyd is of the quarell  
 That shold be the worldes heile  
 Is now men sayn the puple ne  
 Which both expellid pacence  
 Fro the clerge in speccal  
 And that is the wold ouerall  
 In euery thyng when they be garyd  
 But of garyng be beleuyd  
 As it is in the holles wryt  
 We doth so fowle to bete  
 The cause of thyllie Paraguo  
 Wher god is nought of compaynt  
 For euery werke as it is foundyd  
 Shal stonde or els be confoundyd  
 Who that only for aisties sake  
 Despyth can for to talke  
 And nought for pryde of thyllie astate  
 To breu a name of a parlate  
 He shal by uson do puryte  
 In holy church vpon the plyte  
 That he hath set his coscience  
 But in the worldes wretched

There is of such many gladdes  
 When they to sette astate be made /  
 Nought for the merite of the charge  
 But for they wold hem self discharge  
 Of pouerte & become gude /  
 And for pompe & for leude  
 The scyle & els the pharyse  
 Of moyses vpon the see  
 In the charge on hygh ben sette  
 Wherof the feth is ofe lette  
 Which is bytake hem to lepe  
 In aystes cause al day they slepe  
 But of the world is nought forgette  
 For wete is hym that now may gette  
 Offyce in court to be honouryd  
 The strong Coffre hath al deuouryd  
 Under the hape of auarice  
 The tresour of the benesice  
 Wherof the wote shulne chesse  
 And els & dynte & house to the  
 The charge goth al vnknothe  
 For they no gayne of pryde knothe  
 And shulthe leppeth the lybertye  
 Which longeth to the sayntuarie  
 To study vpon the worldes dre  
 Suffisith no aght without more  
 Delicacy his wete to the  
 Dath it suffryd / so that it fordoth  
 Of abstinence al that ther is  
 And for to loken ouer this  
 If ethna benne in the clerge  
 Al openly to the mannes eye  
 At Nymyon the pryde  
 Therof both poyson an eydenre  
 Of that men seyn hem so deuyd  
 And yet the cause is nought deuyd  
 But it is sayd & euery shal  
 Wene wene stoles lye the fall  
 When that men wene lest to set  
 In holy church of such a fyle  
 Is for to wete vnto be alle  
 God graunte it moche wel befall  
 To warden hym which hath p trowth  
 But ofe is seyn that moche shuch  
 When men ben drynke of the cuppe  
 Doth moche harme wha p fite is type

Prologue

But yf somwhe the flamme staketh  
And so to speke vpon this bracketh  
Which proud enye hath made to spring  
Of seyme causeth for to bringe  
This newe secte of killardye  
And also many an heresye  
Among the clerkes in hem selue  
It were better dyke & delue  
And stonde vpon the ryght fytch  
Than knowe al þ' the byble sayth  
And ere as som clerkes do  
Vpon an hond to wete a sho  
And set vpon the foot a gloue  
Acordeth not to the houe  
Of resonable mannes vse  
If men behelden the vertuse  
That crist in erthe taught hym  
They sholde not in such maner  
Among hem that he hold wyse  
The papere so desygne/  
Vpon dyuers electyon  
Which stant after th'affection/  
Of sondry londes al aboute  
But when god wol it shal were oute  
For trouthe more stande at a last  
But yet they argumenten fast  
Vpon the pope & his estate  
Wherof they fallen in grete debate  
This clerk sayd y/ that other nay  
And thus they dryue forth the day  
And ech of hem hym self amendeth  
Of worlde good; but none entendeth  
To that which comyn proufþe wete  
They seyn that god is myghty there  
And shal ordeyne what he wyll  
Eter make they none other skille  
Where is the prynt o' the fytch,  
But every clerke his wete lech  
To kepe his worlde in speccal  
And of the cause general  
Which vnto holy church longeth  
Is none of hem that vnder songeth  
To shapen ony resisten/  
And thus the ryght hath noo defen/  
But ther I lue ther I holde  
To thus to broke is Cristes fold

Wherof the flock without guerd  
Dauoured is on every spere  
In lack of hem that be in war  
Shepherdes which her wyde be war  
Vpon the world in other balie  
The sharp prynt in steede of salie  
They vben now/ Wherof the flock  
They hurde of that they shold lack  
What shepe that is ful of wulle  
Vpon his back they tose & pulle  
Whyte ther is ony thyng to pryse  
And though there be none other skille  
But ony for they wold wyne  
They lue nought when they begynne  
Vpon hir acte to proude  
Which is no good shepherdes dede  
And vpon this also men seyn  
That fro the lefe/ Which is pleyne  
In to the herde they forcatche  
Herde of for that they wolden lacke  
With such durtse and so ferue  
That shal vpon the thornes lue  
Of wolle which the herde hath towe  
Wherof the shepe ben al to tere  
Of that the herdes make hem lefe  
So how they seynen chark for chafe  
For though they speke & tech well  
They done hem self therof no dele  
For yf the wolf come in the weye  
Herde goostly staf is themne a weye  
Wherof they shold be flock defende  
But yf the poure shepe offende  
In ony thyng though it be lye  
They ben al wedy for to smyte  
And thus how cur that they tale  
The stokes falle vpon the smale  
And vpon other that ben grete  
Dem lacketh her for to lere  
So that vnder the clerkes lawe  
Men seyn the metel al mysdraue  
I wol not saye in general  
For ther be somme in speccal  
In whome that al vertue dwellith  
And tho ben as thapostel telleth  
Qui vocatur a deo tanquam Aaron  
That god of his electyon

Prologue

Hath chesed to perfectyon  
In the maner as Aaron was  
They be nothing in thyll was  
Of Symon which the fether gath  
Hath lette & goth in othe gath  
But they gone in the ryght weye  
The ten also somme as men saye  
That folowen Symon atte helles  
Whos mete goth vpon weles  
Of couetyse & worldes pryde  
And holy churche goth besyde  
Which she weeth out ward a bylage  
Of that is nought in the couage  
For if men loke in holy churche  
Bithene the word & that they werche  
There is a ful grette differre  
They prechen so in audyence  
That noman shal his soule empyre  
For al is but a chery feyre  
This worldes good; so as they telle  
Also they sayen there is an helle  
Which vnto mannes synne is due  
And bydden be ther for eschewe  
That byllyked is/and do the good  
Who that hit worldes vnderfode  
It thenketh they wold do the same  
But yet hit were earnest and game  
Ful oftyme it toined othe weye  
With holy tales they deuyse  
How mercyfory is thyllike dede  
Of charite to clothe & fede  
The pouer folk & for to parde  
The worldes good/ but they departe  
Noo thyng nought/ for that they haue  
Also they seyn good is to saue  
With penaunce & with abstinence  
Of chastite the contynence  
But plesur for to speke of that  
I not how that plesur body fat  
Which with that deuyse metes lepe  
And leyn it softe for to slepe  
Whan it hath elles al his wylle  
With chastite shal stonde styll  
And nethelies I can not say  
In aunter that I myssap  
Touche and of this how euer it stonde

I her & wyl nought vnderfonde  
For therof haue I nought to done  
But he that made first the mone  
The hight god of his goodnes  
If ther be cause he it wylle  
But what as onp man can accuse  
This may wof of trouthe cause  
The byr of hem that ten vngood  
Is no wylle to the good  
For euerp man his owne werkes  
Shal be/and thus as of the clerkes.  
The good men ten to comende  
And al these othe god amende  
For they be to the worldes eye  
The mycurour of exemplary  
To trulen & taken hede  
Betwene the may & the godhede

Vulgaris popul9 regali lege subact9  
Dum iacet vt mitis digna subibit on9  
Si caput extollat & le9 sua frona relap  
at/Obi sibi velle iuxta tigadis instar  
habet/Ignis aqua dominans duo sūt  
pietate carentes/ Ita tamen plebis est  
Violenta magis

E statu plebis vt dicunt secundū  
D actidencia mutabilia

Old for to speke of þ comune  
It is to drede of that fortune  
Which hath bifalle in sodaye  
des/But othe for default of bondes  
Al fodenlyche or it be wylle  
A towe Whan his lye arpe  
To broken & wonne al aboute  
Which endes shold noacht gone out  
And eke ful othe a lyeal skare  
Upon a bank or man be wate  
Lette in þ streame which with grette pryn  
If euerp man it shal wylle  
Wete lalle sayleth, erroure go weth  
Be is not wylle who that ne tw weth  
For it hath proued othe et this  
And thus the comyn clamour is



In every bond where people dwell  
And eke in his compleynt dwelleth  
Hole that the world is mysfent  
And theraupon his judgement  
Paueth every man in sondry wyse  
But what man wolde hym self auyse  
His consyence & nought mysuse  
He may wel at the first excuse  
His god which euer stant in one  
In hym ther is default none  
So must it stonde vpon so seure  
Nought only vpon any ne trefure  
But plentyfyll vpon so alle  
For man is cause that shal byfalle

Nota contra hoc qd aliqui fortis  
fortune aliqui influenciam planetarū  
ponunt per quod si dicatur utriusque  
causae necessaria contingit / Sed potius di  
cendum est / qd ea que nos prospera  
et aduersa in hoc mundo vocamus / scilicet  
dum merita et demerita hominum dig  
no dei iudicio proueniunt.

And netherles somyne men wyte  
And sayn fortune is to wyte,  
And som men holde oppinion.  
That it is constellacion,  
Which causeth al that a man dothe  
God wote of bothe which is sothe,  
The world as of his proper kynde  
Was euer bntre w & as the blynde  
Inproperlyche he demeth fame  
He blameth that is nought to blame  
And prynceth that is nought to prync  
Thus when he shal the thynges prync  
Ther is deap in his baloun  
And al is that the vampaun  
Of so that shold be better auyse  
For after that he falle & ryse  
The world amerceth and falsith with al  
So that the man is ouer al  
His owne cause of welle & wo  
That we fortune clepe soo  
Out of the man hym self it groweth  
And who that other wyse twoweth /

Wholde the peple of Israel /  
For euer whyte they dyday wel  
Fortune was hem welonayre  
And when they dyden the contrarye  
Fortune was contrarye  
So it prynceth welle at the ende /  
Why that the world is wonderful  
And may no whyte stonde ful /  
Though that it seme wel besyn,  
For euer worldes thyng is vayne  
And euer goth the while about /  
And euer stant a man in doute /  
Fortune stant no while styll  
So hath ther no man his wyll  
Als for as ong man maye knowe  
Ther lasteth noo thyng but a thow we

Boecius O qm distardo humani  
ne vita multa amantudine aspersa est

He world stant euer vpon debate  
So may he speler none astate /  
No wete now ther now to & fro  
No wete vpon now down the world goth so  
And euer hath done & euer shal  
Wherof I fynde in speccal  
A tale wyrtten in the byble  
Which must nedes be credibill  
And that as in conclusyon /  
Seyth that vpon dryngspon  
Stant, why noo worldes thyng maye  
laste / Til it be dryue to the laste  
And fro the first wyne of al  
In to this daye so w soe befall  
Of that the wyne be meuable  
The man hym self hath be culpable  
Which of his gouernaunce /  
Fortuneth al the worldes chaunce

Prosper & aduersus obliquo tramis  
& versus / Inmūdus mūdus deapit ol  
genus / Mūdus in euentu versatur de  
alea casu. Quā ceteri in ludis iactant a  
uam manus. Sicut ymago viti variat  
tur tempore mundi / stat qz nichil fir  
mū preter amare deum

Prologus

¶ In Prologo tractat de statua  
illa quam Rex Nabugodonosor  
vidit in sompniis cuius caput aureum  
pectus argentum / Venter ensis / felle  
ferrum pedum vero quidam pars ferrea  
quidam fictilis videbatur / sub qua mi  
serum diversitate secundum Danicam  
expositionem huius mundi variatio fi  
gurebatur

¶ De hys alimpyz pumeas  
¶ In whose eterne remembrance  
From first was every thyng  
present / De hath his prophesent  
In such a wyse as thou shalt see  
To daniel of this matter  
How of this world shal come a wode  
Til it befall to his ende  
Wherof the tale telle I shal  
In which is byshewd alle

a ¶ Nabugodonosor slepe  
A woman he toke which he slepe  
Til on the morowe he was aryse  
For therof he was sore agryse  
Til daniel his dreme he told  
And prayd hym fast that he wolde  
A wode what it tokyne may  
And seyd a lorde when I lay  
me thought I spake upon a stage  
Where stood a wonder straunge ymage  
His herte with al the neck also  
They were of fyne gold both the two  
His breste his shuldres & his armes  
were al of sylver / but tharmes  
the wombe & al doun to the lene  
Of hys they were upon to see  
His legges they were made al of steel  
So were his feet also somele  
And somele part to hem was take  
Of erth which men myght potes make  
The felle myged was with the strong  
So myght it not stande long

¶ De narrat Daniel de quodam la  
pide grandi ¶ In dicto sompniis  
videbatur ab ipso modo super statua

corruens ipsam quasi in nichilum re  
nitus contrivit

a No than me thought I spake  
A grete stone from an hyke an  
hyke / felle down of fodeyne ananture  
Upon the feet of this figure  
With which stone al to broke was  
Gold sylver erthe steyl & bras  
That was in to powder brought  
And saforth turned in to nought

¶ De liquitur de interpretatione sop  
ni ¶ pmo dicit de significacione  
capitis auri

i His was the swene which he  
had / That daniel anone he tude  
And seyd hym that figure straunge  
Wherewith how I wolde shal chaunge  
And way lasse worth & lasse  
Til it to nought al ouer passe  
The neck & herte that were gold  
He sayd how that tokyne shold  
A worthy world a noble a ryche  
To which none after shal be lyche

De pectore argento

o ¶ f sylver that was ouer forth  
Shal ben a world of lasse worth

De ventre ensis

a No after that the wode of bras  
Toke of a wode world it was  
The which steel he saide afterwarde  
A world bysheweth more hard

De felle ferreis

¶ We get the werke of every dele  
To last / f wode of erth & steel  
He saide the feet departed so  
For that bysheweth moche woo

Prologue

De significatione pedum/que ex dua;  
bus materne discordantibus adinu;  
am diuusi extiterunt

W Han y the World decayed is  
It mozt algate farr ampo  
for erth which menet is With  
steel/To gyde may not laste well  
But that one that other waste  
So mozt it neds falls at the laste

De lapide statua cōfringenti

t He ston Which fed y hullp stage  
He said donne fallt on y ymage  
And bath it m to poudre broke  
That succene bath danyel bndke  
And sayde that it is goddes myght  
Which when men were moost bpryt  
To stonde shal hem ouer caste  
And that is of this World the last  
And than a newe shal begynne  
From which a mā shal neuer cōgynne  
O: al to payne or al to pes  
That world shal laste endles

h De scribit qualiter huius seculi  
regna turpis mutationib9 prout  
in dicta statua figurabatur secundum  
temporum distinctiōis sensibilib9 hat;  
anus diminuuntur

O thus expōned Danyel  
The kynges succen fair & wel  
In Bablydyne the Cpe  
Where that the Wysest of chalde  
Ne coude kpe what it ment  
But he told al the fool entent  
As in partre it is byfalle  
Of gold the fyrst regne of alle

De sculb auro quod in capite sta;  
tue designatum est a tempore ipsius  
Nabugodonosor regis Caldee vsq; in  
Regnum Cui regis persarum

W As in the kynges tyme the  
And last many dayes so  
Tere whiche that the monarchye  
Of al the World in that partre  
To Bablydyne was subgette  
And held hym self in such a pryt  
Til that the World began dyuerse  
And y was when the kyng of pers  
Which Cyme sight apene the pers  
Forth With his sone cambyses  
Of Bablydyne at that Emper  
Keght as they hold hem self desten  
Put vnder m subiection  
And toke it m possession  
And slayn was baltazar the kyng  
Which lost his regne & al his thyng

De sculb argento quod in pectore dei  
signatum est a tempore ipsius regis Ci;  
ci vsq; in regnum Alexandri Regis  
Macedonie

As thus when they had it done  
a The World of siluer was bigone  
And that of gold was passed out  
And in this wyse it goth about  
In to the regne of Darius  
And than it felle to pers thus  
Tere Alexander put hem vnder  
Which wrought of atrie many a w;  
der/ So that the monarchye leste  
With grece & tre allest vp leste  
And Persiens gone vnder foot  
So suffe they that neds mozt

De sculb eneo quod in vntre desig;  
natum est a tempore ipsius Alexan;  
di vsq; in regnum Iulij Romanoru  
Imperatoris/

a As thus the World began of beus  
And that of siluer ended was  
But for the tyme thus it laste



Til it befell that at the laste  
 This kynge Whan that his day Was  
 come/ With strength of wyl Was cōsum  
 me/ And netherles yet as he dyed  
 He hope his wyl to trupe  
 To knyghtes/ Whiche hym had serued  
 And aser that they haue defered  
 Pas the conquestys that he Wan,  
 Wherof grete were the bygan  
 Among hem that the wyls had  
 Thorough poud enny/ Whiche hem lad  
 Til it befell agyne hem thus  
 The noble Cesar Julius  
 Whiche he Was kyng of Rome lōd  
 With grete batayls & strong hond  
 At Gera/ Persi/ & Chalce  
 Wan, & put vnder so that he  
 Had al only of thowent  
 Dat at the march of thowent  
 Gouerned vnder his Emper  
 As he that Was lōd & byt  
 And he'd thowgh his chualtry  
 Of al the world the monarchye  
 And Was the fyrst of that honour  
 Whiche taketh name of the Emperour

De scab fectis quod in alio de  
 signatum est a tempore Julij Cesaris  
 vsq; in Regnum Caroli magni Regis  
 Francorum

In Hec Rome than wold assaile  
 Tere myt no thyng controuaille  
 Dat euer wnter must oke  
 Tho goth the wyls of leas alpe  
 And comen is the world of sterl  
 And stode aboue vpon the wyls  
 As sterl is hardest in his kynde  
 Aboue al othe that may fynde  
 Of metalles such Was Rome the  
 The myghtest & last so  
 Longe tyme among the Romayns  
 Tyl they bycome so bylens  
 That the fals emperour do  
 With Constancia his son also  
 The patamon & the Rychesse  
 Whiche to hyndere in pure Almesse  
 The fyrst Constantinus & a

Two holy church they be wyls  
 Dat Arian Whiche pope Was  
 And sader the meschys of this mas  
 Geth in to fūll for to playne  
 And peapth the grete Charlemayne  
 For Cristes sake & soule he  
 That he wold take the quarle  
 Of holy church in his defence  
 And Charles for the truewyt  
 Of god/ the cause hath vnder take  
 And vith his hoost the wyls take  
 Outt the monkes of Lumbardy  
 Of Rome & al the Tyannys  
 With bledp swerd he ouercome  
 And the strength of the Cys nome  
 In such a wyse & ther he brought  
 That holy church agyne he brought  
 In to fūllchys & deth/ restore  
 The popes lust & pat hym more  
 And thus Whan he his god hath ser  
 ued/ He toke as he hath wyl deseryd  
 The dyademe & Was crowned  
 Of Rome/ & thus Was abandoned/  
 Emperre Whiche cam neuer agayne  
 In to the hond of no Romayn  
 But a long tyme it stode styll  
 vnder the fūllschynges wyll  
 Til that fortune hit wyls so lad  
 That after ward the Lumbardes it had  
 Noyt by p swerd- but by p suffaice  
 Of hym that Was kyng of fūll  
 Whiche Carl Calus clep'd Was  
 And respned in this mas  
 Emperre of Rome vnto Lōdys  
 His Cosen Whiche a Lumbard is  
 And so it last in to the yre  
 Of Alerte & of Beranger

De scab nouissimis iam temporis  
 bus ad similitudinem p'dum in discor  
 diam lapso et diuiso quod post decessu  
 ipsius Caroli cum Imperium Roma  
 norum in manus Longobardorum p  
 ueniat tempore Alberti & Beranga  
 rij incipit / Nam ob eorum diuisione  
 contingit ut Almani Imperatoriam  
 adepti sunt Magistram in caue solū

quenda in principem Thronicum Otho-  
nem nomine sublimari primitus con-  
stituerunt/

6

Not than vpon disencion  
They falle & in dyspcon  
Among hem self that were  
gret. So þ they lost þ theyre

Of Worshipp & of wonderes pree  
But in proverbe neddes  
Men seyn ful selde is that welthe  
Can suffer his owne astate in helthe  
And that was in the lombardes sem  
Such comon stryf was hem bytween  
Thorough couetyse & thorough envye  
That euery man drough his partye  
Whiche myght lede ony rout  
Within Burgh and eke withoute  
The comon ryght hath no felaw  
So that the gouernaunce of lawe  
Was lest & for necessity  
Of that they stode in such degre  
Al ony thurgh dyspcon  
Hem nedeth in conclusion  
Of straunge londs helpe beside  
And thus for they hem self dyspde  
And standen out of a lile vnawen  
Of Almayne Prynce's scuen  
They chosen in this condycion  
That vpon her electyon  
The myght of Rome shold stonde  
And thus they left it out of honde  
For lack of grete and it forsoke  
That Almayne vpon hem toke  
And to confermen her astate  
Of that they stoden in debate  
They toke it the possession  
After the composicion  
Among hem self and betwixen  
They made an Emperour & that anon  
Whos name the Cronycle telleth  
Wae Othee/and so for. I it duelleth  
For fro this day yet vnto this  
The myght of Rome hath be & is  
To calamite & in this wyse  
As to foretold here lere dyspse  
How Dangel the swaume expouneth

Of that ymage whome he foundeth  
The World which afterwarde shold  
fulle/Comen is the last tyme of alle  
vpon the fete of erthe & stele  
So stant the World now euery dale  
Departed which began ryght the  
When Rome was dyspde so  
And that is for to telle for  
For alwey syn more & more  
The World empereth euery day  
Wherof the fete she be may  
At Rome yf we begynne  
The Halle & the Cyt withynne  
Stant in tyme & in drede  
The feld is wher the palys was  
The towne is wast & ourt that  
If we behold this lile astate  
Which whilome was of þ romayns  
Of knyghthode & of knyghtes  
To pyle now with that byforn  
The chaf is take from the cune  
And for to speke of Rome's myght  
Connethe stant her ought vpryght  
Of Worshipp & of worldes good  
As it byfore tyme stode  
And why the Worshipp is away  
If that a man the sothe say  
The cause both syn dyspcon  
Whiche moder of confusyon  
Is wher she cometh curial  
Nought ony of the emperal  
But of the spiritual also  
The dale proueth it is so  
And both do many a day in this  
Thorough synne which that medled is  
In folke church of ethely thynges  
For Crist hym self maketh knowle  
chyng/That nomal may to grete seme  
God & the World but is sterue  
Forward that one & stonde vustable  
And Cristes word may not be fulle  
The thyng so open is at the eye  
It nedeth nought to spece  
Or speke ought more in this matre  
And in this wyse a man may be  
How that the World is gone aboute

Prologue

The Which Wel nyght is Wendy oute  
 After the former of that figure  
 Which dangel in his scapular  
 E grownded as to four is told  
 Of beas of syluer & of gold.  
 The World is passed & a gone  
 And no W byn his old tyme  
 It stant of bental erthe & stele  
 The Which acorden nouer a dele  
 So mote it nedes (Wende a spere  
 A thyng Welche may sem deure  
 Euc dicit stantū apl m q nos sum?  
 In quos fines seculū dement  
 Day-after Watth Bryd to  
 alle. And saith y Spd So is  
 full. Thence of y World so  
 may we knowe / This y i  
 mage is nyght ouerthrowe  
 Of which this World was signefied  
 That Wyldome so was magnified  
 And no W is old felde & yde  
 Full of meschys & of pylls  
 And stant deuydēd alle also  
 Lyke to the first that Wren so  
 No I told of the statue alone  
 And thus man syn for lak of due  
 Wren as the lond deuydēd is  
 It more algaun fere ampo  
 And no W to hile on euery spere  
 A man may see the World deuydēd  
 The Wrenes unso gaural  
 Among the Cyprene ouerall  
 That euery man now fitheth Werke  
 And yet these clerkes alay pryde  
 And syn good detes may none be  
 Which stant noughe byn charpe  
 I not so W charpe sh. to stonde  
 Wren dely Wren is taken on honde  
 Out of this W is cause of man  
 The Which that Wren & wren can  
 And in wline & in wygnesse  
 That eke ymage hant lygnesse  
 Of man & none other bestē  
 So first Wren the manne hste  
 Was euery creatur acygned  
 Out after word it was wsterned

When that he felle they felle eke  
 When he was felle they Wren felle  
 For as the man hath passyon/  
 Of felenes in comparyson  
 So suffryn other creatures  
 So first the frenly figures  
 h. Je scribit quod ex diuisionis pas  
 sione singula creatū detrimentū  
 corruptibile pmanet  
 De sonne & the mone eclipfen  
 tothe / And ben with mannys  
 synne Wroth. The putst eyre  
 for synne alsta / Hath he & is corrupt  
 ful of sta / Ryght now y high Wren  
 to be. And anon after they ben to be  
 Now cloudy and now clere it is  
 So maye it wel prouen by this  
 A mannes synne is for to hate  
 Which maketh the Welken to debate  
 And for to see the propre  
 Of euery thyng in his degre  
 Wrenne here among be here  
 At stant a lyke in this mater  
 The see now ebberth & now it flo Weth  
 The lōd now welketh & now growketh  
 Now the trees with leues gurne  
 Now they be bare & nothyng sene  
 Now be ther lusty somer floures  
 Now be ther stormy Wrenar shoures  
 Now be the dayes. now be the nytes  
 So stant ther no thyng vpryght  
 Now is it lyght now is it derke  
 And thus stant al the Wrenes Werke  
 After the disposicion  
 Of man & his condycyon  
 For thy Gygorg in his moral  
 Wrenth that a man in speyal  
 The lasse World is proprely  
 And that he proueth wdeply  
 For a man of soule resonable  
 Is to an Angel resemblable  
 And lyke to hste he hath felnyng  
 And lyke to trees he hath growyng  
 The stones ben & so is he  
 Thus of his propre qualyte  
 The man as altyth the Clergye



So a World in his party  
And when this World mysterieth  
The other World al ouercometh  
The lord the set the firmament  
They agen alle judgement  
Ayne the man & make hym Warre  
The Wyll hym stant al out of barre  
The vnmount World nought accord  
And in this Wyse as I wold  
The man is cause of al woo  
Why this World is deuyd so  
Dyngspon the gospel sayth  
One toke vpon an other sayth  
Eyl that the Keygne ouerthrowe  
And thus many a man doth knowe  
Dyngspon alouen alle  
So thyng which maketh the World  
falle And euer both speth it began  
It may first proue vpon a man

Quod ex sue complexionis mat-  
ria diuisus homo mortalis existat

He which for his complexion

Is made vpon dyngspon

Of colde hote moyste & drye

He mozt by vtray kynde deyt  
For the contrarye of his estate  
Stant euermore in such debate  
Eyl that a part he ouercome  
The may no spual pres be nome  
But othertyse of a man we  
Made al to gedre of one matre  
Withoute Interruption  
The shold no corruption  
Engendyr vpon that vngte  
But for ther is dyngspon  
Withyn hym self he may not last  
That he ne dyeth at the last  
Wnt in a man yet ouer this  
ful grete dyngspon ther is  
Thorough which that he is euer in strif  
Whyll that hym last ony tyl

Quod homo ex corporis & anime  
condicione diuisus sicut saluacionis ita  
dampnationis appetitum ingreditur

He body & the soule also  
Among hem ben deuyd so

That what thyng that the body doth  
The soule doth & delecteth  
But netheres full of is fere  
Of werte which is hym bytore  
The felle both the vngte  
And lye so deuyd in to memory

Qualiter Adam a statu innocen-  
cie diuisus a Pandiso adaptatus in  
extram latens penitus protectus est

That both befall of old & new  
He may that werte for the  
Which first bygd in paradys

For ther was proued what it is  
And dyeth ther is brought  
For the werte the forth brought  
The vngte of al wylde synne

Thorough which dyngspon may pynne

Qualiter populi per vniuersum  
orbem a cultum dei diuisi Nos cum sua  
sequeba duntaxat scriptis delinunt in-  
trant

a Monke the man in erth lye  
And was the cause & mater  
Why god the grete shold sende

Of al the World & made on erde  
But Noe with his schawship  
Which only was sent by wyll  
And ouer wat thorough synne it come  
That Nembroth speth the myghte nome

Qualiter in edificacione Turris  
Babilonis quam in dei contemptum  
Nembroth erexit lingua patris & filii  
in in unam linguam aliam vincta di-  
uisa sunt

Don þ þoum balyden hyst  
Lat make as he þ wold hyst  
Ayne þ high goddes myght  
Vntof deuyd anon ryst

Was the langage in suche entent  
The wylt none what other ment  
So that they myght nought proude  
And thus it stant of cury dre  
Wnt synne taketh the man on fonde  
It may vngte not long stonde  
For synne of hit condyngon  
Is moder of al dyngspon

Cholagus

Quodam mundus qui in statu diuini  
onis quasi cotidiano presenti tempore  
vixit flagellis a lapide supernum  
et id est a divina potestate vixit ad resolu-  
tionem omnis carnis subito conuer-  
sit

a No doubt when the world that  
sighs / For so sighs all without  
sighs. That night the world was  
Pere; and a day that was  
And all change that was  
Among the men & that was  
And when these things fall  
At last the stone that falls  
No danger it hath by itself  
Which of this world that overthrew  
And every man that than arise  
To joy or else to woe  
When that he that for ever dwells  
On street to him or street to hill  
In him is peace & all is  
But hill is full of such discord  
That there may be no day  
For thy good is which a man may  
Echo to his peace with other  
And him as his other brother  
So may he want without welfare  
And after that his soul be left

¶ De narrat exemplum de concors  
dia et viciis inter homines pro  
uocanda / Et dicit quida in Anon uup  
Citharista et sui cantus Cithar et con-  
sonam melodia tunc virtutis et virtutis  
De ipsum non solum in viciis cum viciis  
Sed etiam in viciis cum viciis. Dupli-  
cum agno / Canem cum lepore ipsum  
audientes viciis ab ipso viciis discor-  
dia ad inuicem pacificam

b We hold god & no W. But one  
Another such as Arpone  
Which had an, day of such temper  
And there of so good nature  
He sang that the best of W. de  
Made of his own name & myde  
The hymn in peace with the lion  
The Wolf, in peace with the Mohu

The hat in peace stood with the hound  
And every man upon this ground  
Which Arpon that time herde  
No W. the lord as the Shepherd  
He brought him all in good accord  
So that the Comon with the lord  
And lord with the Comon also  
He set in his house & so  
And put a W. melancholy  
That was a lute melody  
When every man with other lute  
And of their W. such one no W.  
Which could harp as he dyde  
He myght auayle in many a seide  
To make peace where now is hate  
For when men thyng to debate  
I not what other thyng is good  
But when I W. Wisdom W. W. Wood  
And when turned in to rage  
So that nature upon outrage  
Hath set his world it is to drede  
For that bringeth in the comon drede  
Which stand at every mannes drede  
But when the sharpnes of the spore  
The hore spore synch to fore  
It groweth of & now no more  
As for to speke of this matter  
Which none but only god may see  
So W. it good at this tye  
That every man upon his syde  
Defought & prayd for the peace  
Which is the cause of all enaces  
Of worship & of worlds welfare  
O! let us see & soules helpe  
Without peace stand nothyng good  
For thy to crye which shed his blood  
For peace bysseth all men  
Amen / Amen / Amen / Amen

Explicit Cholagus

n A tunc amor naturæ legibus  
oritur. Subdit & Vnanimes cō  
stat esse fecit / Quis enim  
mundi p̄ncipio amore esse videtur /  
Cuius eget diues pauper et omnis o  
re / Sunt in agone patre amor & for  
tunæ cōtra / Pluribus ad insidias venit  
Darg rotas / Est amor egeni salus & p  
ata quico p̄uo error / Vellia p̄o but  
nue dulcor suauis malum

p Oportet in Prologo tractatum  
latius exister qualiter hodi  
erne conditionis diuisio cari  
tatis dilectionem superauit / Inaudis  
auctor ad p̄fens libellum suū cuius  
noie Confessio Amantis nuncupatur  
cōponere de illo amore a quo non solum  
humanum genus sed et cuncta animā  
a naturaliter subiacuntur

May not stricte vs  
to p̄frone / My hōd  
& set al in euē / This  
World Which is euer  
in balauce / It stāt not  
in my suffisall /

So gatt thynges to compassse  
But I moe lē it ouer passe  
And trettyn vpon other thynges  
For thy the stile of my vitynges  
In this day forth I thanke chaunge  
And speke of thyng is not so strange  
Whiche eueri kynde hath vpon hōde

And thereupon the world made stonde  
And hath done sych it lēgon  
And shal wylle ther is eny man  
And that is lue of which I mene  
To trett as after shal be sene  
In which ther can noman hym wylle  
For la lue lue is out of wylle  
That of to moche as of to lye  
Wel myght is eueri man to wylle  
And netheris ther is no man  
In al this world so wylle that can  
Of lue trett the mēsur  
But as it fall p̄ in ouenture  
For wylle ne stremgthe may not helpe  
And which euer world be hym p̄lpe  
Is withest the wylle vnder foot  
Ther can no wylle ther of do lōt  
For yet was neuer such a wylle  
That coude ouercome a mad wylle  
To thyng which god in lode of kynd  
Dath sett / For ther may noman fynd  
The ryght saluē for such a foot  
It lath & shal be euer more  
That lue is master wylle & wylle  
Ther can no lye make o her styll  
For wylle as euer hym lye to lōt  
Ther is no myght which may hym  
lōt / But what shal follow at the last  
Ther can no wylle come cast  
But as it fall p̄ vpon chaunce  
For yf ther euer was in balauce  
Which of fortune was gōuernd  
I may wel lue do / I am lērd  
That lue hath that balauce on hōde  
Which wol no wylle vnderfōde  
For lue is blēde & may not see  
For thy may no ardeur  
Deset vpon his iugment  
But as the wylle aduē wylle  
He reuē his gūte vnderfōde  
And fro p̄ mā which hath hym sēd  
Gul of a wylle he hath lōt his sēd  
As he that playeth at the dyce  
And thereupon what shal be fall  
He noe trett that the wylle lōt  
Wylle & shal lōt as he shal wylle



And thus ful oft men begonne  
That of theyr wylful what it ment  
Ther wolde chaunge al her judgement

¶ Ic quasi in persona aliorum quos  
amen assignat fingens se Auctorem  
esse amantem. Varias eorum passiones  
varie huius libri distinctionibus per  
singula sententiarum proponit

a No for to pene it is so  
I am my self one of tho  
Whiche to the seole am Underfonge  
For it is soth go not longe  
As for to speke of this matre  
I may possesse alle of pe wol here  
A wonder hap whiche me befelle  
That was to me both hard & felle  
Touchend of love & his fortune  
The whiche me lyketh to comune  
And playnly for to tellen out  
To hem that dwelle in aboute  
For poynnt to poynnt I wol declare  
And wepen of my woful care  
My woful day my woful chaunce  
That men may take remembrance  
Of that they shal hem after we  
For in good figh this world I see  
That every man ensample take  
Of wylfuldom whiche is hym byfalle  
That he wote of good awerpe  
To take it forth for such empyse  
No for to pene & therfor I  
Wyl wepe & shewe al openly  
How love & I to greet moun  
Wherof the world ensample seke  
May after this when I am go  
Of thyllike Unkyllidnes  
Wher wile stand out of the wep  
Now glad & now wylfuldnes  
And yet it may not be withstonde  
For ought that men may understonde

Non ego sampsonis vires non breui  
lie arma. Vinco sum sed ut hij victus  
amore pari/ Ut dicitur alij docti ex  
tencia facti/ Rebus in ambiguis que

sunt blinda Via/Deius ordo ducit sep  
tata pericula sequentem/ Intrauit a ter  
go me simul ille cadat/ Me quibus et  
go unus casus laqueavit amantem  
Orbis in exemplum scilicet tendo palam

¶ Ic declarat matrem dicens quod  
¶ licet Cupido ignito iaculo sui cor  
dis memoriam gravi blata perforavit  
quod Gaius precipiens ipsum ut dicit  
quasi in mortis articulo spasmatum ad  
confutandum se Senio sacerdoti super  
amoris causa sic seminiuum speciali  
at commendavit

¶ Non the poynnt that is byfalle  
¶ Of love in whiche I am felle  
I thynke alle my matre  
Now herkne who that wol it here  
Of my fortune how it hath ferde  
This endgreday as I forth ferde  
To walke as you alle maye  
And that was in the moneth of maye  
When every leyd hath chose his make  
And chylde his myrthes for to make  
Of love that he hath achieved  
But so was I nothynge relieved  
For I was forther fro my love  
Than erthe is from the heuene above  
And for to speke of ony speche  
So wyl I me none other we  
But as it were a man for fere  
Unto the wode I gan to fere  
Not for to spunge with the byrdes  
For when I was I wode amydde  
I fonde a sooth game playne  
And I gan my wo there compleyne  
Wyllyng & wepyng al myn one  
For other myrthes made I none  
So hard me was that plite thowde  
That oft spekes ouerthrowde  
To ground I was without birth  
And euer I wyllyng afar deth  
When I out of my payne awoke

And cast vp many a piteous look  
 Onto the bruent & sayd thus  
 O thou cupyde/O thou Venus  
 Thou god of loue & thou goddesse  
 Where is pite Where is mekenesse  
 Now doth me playnly lye or dye  
 For certes such a maladye  
 As I now haue & long haue had  
 It myght make a wyse man mad  
 If that it shold long endure  
 O Venus quene of loues cure  
 Thou lyf thou lust thou mannes hile  
 Behold my cause & my quarrelle  
 And geue me sompart of thy grace  
 So that I may fynde in this place  
 If thou be gracious or none  
 And with that word I saw anone  
 The kyng of loue & the quene both  
 But he that kyng with cym broth  
 His chere a wepward fro me cast  
 And forth he passed at the last  
 But nethels or he forth went  
 A trye dart me thought he sent  
 And thurwe it thorough myn hert rote  
 In hym fonde I none other loe  
 For lenger hym lyst not to duelle  
 But she which is the source & well  
 Of treke & wo that shal betide  
 To him that leuen at that tyde  
 A hode for to allen hie  
 She cast on me uos goodly chere  
 Thus nethels to me she sayde  
 What art thou sone & I abysse  
 Kpght as a man doth oute of slepe  
 And therof she took rpght goodly kepe  
 And had me nothyng he adrad  
 But for al that I was nothyng glad  
 For I ne sawe no cause why  
 And eft she ay:d what was I  
 I sayde a Coptif that lyeth he  
 What wolde ye my lady der  
 Shal I be fool or elles deye  
 She sayd alle thy maladye  
 What is thy soore of which thou pley  
 nest/Ne hyde it nouzt for yf thou fye  
 nest/ I can do the no medycyne

Madame I am a man of thyme  
 That in thy court haue long serued  
 And aske that I haue desired  
 Som wele after my long wo  
 And she began to haue thos  
 And sayd ther he many of poss  
 Fayours & so may he that thou  
 Art rpght such one & by ferynt  
 Seyst that thou hast me do seynt  
 And nethels she wylt wele  
 My word stode on an other wile  
 Without ony seynt  
 But algate of my maladye  
 She had me alle & say she trouthe  
 Madame yf ye wold haue wouth  
 Quode I thenne wold I alle yd  
 Sey forth quod she & alle me hou  
 She we me thy schewes avery ded  
 Madame that I can do wele  
 We so my lyf thereto wol last  
 With that she wile on me she cast  
 And she sayd in aunter yf thou lye  
 My wylle is fyrst that thou be shyue  
 And nethels holl that it is  
 I wote my self but for al this  
 Onto my prest which cometh anone  
 I wol thou alle it one & one  
 Both of thy thought & al thy wele  
 O Genius myn owne clerk  
 Come forth & her this mannes schryft  
 Quod Venus tho & I vlyst  
 My lere with that & gan beholde  
 The self prest which as she wolde  
 Was wdy ther & set hym downe  
 To her my confessyon  
 Confessus Genio si sit medicina salus  
 tis/ Egeruar morbis quos tulit ipsa  
 Venus / Leta quidem ferro medicantur  
 membra saluti / Nam tamen medicum  
 Vultus amoris habet

It dicit qualiter Genio pro con  
 fessione secuti prouolutus amas  
 ad confitendum se flevis genibus in  
 curuatur supplicans tamen ut ad sui se  
 sus informacione confessor ille in die  
 bus opponere sibi benigno dignaretur

1 His Worshyp preste this folp mā  
 To me sprekend thus began  
 And sepe Benedicte  
 My son of the felyppe  
 Of due & eke of wo also  
 Thou shalt be shryue of bothe two  
 What thou art this for duce sake  
 Hast felt lere nothyng to forsake  
 Telle plesyntly as it is byfalle  
 And with þ word I gan down falle  
 On knes & with deuocyon  
 And with ful gude contricyon  
 I sayd than Dominus  
 Myn holy fader Genius  
 So as thou hast experyence  
 Of due for whos wuerthynesse  
 Thou shalt me shryue at this tyme  
 I pray the lere me not myslyme  
 My shryfte for I am dystourbed  
 In al myn hert & so confurtd  
 That I ne may my wgetes gete  
 So that I moche thyng forgete  
 But yf thou wilt my synne oppose  
 Fro poynnt to poynnt than I suppose  
 That shal no thyng be left behynde  
 But no w my wgetes be so kynde  
 That I ne can my self tache  
 Tho be bygan anone to preche  
 And with his worderes debonaire  
 He sayd to me softe & faire  
 In this place I am sit here  
 Thy shryfte to oppose & lere  
 Of Venus the Goddesse above  
 Touchend whos preste I am of due

Sermo Boni sacerdotis super confessi-  
 one ad amantam

6 At nethels for carayne shylle  
 I mote alga & nedre wyle  
 Nought only make my spellynges  
 Of due/ but of other thynges  
 That touchen to the cause of Vper  
 For that byngend to thoffyde  
 Of prestes whos worderes that I lere  
 So that I wol nothyng fortere  
 That eke Vper one & one

me that the shewe euerychone  
 Wherof thou myght take eydence  
 To wille with thy consyence  
 Out of conclusyon spyal  
 Conclude I wol in speecal  
 For due whos seruant I am  
 And why the cause is that I am  
 So thynke I to do bothe two  
 Firste that myn ordre longeth to  
 The Vper for to telle on wille  
 But yet abouen al other shewe  
 Of due I wol the proprietes  
 How that they stond by degrees  
 After the disposicion  
 Of Venus whos condycyon  
 I must folowe as I am hold  
 For I with due am al withholde  
 So that the lesse I am to wyle  
 Though I ne conne but a lyle  
 Of other thynges that be wyle  
 I am not taught in such a wyle  
 For it is nought my compyn wile  
 To speke of Vper & of wylde  
 But al of due & his wile  
 For Venus booke of nomore  
 Me telen nether tye ne glose  
 But for as moche as I suppose  
 It shal a preste to be wel the wyle  
 And shame it is yf he be lewde  
 Of myn presthode after the forme  
 I wol thy shryfte so enforme  
 That at the last thou shalt lere  
 The Vper & to thy matre  
 Of due I shal be so remaue  
 That þ shalt knowe what they maue  
 For what a man shal aye or seyne  
 Touchend of shryfte it mote be pleyne  
 It nedeth nought to make it queynt  
 For trouth his worderes wol not pinte  
 That I wol aye of the for thy  
 My son it shal be so pleyntly  
 That thou shalt knowe & vnderstonde  
 The poynntes of shryfte how they stonde

vis et audit⁹ fragiles sūt ostia mētis  
 Que viciosa man⁹ claudere nulla pē



Est ibi larga via graditur: qua cordis  
ad antum/ Hostis e ingreditio fossa  
talenta caput/ Deet michi confessor Ges  
nino pavoria profert / Dum sit in  
extremis Vita tremola malis/ Nunc in  
Et poterit feminina loquela fateri/ Ver  
ba per os timide conscia mentis agam

¶ De confessio amantis cui de duos  
hinc pauptue quinqs sensib9/ hoc  
est de Visu e auditu confessor pte ceteris  
opponit

¶ Ppt bene lpf e deth I herde  
6 This prestes tale er I asuerd  
And than I prayd hym for to  
say/ His Wyl e I it Wold obeye  
After the forme of his apptise  
Tho spak he to me in such a Wyse  
And bad me that I shold shryue  
No touchend of my Wyttes spue  
And shawe that they were amended  
Of that I had hem mysperded  
For tho he properly the gatte  
Thorough which as to the lerta algates  
Cometh al thyng into the septe  
Which may the mange soule empyre  
And now is this matre brouyt ynn  
My sone I thynk fyrst begynne  
To Wytte how thyng eye hath stonde  
Ere which is as I Understonde  
The moost principall of alle  
Thorough whome y perple may befall  
And for to speke in loue kynde  
Ful many such a man may fynde  
Which euer cast about her eye  
To lke yf that they myght aspye  
Ful of a thyng which hem ne toucheth  
But only that here lerta foucheth  
In hyndrynge of another Wyt  
And thus ful many a worthy knyght  
And many a lusk lady bothe  
Dath he ful of a sythe wothe  
So that an eye is a theef  
To lue e doth ful grea meschys  
And also for his owne part  
Ful of a that pte fery datt

Of lue which that euer ma burneth  
Thorough hym in to the lert unnet  
And thus a mannes eye firt  
Hym self geueth alder Werst  
And many a tyme that he lno Werst  
Unto his owne harme it geueth  
My sone lrlne me now for thy  
A tale to he Wate therby

Thyn eye for to kepe e Wate  
See that it passe nought the Wate

¶ De narrat Confessor exemplum  
de Visu ab illiatis presumando

¶ dians qualiter Aaron Cad's  
mi Regis Tiberium nepos dum in  
quadam foresta Unacionis causa spo  
artur audit Et ipse quendam fontem  
nemorosa arborum pulcritudine circū  
uentum supueniens Vidit enim Dia  
nam cum suis Nymphis nudam in flu  
mine balneantem/ quam diligens  
intuens oculis suis a muliere nudita  
te nullatenus auerteret solabat / Unde  
indignata Diana ipsum in canis figur  
am transformauit

¶ Opde sayth in his booke  
o Ensample touchend myssake

And sayth whicher ther was  
one / A worthy lrd which Aarons  
Was hote e Was Cosyn nyght  
To hym that Thes fyrst on hyght  
Opset/ which lryng Cadme hyght  
This Aaron as he Wyl myght  
Aboue al othe cast his chere  
And Wled it from yre to yre  
With boundes e With grea hounes  
Among the Wodes e the floures  
To make his huntynge e his chere  
Wlax hym best thought in eury place  
To fynde game in his way  
Ther wood he for to hunt e play  
So hym byfelle Upon a tye  
On his huntynge as he cam ryde  
In a forest allone he Was  
De sa We Upon the garne gras  
The fytte fressh shawes springe  
He lrd among the lues lryng

The Ghostel With the nyghtynghale  
 Thus er he Wylt in to a dale  
 He cam Wylt was a lyght pleyne  
 Al wound about Wel hefyn  
 With busses gume & Cedres hyght  
 And ther within he caste his eye  
 A myddes the pleyne he folde a Welle  
 So faye ther myght noman telle  
 In Whiche Dyana nalled stood  
 To bathe & play hyr in the flood  
 With many a nymph Whiche her seruet  
 But he his eye alke ne sueruech  
 Fro her Whiche was nalled al  
 And she was wonder Woth With al  
 And hym as she Whiche was godeffe  
 Fynhoop anone the lymesse  
 She made hym talle of an lerte  
 Whiche was to for his holdes sterde  
 That wome besyde about  
 With many an home & many a route  
 That maden moche noyt & crye  
 And at the last Unhappelpe  
 This lert his oline holdes slough  
 And hym for Ungracia al to drough

¶ O now my sone What it is  
 A man to caste his eye ampe  
 Whiche Aaron hath der abought  
 We Ware for thy & do it nought  
 For oft Wylt that her toke  
 Better it is to Wylt than Wylt  
 And for to prout it is so  
 Oure the Poete also  
 A tale Whiche to this matre  
 Accordeth & sayth also thou shalt her/

¶ De ponit aliud exemplum de eo  
 De Vbi dicit q. quidam p. n. n. n.  
 nomine Phorax duo progenit filias  
 Gorgones a Vulgo nuncupatas/ que  
 Vno partu quoda deformitatem Mon  
 strom serpentinam obtinuerant qui  
 bus citra in etatem pruenetant talis  
 destinata fuerat natura. q. quicunq. in  
 eas aspiciant in lapidem subito muta

bat/ Et sic Phorax incaute respici  
 entes Vbi illis p. n. n. / Ad persus  
 Miles Elpeo palladis gladio & meru  
 ri munitus eas queta montem Athes  
 lantis colabitanter animo audaci abs  
 q. sui periculi inter fecit

¶ In Metamorphosis it telleth thus  
 How is a lerd Whiche phorax  
 a Wo lerd had doughters thre  
 But Upon her natpupr  
 Such was the Constellacyon  
 That out of mannes nacpon  
 Fro kynde they be so myf Went  
 That to lymenes of a serpent  
 They were lothe & that one  
 Of hem was clerd scellphone  
 That ocher suster Stryale  
 The thre as tellyth in the tale  
 Medusa hyght/ & nethelre  
 Of Comon name Gorgonee  
 In euery country ther about  
 As monstres Whiche as men douth  
 Men clerd hem & but one eye  
 Among hem thre in poure partpe  
 They had of Whiche they myght see  
 Now hath it thre/ now hath it the  
 After the cause & nede it had  
 By thes Wes eche of hem it had  
 A wonder thng yet more ampe  
 Ther was Wherof I telle al this  
 What man on hem his clerd cast  
 And hem byelde he was also fast  
 Oute of a man in to a stoure  
 Forshape/ and thus many one  
 Deapued Wete of that they Wold  
 Myslike Wete they ne shold  
 But Persus that Worthy knyght  
 Whome pallas of her grete myght  
 Holpe & wold hym a sheld therw  
 And eke the god Mercurp also  
 Lent hym a swerd he as it felle  
 Deponde Athlans the hyght hyle  
 These Monstres fougher & ther he fond  
 Dguers men of thyle lond

Thorough sight of hem myforned were  
 Standed as stones here and there  
 But he which wyldeome & prouesse  
 Had of the god & of the goddesse  
 The shield of pallas gan embrace  
 With which he couerd sauf his face  
 Mercurius swerd oute he drough  
 And so he bare hym that he slough  
 These wrecful monstres al thir

Confessor

¶ O no w myfome aysle the  
 That thou thyf sygh not myfufe  
 Cast not thyn eye vpon Meduse  
 That thou be turned in to stone  
 For so wyse man was neuer none  
 But yf he wol his eye kepe  
 And take of foule delys no lepe  
 That with lust nys ofte nome  
 Thorough strength of loue & oloume  
 Of myfkyng how it hath ferd  
 As I haue told nolle hast thou herd  
 My good sonne & take good hede  
 And ouer this yet I the rede  
 That thou be ware of thyn kyng  
 Which to the bert the kyng  
 Of many a wynter hath brought  
 And tarpe with a mannes thought  
 And netheles good is to ber  
 Such thyng wret of a man maye ber  
 That to vertu is accordant  
 And to ward al the amendant  
 Good is to turne his eye fro  
 For elles but yf a man do so  
 Hym may ful ofte myfkyll  
 A rede ensample amonges alle  
 Wret of to kepe wel an eye  
 It ought put a man in feere

¶ In Confessor exemplum narrat  
 Et non ab aure exaudicione fatua a-  
 nimus deceptus inuoluitur / Et dicit  
 qualiter ille serpens qui aspidem vocatur  
 quendam preciosissimum lapidem no-  
 mine carbunculum in sue frontis medi-  
 o gestans contra verba iactantis auri  
 vnam assigendo promittit / et aliam sue

caude stimulu firmissime obstat  
 a Serpent which that aspidem  
 Is clyped of his kynne both  
 this / That he the stone noblest  
 of alle / Which that mē carbuncle calle  
 Wret in his hede aboue on sight  
 For which that a man by syghthe  
 The stone to wyne & hym to daunte  
 With his carter hym wold enchaunte  
 Anone as he perceyuet that  
 He lepyth doun his one eye at plat  
 Onto the grounde & hold it fast  
 And eke the tother also faste  
 He stoppeth with his tangle so fast  
 That he the wordes lasse ne more  
 Of his enchauntment ne bereth  
 And in this wyse hym self he styret  
 So that he hath the wordes wayned  
 And thne his eye is nought decayned  
 A lud exemplum super eodem quas  
 liti Rex Volges cum a bello Troiano  
 Versus Graam nauigio remeant et  
 prope illa monstra maxima Sirentis  
 nuncupata angelica vox canzano ip-  
 sum venturum aduersitatem nauigant os  
 portaret omnium nautarum suorum  
 aures obstruere coegit

¶ Another thyng wof wreteth  
 Ephe vnto this sample accordeth  
 Which in the Tale of Troye I fynde  
 Syntes of a wonder kynde  
 Wof Monstres as the lookes tellen  
 And in the greet see they duellen  
 Of body to the & of byfage  
 Ephe to the women of yong age  
 Wyfro the nauyl on sight they be  
 And doun bynethe as men may see  
 They ber of fyllas the fygure  
 And oner this of such nature  
 They be that with so swete a featene  
 Ephe to the melodye of laune  
 In womenes voyce they synge  
 With notes of so greet syngynge  
 Of such melodye of such musyke  
 Wret of the shippes they besyde  
 That passen by the costes there



For when the shipmen lay an eye  
 On the wynd in hew and byr  
 They wene it be of parys  
 Which after to hem is an helle  
 For woful may not with hem dwell  
 When they the grete lustre see  
 They can not be shippes see  
 So they speke vpon the note  
 They dreame & in such wyse affoote  
 That they hys ryght coute & wege  
 Forgette to be eue othe  
 And sayen yf it so byfalle  
 That they in to peryle falle  
 Wher as the shippes be to draue  
 And they be with the monstres slawe  
 Wat fro this peryle nethelss  
 With his wyfedom kyng Colyres  
 Escapeth and it ouer passeth  
 For he to fore hys hand compasseth  
 That noman of his companye  
 Hath power vnder that folge  
 His eye for no lust to cast  
 For he is stopp'd also fast  
 That none of hem maye see hem speng  
 So when they forth come sayeng  
 Ther was such gouernail on bonde  
 That they the monstres haue withred  
 And slough of hem a grete partye  
 Thus was he sauf with his nauge  
 This wyf kyng thorough gouernail  
 Confessor

W Herof my soue in remembrance  
 Thou myght ensample take here  
 As I haue told & what thou seest  
 W: Wat wate & yue no accente  
 But yf thou see more euident  
 For yf thou woldest take hepe  
 And wofully couthest wate & hepe  
 Thyne eye and ear as I haue spolie  
 Than haddest thou the grete stole  
 For such a kipe as cometh to wyne  
 Thy heres wyte which is within  
 Wherof that now thy due gardeth  
 Mesure and many a pyne bereeth  
 But yf thou couthest sette in wille  
 Tho to the thyre wete eue to wille  
 For thy as for thy wyte spue

I Wol as now no more shypue  
 But only of these plike I do  
 Tel me therfor yf it be so  
 Hast thou thyn eye ought myschroo

Amans

m Pader I am bekuowe  
 I haue hem cast vpon meduse  
 Therof I may me nought excuse  
 My heret is growen in to stone  
 So that my lady therupon  
 Hath such a preynt of such a graue  
 That I can nought my self saue

Oponit Confessor

W Dat sayst yf sone as of thyn eye  
 m Pader I am giltyf there  
 For when I may my lady see  
 My wyte with that hath lost his see  
 I do nought as Colyres dede  
 But falle anon vpon the stede  
 Wher as I see my lady stonde  
 And ther I do go vnder stonde  
 I am so pulled in my thought  
 So that of reason leueth nought  
 Wherof that I may me defende

Confessor

m P good sonne god the amende  
 For as me thynekeith by thy spech  
 Thy wyte be ryght fer to sette  
 As of thyn eye & of thyn eye  
 I Wol no more specefy  
 Wnt I Wol agen ouer this  
 Of other thynges how that it is

Celsior est aquila q: leone forcior  
 ille/Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta  
 mouet / Sunt species quinqs/quibus  
 est superbia ductus/Clamat et in mul  
 tis mundus adhaere eis / Lauando fa  
 ciem facto pallore subornat. Fraudibus  
 prociis melle verba suis/Sic q: proo  
 animos q: sepe aut muliebres/Ex hu  
 mili verbo sub latitante dolo

h De loquatur q: septem sunt pec  
 cata mortalia / quorum caput  
 superbia varias species habet  
 et eorum prima prociis dicitur aius  
 proprietatem secundum vicium Con  
 fessor: Amanti declarat/

m. V sone as I shal the enforme  
 That knyght of another forme  
 Of drede byes seuen applyed  
 Wherof the first is ofte plyed  
 To thyng which after shal hym geue  
 That pite of hem thou shalt byue  
 Is pryde which is payncfull  
 And hath with hym in especyall  
 Myghtes fyue ful dyuerse  
 Of which the I shal reherse  
 The first is sayd Prouyse  
 If thou art of his compaignye  
 Telle forth my sone & shryue the clene  
 Amana

I Wote not fader what ye mene  
 Wherthis I wold yow teche  
 That ye me by somwey teche  
 What is to ben an Prouyse  
 And yf I be for to wyte  
 I wol knowe as it is  
 m. V sone an Prouyse is this  
 A man which feyneth cōfyn  
 As though it were al iusticia  
 Withoute & is not so within  
 And doth so for he wold wyne  
 Of his desyre the wyne astate  
 And anone whan he come ther at  
 He seeth that what he was  
 The corne is turned in to gras  
 That was a Rose is than a thorne  
 And he that was a lamb byfore  
 Is than a Wolf & thus malice  
 Under the colour of Justye  
 He had / & as the peple telleth  
 These ordres wyte where he dwelleth  
 As he that of her counseill is  
 And thyllt wold which they on this  
 Forsaketh & drawen in ayne  
 He clooth ryches as men seyn  
 Under the symplest of pouerte  
 And doth to some of grete deserte  
 Thyng which is lyal woth within  
 He seyth in open fy to synne  
 And in secret ther is no wyte  
 Of which that he nys norre  
 And ever his chere is sober & softe

# After primus

And wher he goth he blessed of  
 Wherof the blinde world he dretcheth  
 But yet al only he ne stretcheth  
 His wille byon Resyggon  
 But not to that condicpon  
 In such as clepe hem holy chirche  
 At the wiche eke how he can wiche  
 Among the wyde furred fode  
 To gete hem the woldyng goodes  
 And they hem self by thyllthe same  
 That setten moost the wold in blame  
 But yet in conturpe of his lere  
 Ther is nothyng they doun more  
 So that fined of byght they werke  
 The dedes which are inward derke  
 And thus this double prouyse  
 Which is deuoute apparance  
 A byter set byon his face  
 Wherof to ward the worldes grace  
 He semeth to be wel ryght the wode  
 And yet his herte is al bestowde  
 Out nethelles he stant bylued  
 And hath his purpoo of aduene  
 Of worship & of worldes welthe  
 And tellyth it as who sayd by stelfe  
 Thorough conuerture of his fallas  
 And ryght so in semblable cas  
 This byer hath eke his offpate  
 Among these other seculars  
 Of grete men for of the smale  
 As for to accompte he set no tale  
 Out they that wisse the comune  
 With such hem lyke to comune  
 And wher he sayth he wold socour  
 The peple ther he wol deuour  
 For now a day is many one  
 Which speketh of Peter & of John  
 And thynketh Judas in his hert  
 That shal no worldes good astert  
 His handy and yet he geueth Almesse  
 And fasteth of a & with messe  
 With mea culpa which he seyth  
 Upon his burste ful of a & seyth  
 His bond & cast by ward his eye  
 As though Cristis face he sygh  
 Soo that it semeth at the syght



As he alone al other myght  
Rescue With his holy deede  
But yet his bett in other stede  
Among his bedys moost deuoute  
Both in the Worlde cause aboute  
How that he myght his Warpyon  
Enaure / & in coparpyon

¶ Je tractat confessor cum amāz  
Et super illa ppoetia que sub  
amoris facie fraudulenter latet  
tando mulieres ipsi ficticijs ardulas  
sepissime decipit Innocentius

¶ Her he shewes of such a sort  
That feyns hem an humble port  
And al is ppoetie

Whiche With deapre & flattery  
Hath many a worthy wyght begyled  
For when he hath his tonge be tyled  
With soft speche & With lesynge  
Forth With his false ptyous begynge  
He wold make a Woman wene  
To gone vpon the fapre gane  
When that she fallyth in the myre  
For he may haue his desyre  
How so fallyth on the tamenant  
He hath no word of couenaunt  
But on the tyme that he shal pde  
That is no stogthe in thyll deede  
Whiche ony lones fapour may  
That he ne put it in assay  
As hym belongeth for to done  
The colour of the tryng Mone  
With medgyne vpon his face  
He set / and than he ageth grace  
As he whiche hath splanco feyned  
When his vylage was so despyned  
With eye vp cast on her he spelieth  
And many a condemaunce he pplieth  
To bringen hyr in to hylene  
Of chynge whiche that he wold achue  
Wherof he leueth the pale & we  
And for he wold seme true  
And maketh him selfe wha he is & ple  
But when he cometh to West seyle  
Than is he shewfast to beyle  
The Woman whiche that yllie whyle

Set vpon hym fapth or credence  
in p sone of thou thy confessor  
Entamed hast in such a wyse  
In thyf for thou myght the auge  
And alle it me of it be so

¶ Amans  
in Pn holy fadre artas no  
And for to feyne such splanesse  
It nedeth nought for this wytnesse  
I take to god that my courage  
Hath be more selte than my vylage  
And eke thus wel I may auowe  
So lo we couthe I neuer to we  
To feyne humylite withoute  
That me lye better to loute  
With al the thoughtes of myn herte  
For that chynge shal me neuer serue  
I speke as to my lady dert  
To make hyr ony feyned chere  
God wote wel ther I lye nought  
My chere hath be such as my thought  
For in good feith this leueth wele  
my wyl was better a thousand dele  
Than ony chere that I couthe  
But syt I haue in my rougthe  
Done other wyse in other place  
I put me therof in pour grace  
For this excusen I ne shal  
That I haue eke ouerall  
To lue and to his company  
Be ppleyne withoute ppoetie  
But ther is one whiche that I seile  
Al though I may no thank deserue  
To whome yet neuer vnto this daye  
I sayd onlych x or nay  
But yf it so were in my thought  
As to chend other say I nought  
That I am somdele for to lye  
Of that ye clepe an ppoetie

¶ Confessor  
in p sone if lye wel every wyght  
To lye his thonz in trouch v  
wyght / To warden lue in al wyse  
For who that wold hym wel aduise  
What hath byfalle in this matre  
He shold nought With feyned chere



Liber primus

Deceptue loue in no degre  
To loue is enery hert fre  
But in decept of that thou feynest  
And therupon thy lust attaynest  
That thou hast wonne With thy wyle  
Though it be lyke for a wyle  
Thou shalt if afterward repente  
And for to proue myn entente  
I fynde ensample in sa Coneyng  
Of hem that loue so be wylle

Quod Iocrisia sit in amore peritua  
losa narrat exemplum qualitar sub reg  
no Tiberij Imperatoris quidam miles  
nomine Mundus qui Romanoru dug  
militie tunc pax fuit Dominam Pauli  
nam pulcherrima castitatis & famos  
sissimam mediantibus duobus falsis  
Presbiteris in Templo Ihsu domini  
sui se esse fingens sub ficta sauctitatis  
Iocrisia nocturno tempore uiauit in  
idem dug in epulum presbiteri in mor  
tem ob sui criminis enormitatem damp  
nati extiruant

I byfelle by old dayes thus  
Whylome the emperour Tiberius  
The Monarche of Rome thus sad  
There was a worthy Romayn had  
A wyf & she Pauline byght  
Whiche was to every mannes syght  
Of al the Cyte the fayr xst  
And as men sayden eke the best  
It is & hath ben euer yet  
That so strong is that no mane wyf  
Whiche thurgh beaute ne may be with  
drawe / To loue & vnder the lawe  
Of thylke freld bore kynde  
Whiche maketh the hert eyn blynde  
Wher no wifon may be comuned  
And in this wyse so fortunad  
This tale of whiche I wol mene  
This wyf whiche in her lustes gaue  
Was fressh & yendre of age  
She may not let the courage  
Of hym that wol on hyr affore

There was a duk & he was hote  
Mundus whiche had in his baptyse  
To lye alle the chynalyse  
Of Rome & was a worthy knyght  
But he was nought of such myght  
The strengthe of loue not to withstode  
That he ne was brought to bonde  
That manlyng wher he wold or no  
This yong wyf he louth so  
That he hath put al his assay  
To wyne thyng whiche he ne may  
Gete of hyr graunt in no maner  
By yste of gold ne by payre  
And whan he sawe that by no mede  
To ward her loue he myght spece  
By slepyght feyned than he wrought  
And therupon he hym bythought  
How that ther was in the Cyte  
A temple of such auctoryte  
To whiche with greet deuotion  
The noble women of the towne  
Most comonlyke on pylgremage  
Gone for to pray thylke ymage  
Whiche the goddesse of Chyldyng is  
And cleped was by name Ihsu  
And in her temple than went  
To wyle & to mynster there  
After the lawe whiche was the  
Alouen al other prestes the  
This duk whiche thougt his loue gete  
Upon a day hem t wo to mete  
Hath ben & they come at his heste  
Wher they had a ryche feste  
And after mete in prync place  
This lord whiche wold his thank pur  
choce / To eke of hem than gaf a gift  
And spak soo that by waye of thyfte  
He draugh hem in to his couyne  
To helpe & shawe how paulyne  
After his lust deceptue myght  
And they her trouthes both plyght  
That they by nyght her shold wyne  
In to the temple & he therynne  
Shal haue of hyr al his entant  
Thus accorded for they went  
Now lyfte though whiche Iocrisia

Libet primus

Ordepned Was the trecherie  
Wherof this lady Was deceyued  
These priestes hadden Wel conceyued  
That she Was of grette holynesse  
And With a counterfeyt symplenesse  
Which hye Was in false counge  
Feyned an heavenly message  
They come & sayd to hye thus  
Pausyne the God Anubus  
Hath sente vs both priestes here  
And sayth he Wol to the appere  
By nyghts tyme hym self allone  
For thus he hath to thy persone  
And thereupon he hath vs beede  
That we in Jhesus Temple a seede  
Honestly for the punyssh  
Wher thou by nyght as we the seyn  
Of hym shalt take a Vespyn  
For vpon thy condempnyon  
The which is chaste & ful of feyth  
Suche prayr as he vs tolde he leyth  
That he Wol stonde of thy aword  
And for to be her herof word  
He send vs hyer to the rube  
Glad Was her innocenche tho  
Of such wordes as she herd  
With humble chere & thus answerd  
And seyde that the goddes Wyll  
She Was al wyse to fulfille  
That by her housbondes lue  
She Wold in Jhesus Temple al eue  
Upon her goddes graue abyde  
To seruen hym by nyght tyme  
The priestes gone home tho ageyne  
And she goth to her souerayne  
Of goddes Wyll & as it Was  
She told hym al the playne cas  
Wherof he Was deceyued eke  
And bad that she shold her make  
Al hool vnto the goddes best  
And thus she which Was honeste  
To god Ward after hye intent  
At nyght to the temple Went  
Wher that the fals priestes Were  
And they receyued hye there  
With such a tokne of holynesse

As though they sawen hye Goddesse  
And al within a prync place  
A softe bed a large spae  
They had made & entredreyned  
Wher she Was after Ward engyned  
But she which al honour supposeth  
The fals priestes than opposeth  
And agayn by what obseruaunce  
She myght moost to the please  
Of god that nyghts rule here  
And they hye bydden for to slepe  
Laying vpon the bed a softe  
For so they sayden al stille & softe  
God Anubus hye Wold awake  
The counseyle in this wyse take  
The priestes fro this lady gone  
And she that wyse of gyle none  
In the maner as it Was sayd  
Tho to slepe vpon the bed is leyde  
In hope that she shold achue  
Thynge which stood than vpon hilde  
Fulfilled of all holynesse  
But she hath fayled as I gesse  
For in a closet fast by  
The duke Was hye so pryue  
That he myght not prayue  
And he that thought to deceyue  
Hath such away vpon nome  
That when he Wold vnto hye come  
It shold seme at hir eye  
As though she werly syge  
God Anubus & in such a wyse  
This pryuate of his queyntise  
A wayeth euer tyl she slepe  
And than out of his place he cepte  
So stille that she nothyng herde  
And to the bed stalkyng e he ferde  
And sodenly as she it wyse  
Decrypt in armes he hye kyste  
Wherof in womannysshe drede  
She Wooke & nyte what to rede  
But he with softe wordes mylde  
Comfort her & sayd with childe  
He Wold her make in such a kynde  
That al the world shal haue in mynde  
The worship of that plike sone



For he that With goddes Vone  
 And he hym self a godd also  
 With such wordes & With moo  
 The which he feyneth in his speche  
 This ladyes wyte Was al to seche  
 As the which al trowth kenech  
 But he that al Introuthe meneth  
 With stynde tales so he lad  
 That al his Wyf of her he had  
 And when hym thouzt it Was prouy  
 Agayne the day he hym Withthorough  
 So pruely that she ne Wyte  
 Where he bycome as he lyste  
 Out of the temple he goth his Way  
 And she began to hyde & praye  
 Wound the bare ground knelend  
 And after that made her offende  
 And to the prestes prestes gret  
 She praye & home Ward in the stret  
 The drake her met & sayd thus  
 The myghty god which Annbus  
 To her he saue the paulyne  
 For thou art of his disciplyne  
 So holy that no mannes myght  
 May do that he hath do to myght  
 Of thyng which thou hast euer esch  
 ned/But I his gret houre so pursued  
 That I Was made his hertnaut  
 For thy by Way of couenaunt  
 Fro this day for Ward I Was thynne  
 And yf the lyke to be myne  
 That stonde vpon thynne owne Wyll  
 He herd this tale & bare it seple  
 And home she Went as it bi  
 In to her chamber & ther she felle  
 vpon her bed to wepe & crye  
 And sayd O derke pryncesse  
 Thorough whos dissimulacpon  
 Of fals pynagynacpon  
 I am lykelydly thus dearyed  
 But that I haue it aperaryed  
 I thanke vnto the goddes alle  
 For though it thus byfalle  
 I shal nauer est Whiles I lyue  
 And thyll auowe to god I true  
 And thus Wepend she complyneth

But saye fast & al dysterneth  
 With woful teares her eye  
 So that vpon this agonge  
 Her housbond is in come  
 And saide to her she Was outcome  
 With for the & ageth her what her ey  
 lech, And she With y her self bradeth  
 Wel more than she dyde therfor  
 And sayd alas Wythode is her  
 In me which Whynome Was honeste  
 I am no more than a bestie  
 Now am I defouled of the  
 And as she myght speke the  
 Ashamed With a pryncesse onde  
 She told vnto her housbond  
 The forthe of al the hole tale  
 And in her speche dre & pale  
 She sheweth wel myght to the laste  
 And he her in armes faste  
 Oppheld & ofter shew his othe  
 That he With her is nothyng wroth  
 For wel he wote she maye ther nouzt  
 But nethelke Within his thought  
 His hert stood in a fory pleyght  
 And sayd he wold of that despyte  
 He auengyd hold so euer it falle  
 And sent vnto his frendes alle  
 And when they were comen in fren  
 He told hem vpon this matre  
 And aged hem what Was to done  
 And they ayled were sone  
 And sayd it thought hem for the best  
 To set his Wyf first in rest  
 And after pleyne to the kyng  
 vpon the matre of this thyng  
 Tho Was his woful Wyf comforted  
 vpon al wayes & disposed  
 Tyl that she Was somde amended  
 And thus they a day or two dyspided  
 The thred day she goth to pleyne  
 With many a worthy Cytyzene  
 And he With many a Cytyzene  
 When thentour it herd sepe  
 And knewe the falshe of the by  
 He sayd he wold be just  
 And firste he let the prestes take



Liber primus

And for they shold it not forsake  
 He put hym in to question  
 Out they of suggestion  
 He coude not one word refuse  
 One for they wold hym self excuse  
 The blame vpon the duke they layd  
 But ther aene the wisepl sayd  
 That they be nought excused so  
 For he is one & they be two  
 And two haue more wits than one  
 So thyll excusement was none  
 And ouer that was sayd hym eke  
 Than when may wold virtue selle  
 May shold it in the pastes fynde  
 His order is of so hygh a kynde  
 That they be curers of the wepe  
 For thy pf ony man for they  
 Thorough hem they be not excusable  
 And thus by lawe resonable  
 Among the wise iuges there  
 The pastes bothe dampned were  
 So that the prync tuchers  
 Hpd vnder fals pproyse  
 Was than openly shewed  
 That many a mil hym hath bestrid  
 And when the pastes were dde  
 The temple of thyll horribil dde  
 They thoughten purge & thyll ymage  
 Whos cause was the pilgrimage  
 They douch out & also fast  
 For in to the Tylar they it cast  
 Where the Ruer it hath defyd  
 And thus the temple purgedy  
 They haue of thyll horribil synne  
 Which was that tyme to theyr pynne  
 Of this poynt was thus aduys  
 Out of the dulle was ootherwys  
 For he with due was bestad  
 His dome was nought so hard lad  
 For due put wofon alle  
 And anynought see the ryght wep  
 And by this cause he was wofon  
 So that the deth hym was acquard  
 But for al that he was wofon  
 For he his due had so begyled  
 That he shal neuer come aene

For he that is to trouthe vnprync  
 He may not saylen of vngauyn  
 A No to taken vngauyn  
 Of that pproyse hath brought  
 On other halus men that nought  
 To leghtly leue al that they haue  
 But than shold a wysman stee  
 The shyp when such wynde is blyde  
 For fyrst thoug they begynne to blyde  
 At ende they be nought meuable  
 But al to breke mast & cable  
 So that the shyp with foderne blast  
 When men leste were is ouer cast  
 As now fulstyn a man may see  
 And of old tyme so it hath be  
 I fynde a gret experyence  
 Wherof to take euydence  
 Good is and to be war also  
 Of the preple or hym be do

¶ Ite Blacius ponit exemplum de  
 illa ead pprosia que inter Viru  
 & Viru deapies periculossima consistit  
 Et narrat quodam Gra in obsidione  
 ciuitatis Troie cum ipsam di appresen  
 der nullatenus potuerunt fallaci ani  
 mo cum Troianis de dicat p perpetuo  
 statuebant & super hoc quendam equum  
 inter gressionis de cer fabricatum ad sa  
 crificandum in templo Minerve con  
 fingenas

¶ Ite m y ten so derk wyl  
 At troie also if we had  
 Iproyse it hath bptand  
 For when h gukes had al  
 assayed/ And fonde that by no battail  
 He by no syge it myght awayk  
 The toun to wyne thurgh pro wesse  
 This vpr seyned of symplisse  
 Thorough sleghet of Calas & Crise  
 It won by such a maner wys  
 An hors of brass they let do forge  
 Of such entayle & of such a forge

That in this World Was neuer man  
That such another Werl began  
The crafty Werkman Epius  
It made & for to telle thus  
The garkes that thonghan to feyre  
The kyng in Troye in the like wyse  
With Antenor & With Ene  
That were bothe of the Cyte  
And of the counselle the Wysest  
The ryche & the myghtyest  
In prynces place so they trowe  
With fayr bysses & yfres gark  
Of gold that they haue engyned  
To geue & When they be couyned  
They feynen for to make a pres  
And vnder that yet neuerthels  
They shopen the destructyon  
Bothe of the kyng & of the Towne  
And thus the fals pres was take  
Of hem of Grece & vnder take  
And thereupon they fonde a wey  
Where strongthe myght not a wey  
That slepyght shold helpe thanne  
And of an ynche a large spanne  
By colour of pres they made  
And to den how they were glade  
Of that they stonden in accord  
And for it shal ben of record  
Vnto the kyng of Troye sayden  
By Way of loue & thus they prayden  
As they that wold his thank deserve  
A sacryfice vnto Mynerne  
The pres to kepe in good entent  
They must offer or that they went  
The kyng counsyled in the cas  
By Antenor & Eneas  
Thereto hath yowen his assent  
So was the playne trouthe blent  
Thorough counterfete pwarpsye  
Of that they sholden sacryfice  
The Garkes vnder the holynesse  
Anone With al besynesse  
Here hors of brase let fayr dogges  
Which was to seyn a wonder fygge  
For it was trowped of hym selue  
And had of smale whelles the lue

Vpon the which men enough  
With croft & Ward & Towne it dought  
And goth glystand agens the sonne  
To was ther ioye enough begonne  
For Troys in gark democyon  
Came also With pwarpsye  
Agens the noble sacryfice  
With gark honour & in this wyse  
Vnto the garkes they it broughte  
But of her entent When they songhe  
The garkes were al to smale  
And thereupon was many a tale  
But for the worship of Mynerne  
To Whome they comen for to seale  
They of the Towne which vnder toke  
That al this thyng was do for gode  
For pres/Wherof they be glade  
The garkes that Neptunus made  
A thousand wynter ther to feye  
They haue anon to bowle & to  
The strong Wallys downe they burle  
So that in to the large strait  
This hors With gark solymynge  
Was brought Within the Cyte  
And offred With gark trauynge  
Which was to Troye an eydeme  
Of loue & pres for euermore  
The Garkes to den leue the  
With al the hole felouship  
And forth they wenten in to ship  
And crossen sayle & made hem part  
Anone as though they wolden farr  
But When the black wynter nyght  
Withoute Mone or sterr light  
Bedrilled hath the Water seonde  
Al prynces they gone on londe  
Ful armed out of the nauye  
Symon which was made for espye  
Within Troye as was cōspired  
When tyme was a talle spere  
And With that they were they holden  
And comen ryght as they wolden  
Ther as the garkes were to bowle  
The purpos was ful take & spoile  
Er ony man may talle lye  
Whyle that the Cyte was a stre

Thy shew of that was within  
And when what they might woe  
Of such good as was sufficient  
And burnen by the remount  
And thus come out the trecher  
Which under false ppeche  
Was hys/and they that wenede yet  
Thy myghten fynde no tress  
Of thyll sword which at duounde  
Fulste & thus the swete found  
When it is knowe to the last  
He spaketh many a word wast  
That that with such a ppeche tute  
For when he wendeth most treche  
Then is he shapen most to tress  
And right so yf a woman chese  
Upon the wordes that she heareth  
Som mal when he moste treche apweeth  
Then is he forthest fro the touth  
Out yet fulste & that is touth  
Thy speken that he moste vntrewe  
And when every day a nethe  
Werof the hys is ofter tress  
And here both cause to be wroth  
Out that man that his luste despayth  
Of love & thempon conspayth  
With wordes feryed to deapue  
He shal not fuple to deapue  
His pyne as it is ofter tress

Confessor

For thy my fone as I the mene  
He let the wel to take he de  
That thou este we of thy manade  
Proche & his simblaunt  
That thou ne nought be deapuaunt  
To make a woman to hysue  
Theng which is not in thy hysue  
For in such ferye Proche  
Of love is al the trecher  
Thoung which love is deapned ofte  
For ferye simblaunt is so soft  
Wherof love may be wate  
For why fone as I wel dar  
I charge the to sle that vper  
That many a woman it hath made nyer  
Out hys thou dar not with al

Thys fone nomore I shal  
Confessa  
Now fone hepe that thou hast swore  
For this that thou hast herd byforn  
Is sayd the fyste wynt of pryde  
And next vpon that ocher syde  
To thryne & speke ourt this  
Touche of pryde yet ther is  
The wynt seond I the tresha  
Which inobedynce is hys

Flectere si frangi medi? reputari: & olle  
Fictilis ad manū pugna. Vnde neqz/  
Quil neqz lry hoim neqz lry diuia Vnde  
but// Flectere multoalio corde reflectit  
amor / Quil non flectit amor non flect  
and? ab illo/ Sed rigor illi? plus ele  
phand tiget / Ded gnatur amor pot?  
ut quos scire velleto / Et audib? sorte  
pariat habere rudem/ Sed qui spōa sui  
subiat se cordis amore/ Frangit in ad  
uersis omnia fata pmo

¶ Je loquitur de secūda specie sup  
bie que inobediencia dicitur/ Et  
primo illius vici naturā simpliciter de  
clarat/ Et tractat cōsequenti? super il  
la obediencia que in curia Cupidinis co  
osa amoris causā ex sua illiberalitate sepi?  
sime retardat

¶ Dis vper of inobediencie  
Agerne the rule of cōfeyence  
Al y is hūble & disabweth  
That he to ward his god ne to weth  
After the lawes of his hys  
Not as a man but as a best  
Which goth vpon his lustes wyld  
So goth this proude vper vnglō  
That he dysceyneth al lawe  
He not what is to be felawe  
And leue he may not for pryde  
So is he led on every syde  
And is that felaw of whome me speke  
Which wol not to be on that he beke  
I not yf love myght hym ppe



For elles for to justyfy  
 His lert I not what myght auayle  
 For thy my sone of such entayle  
 If that thy lert be disposed  
 Telle oute & let it nought be glosed  
 For yf that thou vnbuyme be  
 To loue I not in what degre  
 Thou shalt thy good world achue

Aman

My fader yf shall wel bylue  
 The pong whiche is affayde  
 Hath not his mayster lert vnto  
 To couche when he seyth go. wille  
 Than I anone as I may knowe  
 My lady wille ne wille more  
 But other while I graunte fore  
 Of som thynges that she doth  
 Wherof that I wol alle soth  
 For of two wyntes I am lethouyt  
 That I wold I myght nought  
 Oure vnto my lady lert  
 But I dar make this bylert  
 Sauy only of that ylle tye  
 I am vnbuyme of no mo

Confessor opponit

What lert tho tye take on quod he  
 My fader this is one that she  
 Comaundeth me my mouth to close  
 And that I shold nought lert oppose  
 In loue of whiche I of a pite  
 But vnto pite of such a pite  
 Forbet & suffer lert in pite  
 But that ne myght I netheles  
 For al this world ouer I wye  
 For when I am there as she is  
 Though she my tales nought albe  
 Aye ne hit wyl yet more I wye  
 To seke yf that I myght haue gne  
 But that thyng may I not embue  
 For ought that I can speke or do  
 And yet ful of a I speke so  
 That she is wroth & sayth to styke  
 For I that lert that fulfyll  
 And wher lert obedynt  
 Than is my cause fully shent  
 For speke les maye noman speke

So wote I not what is to wote  
 But wote I may nought othe  
 That I ne more algaie sepe  
 Somewhat of that I wote more  
 For euer it is algaie gne  
 The gne lert whiche I haue  
 Wherof I can not lert saue  
 My speke & this obedynt  
 And thus fulfyll my speke  
 I lert & is the first wynt  
 Wherof that I am oute of wynt  
 In this & yet it is no pite  
 Now then vpon that othe lert  
 To alle my disobeysaunce  
 Ful fore it stant to my grauaunce  
 And may not speke in to my wylt  
 For othe she me byt  
 To lert lert & chise a nylt  
 And sayth yf I the soth knylt  
 Wote lert I stonde oute of lert gne  
 I shold lert in othe place  
 But therof wote I disobe  
 For also lert she myght sepe  
 So take the more lert it lert  
 No byng that in to my wylt  
 For ther neuer wote to  
 That stonde so fast in his degre  
 That I ne stonde more fast  
 Wote lert lert & may cast  
 My lert albe as though I wote  
 For god wote though I neuer shold  
 Wote lert wote lert after this day  
 Yet stont it so that I ne may  
 Wote lert oute of my lert wote  
 This is a wote wote  
 That maugre wote she wote none  
 My lert is euer more in one  
 So that I can none othe chise  
 But whether that I wote or lert  
 I more lert lert lert I lert  
 And thus I lert as by that wote  
 Wote lert & lert commadynes  
 But tulye in none othe thynges  
 For thy my fader what is more  
 Touchand to this pite lert  
 I go wote lert after the foema

That ye pleyne me wold informe  
So that I myght myn lert rule  
In lures cause after the rule

Murmur in aduersite ita coapit ille  
superb. Pena quod ex bina sorta pur  
get eum / O bina fortune cum spes in  
amore uisist / Non sine mentali mur  
mur plangit amans

¶ Itaque dicitur de murmur et plac  
tu qui super oleo ad hoc inoleuicis  
searime et de ministris illi deficiant

¶ Ward the Wyse of Which We  
tut / That is the Wyse of which es  
tut. Her name is murmur  
et complerit / That can noman lert ceter  
pynt. To let a glad skilant theanne  
For though fortune make him Wyne  
Pet gnathe they et of they lert  
That is no Wyse for to ceter  
Wherof they myght stonde appesed  
So be they armonispech dysfied  
That may no Welshe ne pouerta  
Atampny hem to the dert  
Of buyomnesse by no Wyse  
For oftyme they dyspse  
The good fortune as the badde  
As they no mannes wofon badde  
Though pynt Wherof they be Wynde  
And right of such a maner Wynde  
That be lert that though they haue  
Of lue at that they wold craue  
Pet Wol they gnathe by somme Wyse  
That they wold nought to lue olys  
Wpon the twouthe as doo sholde  
And hem lallkech that they wold  
None they shal in such a pynt  
That euer Unbuyomly they pleyne  
Wpon fortune they oute et aye  
That they wold not lert lert's pley  
To suffer tpe it lert's felle  
For thy p of thou amonges alle  
Hast Wd this wofon  
My lert in thy confession  
Now alle me pleyne What thou art  
My fard I knowe Wel a part

So that ye alle lert alone  
Of murmur et complerit of lue  
That for I see no spes comende  
Agerne fortune complerit  
I am as lert sayth for cetermo  
And eke fulostyme also  
Whan so is that I see et lert  
Or lert Word et lert ceter  
Of my lard I gnathe anone  
But Wd dert I speke none  
Wherof lert myght be dyspse  
But in myn lert I am dysfied  
With many a murmur god it Wd  
Thus dert I in myn olys Wd  
And though I make no semblaunt  
Myn lert is al dysfied  
And in this Wyse I me confesse  
Of that is lert Unbuyomnesse  
Now alle What your counseyl is  
Confesse

My lert et I lert this  
What so lert of other lert  
That thou to lert lert lert  
As lert as thou it myght suffyse  
Fulost spech in such a Wyse  
Obedyent in lue auapeth  
Wher al a mannes strengthe fyleth  
Wherof p of thou lert to lert  
In a lert as it is lert  
A gnathe Ensampe thou myght fynde  
Which is now comen to my mynde

¶ It contra amori inobedientis ad  
comendacione obediencie coufessor  
super eodem Exemplum ponit Vbi di  
cit qd qdam Regis Sicilie filia in sue  
iuuentutis sctib9 pulcherrime ex eius  
Nouera Incontinentibus in uulgam  
turpissimam transformata est / qd  
uicinus tunc Imperatoris Claudi Ne  
pos Miles in armis sternuissimus et  
morosus et legibus incedens et sua o  
bediencia in pntitudinem pntinam  
transformauit



1 He was schyld by dayes old  
 A worthy knyght as may be told  
 He was newe to thymptour  
 And of his Court a Courtour  
 Wyllie he was gyntle & byght  
 He was a man that moche myght  
 Of armes he was dyscreet  
 Chyualrous & amorous  
 And fame of wordes speche  
 Strange aventure for to seeke  
 He wode the marches all aboute  
 And selle a tyme when he was oute  
 Fortune which may euery thynge  
 To make & unmake of mannes myght  
 Shew as this knyght wode in a pise  
 That he by strength take was  
 And to a Castel they hym lade  
 Where that he felde frendes hadde  
 For so it felde that ylle stode  
 That he had a deadly wounde  
 Fyghend his owne handes slayn  
 Which to the Captayn  
 Was sone & hepe whereof he wote  
 The fader & the moder both  
 That knyght which was of his hode  
 The worthiest of al his kinde  
 And seyn they wold do kinge  
 Upon gyntle but remembraunce  
 That they toke of his worthynes  
 Of knyghthode & of gentylnes  
 And how he stood of assuage  
 To thymptour toke assuage  
 And durst not sleyn hym for fey  
 In grete dysputa son they were  
 Amonge hym self that was the best  
 There was a lady the best  
 Of al that may knelle the  
 So old she myght vnnethes go  
 And was grandame vnto the dede  
 And with that began to wepe  
 And she said she wold bring hym pynne  
 That she shal hym to deeth wyne  
 Al only of his owne graunt  
 Thorough strength of wyng couaunt  
 Without blame of ony wyght  
 Anone she sent for this knyght

And of her sone she aspyde  
 The day / & thus to hym she spede  
 Gyntle thou so thou he to wepe  
 Of whichus day may shal wepe  
 As now to take avengement  
 We so thou stonde in Jugement  
 Upon thyne condempn  
 That thou vnto a questyon  
 Which I shal aske shal answer  
 And ouer this thou shal the sware  
 That yf thou of the soch saye  
 That shal none other thynge answere  
 That thou ne shal the day wepe  
 And for may shal the not wepe  
 That thou therof myght be aduysed  
 Thou shal haue day & tyme assayed  
 And true faulshy for to wepe  
 We so that at the daye ende  
 Thou come agayne with thyng anse  
 This knyght which was worthy & wise  
 This lady prayeth that he may wepe  
 And haue it vnder shales wepe  
 What question it shold be  
 For which he shal in that daye  
 Stande of his life in jeopardy  
 With that she feryth compaigne  
 And sayth gyntle on that it lenger  
 Al that to myn ayng lenger  
 What al wome moche dyspre  
 This wol I ave & in thymptour  
 Where thou hast most knowlechyng  
 Take counayle of this ayng  
 Gyntle this thynge both vnderstake  
 The tyme was set & day take  
 Under his seal he wode his oth  
 In such a wyse & forth he goth  
 Home to his emes court agayne  
 To whome his aventure purne  
 He told of that hym is befall  
 And vpon that they were alle  
 The wyse of the land assent  
 Out nethelres of one assent  
 They myght not accorde plat  
 One saye this a nother that  
 After the disposicion  
 Of natural compayson



To some woman it is pleasaunt  
 That to another is gernaunt  
 What such a thyng in spectral  
 Whiche to hem al in general  
 Is most pleasaunt & moost despyd  
 Above al other & moost conspyd  
 Muche one can they not fynde  
 By Confessacion ne by fynde  
 And thus Gherant withoute cure  
 Must stonde vpon his aventure  
 And is al shap vnto the herte  
 And as in default of his answere  
 This knyght hath leue for to dye  
 Than brynne his trowthe & for to lye  
 In place where he was swene  
 And shapith hym gone agene therfore  
 When tyme come he toke his leue  
 That longer wold he not be leue  
 And purpys his eme he he not wroth  
 For that is a point of his oth  
 He sayth that noman shal hym werke  
 Though after ward hem may speke  
 That he parrourer was  
 And thus he went forth his weye  
 Alone as a knyght aventureus  
 And in his ryght was curpous  
 To wyte what was best to do  
 And as he was alone so  
 And cam nyght ther he wold be  
 In a forest ther vnder a tre  
 He satte where sat a creature  
 A lychy womannys figure  
 That for to speke of fluffe & done  
 So foule yet so be he neuer none  
 This knyght beheld hyr redly  
 And as he wold haue passed by  
 She cryed hym & had hym abyde  
 And he has hore bre a lyde  
 Tho turned & to hyr he rode  
 And then he bound & adde  
 To wyte what she wold mene  
 And she began hym to be mene  
 And sayd Gherant by thy name  
 Thou hast on honte such a game  
 That yf thou be not better auged  
 Thy deth shapen is & deuyed

That al the world ne may the saue  
 But yf that thou my counayl haue  
 Gherant when he this tale herd  
 Vnto this old wyght answerd  
 And of her counseyl he her payd  
 And she ayne to hym thus sayd  
 Gherant yf I for the so shap  
 That thou thorough me thy deth escape  
 And take worship of thy dede  
 What shal I haue to my mede  
 What thyng ady he yf thou wold aye  
 I byd neuer a letter taye  
 Quode she but fyrst or thou be sped  
 Thou shalt me leue such a wed  
 That I wol haue thy trowth on honde  
 That thou shalt be myn husbonde  
 Nay sayd Gherant that may not be  
 Rye then forth thy wey quod she  
 And yf thou go forth withoute tre  
 Thou shalt be sekertpche dede  
 Gherant behyght good ynough  
 Of lond of rent of parke of plough  
 But al that she comperth nought  
 Tho felle this knyght in mochel thowt  
 Now goth he forth / now cometh agene  
 He not what is best to seyne  
 And thought as he rode to & fro  
 That chose he moche one of the twe  
 O: for to take hyr to his wyf  
 O: elles to lese die lyp  
 And when he cast his auantage  
 That she was of so grete an age  
 That she may lyue but a wyple  
 And thought to put her in an Ie  
 Where that noman her shold knowe  
 Tyl she with deth were overthowde  
 And thus this pong lusty knyght  
 Vnto this old lychy wyght  
 Tho sayd yf that none other chaunce  
 May make my despueraunce  
 But only thyllke same spectre  
 Whiche as thou seyst thou shalt me  
 trex / Hout her myn hōd I shal y  
 Wedde And thus his trowth he leid to  
 Wedde With yf she foloweth vp yf browde  
 This couenaunt wol I alowe

She sayth yf any other thyng  
 But that thou hast of my accynge  
 Iwot thy thy body may aspyce  
 Iwot the of thy trouthe acquyte  
 And elles by none other weye  
 No wetherken me what I shal seye  
 When thou art come in to the place  
 Where now they maken grette maner  
 And vpon thy comynge abyde  
 Thy wot anone the same tyme  
 Oppose the of thyne answer  
 Iwot thou wolt no thyng forleue  
 Of that thou wendest to be best  
 And yf thou myght so fynde wyl  
 Wel is for than is ther more  
 And elles this shal be my lye  
 That thou shalt say vpon this molde  
 That al women leuest wolde  
 Be fouerayne of mannes loue  
 For what woman is so about  
 She sayth as who sayth al her wylle  
 And elles may she nought fulfyll  
 What thyng wete her leuest haue  
 With this answer thou shalt saue  
 Thy self & other wyse nought  
 And when thou hast thy ende wrought  
 Come her ayne thou shalt me fynde  
 And let nothyng oute of thy mynde  
 He goth hym forth with bryp chere  
 As he that not in what maner  
 He may this wordes joye attayne  
 For yf he dye he hath a pyne  
 And yf he lyue he mote hym bynde  
 To such a wyte of old kynde  
 Of women the vnsemylyte  
 Thus wote he not what is the lye  
 But he hym lyet on he hym wyl  
 Vnto the Castell forth he goth  
 His ful answer for to geue  
 Or for to dye or for to lyue  
 Forth with his counseill cam the lady  
 The thynges stonden of record  
 He send vp for the lady sone  
 And forth she cam that old mone  
 In presence of the tennement  
 The strengthe of al the couenaunt

The was vnto omyte  
 And to ydrent he had ynt by  
 That shal tellen his aune  
 As he that wote what is the pyne  
 ydrent sayth al that euer he wote  
 But such wordes cam none to mouthe  
 That he for yf or for byf  
 Myght on wyse his wylle aunte  
 And thus he curyeth long & late  
 Tyl this lady had algate  
 That shal for the dome fymal  
 Pave his answer in speccol  
 Of that she had fynt opposed  
 And than he hath truly supposid  
 That he hym may of nothyng pelye  
 But yf so he the wotens lye  
 Which as the woman hath hym aunte  
 Wile he be both an hore caught  
 That he shal be caused so  
 And add our pelye his wylle the  
 And when this matrone herd  
 The maner how this luyght answered  
 She sayd tynson to the lye  
 That hast thus told the pryup  
 Which al women most aspyr  
 I wote that thou wete on fynt  
 But nethels in such a pelye  
 ydrent of his answer is quyt  
 And the began his sowe the nethe  
 For he mote gone on he vnto lye  
 To her which his trouthe had  
 Out he which al home dead  
 Goth forth in stede of his pynner  
 And tollet the fortune of his choller  
 As he that was with trouthe affayde  
 This olde wyght hym hath awayd  
 In place vnto as he lye in lye  
 ydrent his woful lye vnto lye  
 And saue this wete that she lye  
 Which was the bestest wyght  
 That euer man cast on his eye  
 Her nosebaue her broode hys  
 Dye eyen smal & dyp lye  
 Dye chere lye with aune wete  
 And tynson as in an empty lye  
 Danyng dune vnto the chyn

Her lynes ben shonken for age  
 That was no gear in her bylage  
 Her front was narwe her lokes for  
 We loken forth as with a mare  
 Her neck is short her shulders curte  
 That myght a mannes lust discourte  
 Her body girt & no thyng small  
 And shynynge for to dyscrepe her all  
 She hath no lych withoute a lall  
 Out lych into the wolfe fall  
 She ptefeth her into this knyght  
 And had hym as he lycht  
 So as she hath by his warrant  
 That he her lych comant  
 And by the byrd she hym lycht  
 Out god wote how she hym lycht  
 Of such wordes as she speleth  
 hym thynketh that nyght his lycht  
 lycht / For soothly that he may fle  
 Out of the world entere he

Lorde how a felle man for his helle  
 Taketh holdamony with canelle  
 And with the myght the suer  
 Ryght on such maner suer  
 stant fiant in this dour  
 He deyneth the lycht with the swete  
 He medleth fowle with lycht  
 And lycht as who sayth deyn  
 His thought that he cast a wep  
 Upon such one as that the wep  
 Is old & lycht ourwalle  
 Out nede is more that nede shalle  
 He wold algate his trouthe holde  
 No cury knyght thereto is holde  
 What lycht so cur to hym is felle  
 Though she be foulest of alle  
 The honour of womanlyte  
 hym thought he shold take here  
 So that for pure gentylnesse  
 No he couthe her lycht adusse  
 In myght as she was to tere  
 He set her on his hors before  
 And forth he taketh his wepe fofe  
 No wonder though he speleth ofte  
 Wat as an outh lycht by nyght  
 Out of al othe byrdes lycht

Ryght so this knyght on daye swete  
 In close hym helde & shope his wete  
 On nyghtes tyme till the tye  
 That he come ther he wold abyde  
 And pryncely withoute nyse  
 He byngeth this foule girt corse  
 To his Castel in such a wyse  
 That noman myght her shap alyse  
 Tyl she in to chamber came  
 Where he his pryncounse name  
 Of such men as he most trust  
 And told hym that he nede must  
 This lycht wedde into his wyf  
 For elles he had lycht his lycht  
 The prync woman were assent  
 That shold he of his assent  
 Her myghtes they anone of dralde  
 And as it was that tyme talde  
 She had bath she had rest  
 And was arrayed to the best  
 Out with no craft of comles brode  
 They myght deffe her lokes shode  
 And she ne wold not be shone  
 For no counseyl & therfore  
 With such a tye as tho was used  
 Ouremen that it was caused  
 And had so craft lycht aboute  
 That noman myght sen hem oute  
 Out when she was fully arrayed  
 And her a tye was al assayed  
 Tho she was fouler into he  
 Out yet it may none othe he  
 They were wedded by nyght  
 So wo begone was neuer knyght  
 No he was than of Maryage  
 And she began to ploye & cage  
 As who sayth I am wel ynough  
 Out he therof nothyng ne lough  
 For she toke than chere on honde  
 And clepeth hym her husonde  
 And sayd my lycht go we to bed  
 For I to that enant wedde  
 For thou shalt be my woldes lycht  
 And ptefeth hym with that to lycht  
 No she a lusty lady were  
 His lycht myght wel be there



But as of thought & memory  
 His first was in purgatory  
 But the strength of matamony  
 Who myght make none effour  
 That he most algate plye  
 To gone to bed of company  
 And when they were asid naked  
 Without slepe & was a waked  
 He turneth on that other syde  
 For that he wold his eyes hyde  
 For loking on the foule wyght  
 The chamber was ful of light  
 The curtayne were of scandal thynne  
 This newe bryd which lay withynne  
 Though it be nought with his accorde  
 In armes she heclipt her lord  
 And prayd as he was tomed hir fro  
 He wold hym turne awynward tho  
 For now she sayd we be both one  
 But he lay stille as ony stone  
 But euer in one she spak & praid  
 And bad hym thynke on that he sayd  
 When that he take her by the honde  
 b E herd & vnderstode the bonde  
 How he was set to his penall  
 And as it were a man in a traunce  
 He turneth hym al sodenly  
 And sa we a lady lay hym by  
 Of eyghthane wynter age  
 Which was the fayrest of bysage  
 That euer in al this world he syght  
 And as he wold haue take her nyght  
 She put her hande & by his true  
 Besought hym that he wold lue  
 And sayth for to wyne or lise  
 He mozt one of two thynges chise  
 Where he wol haue such on nyght  
 O: elles vpon the daye lyght  
 For ye shal not haue bothe two  
 And he began to sorowe tho  
 In many a wyse & cast his thought  
 But for al that yet coude he nought  
 Deuyse hym self which was the best  
 And she that wold his first wst  
 Wrayth that he shold chise algate  
 Tyl at the last long & late

He sayd O ye my lynes lye  
 Saye what ye lyst in my quante  
 I not what answer I shal geue  
 But euer while that I lye  
 I wol that ye be my maystrisse  
 For I can not my self gisse  
 Which is the best vnto my choyse  
 Thus graunte I wold myn hole wyse  
 Chise for so bothe I wold prays  
 And what as euer that ye saye  
 Ryght as ye wol so wol I  
 m P And she sayd graunte mercy  
 For of this word ye now saye  
 That ye haue made me souerayn  
 My dystyne is ouerpasse  
 That neuer lye after shal be lassed  
 My beaute which I now haue  
 Tyl I be take in to my graue  
 Both nyght & day as I am now  
 I shal alwey be such to you  
 The kynges daughter of Cecyle  
 I am and fele but lye a while  
 As I was with my father late  
 That my stepmother for an hate  
 Which to ward me she hath bygonne  
 Forsoke me tyme I had wonne  
 The loue & the souerayn  
 Of what kynge that in his regne  
 Al other passeth of good name  
 As men seyn ye be the same  
 The dea proueth it is so  
 Thus am I proued for euer mo  
 Tho was pichoun & ioye enough  
 Echone with other playd & laugh  
 Tyl lye long & wel they ferde  
 And clerkes that this chaunce herde  
 Tyl they sayd it in curyate  
 To teler how that chedynne  
 May wel fortune a man to lue  
 And set hym in his lust alone  
 As it byfelle vnto this knyght  
 f O: thy my sone if I do ryght  
 Thou shalt vnto thy last chere  
 And folowe her wille by all weye  
 A mane  
 m By holp fader so I wille

For ye haue tolde me such a story  
Of this example now to fore  
That I shal curioſe therfore  
Hear after myn obſeruaunce  
To heare & his obſeruaunce  
The letter day & ouer this  
Of pryde yf ther ought elſe is  
Wherof that I me ſhewe ſhal  
What thing it is in ſpecial  
My father ageſſe I you pray  
Confefſor

n Oth let my ſone & I ſhal ſay  
For yet there is ſurquedre  
Which ſtand of pryde of compaign  
Wherof that thou ſhalt heere anon  
To knowe yf thou haue gylt or none  
Upon the ſorme as thou ſhalt heere  
Now vnderſtonde wel the matere

o Maia ſcit pulat ſed ſe perſumpci  
o nescit / Nec ſibi conſimile quem  
putat eſſe patrem / Qui magis aſtutus  
reputat ſe vincer bellum. In laqueos  
veneris foras ipſe cadit / Vixit cupido  
victum ſibi qui perſumit amantem / Gal  
lit & in vacuas ſpes redit ipſa Vias

h Je liquitur de ardua ſpecie ſuper  
bia que perſumpcio dicitur cuius  
naturam primo ſecundum vicium con  
feſſor ſimpliſiter declarat

Orquedre is thyſe byer  
f Of pryde which þ third offier  
Dath in his court & will not  
knowe / The trouthe til he be oſtrowle  
Upon his fortune & his grace  
Cometh had I wyſt ful ofte a place  
For he doth al his thyng by geſſe  
And by deſch ol ſpkerneſſe  
None other conſeyll good hym ſemeth  
But ſuche as he hym ſelf demeth  
For in ſuche wyſe as he compaſſeth  
His wyſe al other paſſeth  
And is with pryde ſo thurgh fought  
That he al ther ſet at nought  
And beneath of hym ſclum ſo  
That ſuche as he ther be noma

And thus he wold be a pryde  
So hys ſo ſemely nor ſo wyſe  
Abouen al other & nought for thy  
He ſayth not ones graunt mercy  
To god / Which al grace ſendeth  
So that his wyſe he diſpendeth  
Upon hym ſelf as though ther were  
No god Which myght auayle them  
But al vpon his owne wyſe  
He ſtand tyll he falle in the pyte  
So ſett that he may not aryſe

h Je tractat confefſor cum amante  
ſuper illa ſaltem perſumpcione ex  
cuius ſuperbia ſplures fatui amantes  
cum maioris certitudinis in amore ſpe  
ſibi promittunt in expediti ciuis deſti  
tuuntur.

a Ad rpght thus in the ſame wyſe  
The byer vpon the cauſe of loue  
So proudeſly ſet the ſert aboue  
And doth hym pleynly for to wene  
That he to louen ony queene  
Dath Worthynes & ſuffyſaunce  
And ſo without purueance  
Ful ofte he ſueth by ſo hygh  
That Chyppes fallen in his eye  
And eke ful ofte he weneth this  
That as he nought byloued is  
To be loued al ther leſt  
Now ſone telleth what ſo the leſt  
Of this that I haue tolde the heere  
Amans

h A fader be nought in a wene  
I to we ther be noman leſſe  
Of ony maner Worthynesse  
That halt hym laſſe Worthy than I  
To be byloued & not for thy  
I ſape in cauſyng of me  
To al men that loue is ſee  
And certis that may noman wene  
For loue of hym ſelf ſo deine  
It lucth in a mannes ſerue  
Wat that me ſhal not aſerue  
To wene for to be Worthy  
To louen but in her mercy  
But ſer of that ye wold me

That I shold otherwyse bene  
To be byshued than I was  
I am belknowe as in that cas  
Confessor

My good sone telle me how  
Amano

Now list e I wol telle you  
My good fadre how it is  
Ful ofte it hath byfalle on this  
Thorough hope e was not aryne  
My wenyng hath be set in byne  
To traste in thyng that helpe me nougt  
But onlyche of myn owne thought  
For as semeth that a belle  
Lyke to the wordes that men telle  
Answertgh ryght so nomore ne lesse  
To godd my fadre I confesse  
Suche wyl my wyte hath aier set  
That what so hope me helpe  
Ful many a tyme I wene it sothe  
But fynally no spede it dothe  
Thus may I telle as I can  
Wenyng begyleth many a man  
So hath it me ryght wel I wote  
For yf a man wol in a bothe  
Whiche is withoute botome to be  
He must nedes onerthowbe  
Ryght so wenyng hath fere by me  
For whan I wende next haue be  
As I by my wenyng cast  
Than was I forthest at last  
And as a foolle my towe vntende  
Whan al was sayled whan I wende  
For thy my fadre as of this  
That my wenyng hath gone amys  
Touchend to Surquedrye  
Pave me my penaunce or I dy  
But yf ye wold in ony forme  
Of this matre a tale enforme  
Whiche were ayene this byr set  
I shold fere wel the let

h Ic ponit confessor exemplum eo  
in illos qui in suis viribus presumunt  
et debilitates efficiuntur / Et narrat  
qualiter ille Capaneus miles in armis

probatissimus de sua presumens audas  
cia inuocationem ad superos tempore  
necessitatis et concordia tamen et non a  
liter primus provenisse ostendit Unde  
in obsidione Civitatis Thebarum cum  
ipse quodam die coram suis hostibus ad  
detrahendum se obtulit ignis de arboribus  
suis superveniens ipsum armatum totum  
colliter in cineres combussit

m p sone in al maner Wyse  
Surquedrye is to despyse  
Wherof I fynde wyte thus  
The proud knyght Capaneus

ne / He was of such Surquedrye  
That he thorough his chyualtrye  
Upon hym self so moche traste  
That to the goddes hym ne lust  
In no quantile to lesche  
But sayd it was an godd speche  
Whiche cause was of purr dede  
For lack of berte e for nede  
And upon such presumption  
He held this proud oppynyon  
Eyl at the last upon a day  
About Thebes wher he lay  
Whan it of syege was belagne  
This knyght as the Cronyke seyns  
In al mannes syght then  
Whan he was proudest in his geyr  
And how nothing myght hym dre  
Ful armed with his sheld e speer  
As he the Cyte wold assaile  
God wile hym self the bataylle  
Apeue his pryde e fro the skye  
A fyr thonder socondly  
He sende e to poude hym smote  
And thus the pryde whiche was hote  
Whan he most in his strengthe wende  
Was bent e lost withouten ende  
So that it proueth wel therfore  
The strengthe of man is fone here  
But yf that he it wel gouerne  
And ouer this a man may lerne  
That eke ful oftyme it gureth



What that a man hym self beleueth  
As though it shold hym wel seme  
That he al other may can seme  
And hath forgot his owne vice  
A tale of hem that he so nye  
And fegmes hem self to be wyse  
I that telle the in such a wyse  
Wherof thou shalt ensample take  
That thou no such thyng undertake

¶ *De Aquidur Confessor contra il-*  
*los qui de sua scilicet presumunt*  
*aliorum condicione diuiciantur indi-*  
*scere uirgultu/ Et narrat Exemplu*  
*de quodam principe Regis Hungarie*  
*Germano qui cum fratre suo pau-*  
*peribus in publico uidit humiliatum*  
*ipsum uirgultu in contrarium edo-*  
*are presumebat/ Sed Rex omni scien-*  
*tia perposuero ipsum sic incaute presu-*  
*mentem ad humilitatis memoriam ar-*  
*tibus prouidencia miris castigauit*

¶ *Hynde Upon Surquedrye*  
*How y whilom of Hungary*  
*Wy old days was a kynge*  
*Wyse & honest in al thyng*  
And so byfel vpon a daye  
And that was in the moneth of Maye  
At thylk tyme it was blawe  
This kynge with noble pumeance  
Hath for hym self his chaare arrayed  
Wheryn he wold ryde amayd  
Out of the Cite for to playe  
With lordes & grette arraye  
Of lusty folke that were yonge  
Wher somme playd & somme songe  
And somme gone & som ryde  
And somme preste her hore a spee  
And bydden hem nodd in now oute  
The kynge his eye cast about  
Till he atte last was wote  
And saide comend agayne his chaare  
Two ppleynes of so grette age  
That speke vnto a dreyne ymage  
That were pale & fader helled

And as a bussh which is besne wede  
Her lodes he hoore & wyde  
That was of kynde but a lyte  
That they ne semen fully dede  
They come to the kynge & dede  
Somme of his good pur charite  
And with grette humylite  
Out of his chaare to grounde he lepe  
And hem in bothe his armes kepe  
And byt hem tothe foot & honde  
Wyfor the lordes of his lond  
And pay hem of his good thereto  
And whan he hath this dede do  
He goth in to his chaare agayne  
Tho was murmour tho was dyscayne  
Tho was compleynt on euery syde  
They sayden of her othe pryde  
Echone to other what is this  
Our kynge hath do this thyng amys  
So to abesse his Royalte  
That euery man it myght se  
And humbled hym in such a wyse  
To hem that were of none empyse  
Thus was it spoken to & fro  
Of hem that were with hym tho  
Al pruely behynde his back  
But to hym self noman spak  
The kynges broder in presence  
Was thylk tyme & grette offence  
He tolde therof & was the same  
A hown al other which most to blame  
Upon his lyege lord hath leyde  
And hath vnto the lordes leyde  
Anone as he can tyme fynde  
There shal nothyng be left behynde  
That he wol speke vnto the kynge  
Now what seke vpon this thyng  
They were mery & faye ynough  
Echone with other playd & lough  
And fellen in to tales newe  
How that the ferstle sburres grewe  
And how the grene lues spronge  
And how that loue among the yonge  
Bygan the lodes than to wake  
And euery byrd hath chose his make  
And thus the may day to thende

They had e some ayne they wende  
 The kyng was not so fone come  
 That when he had his chamber nome  
 His broder ne was wryth then  
 And brought a tale vnto his ere  
 Of that he had such a shame  
 In hynderyng of his owne name  
 When he hym self wold detech  
 That to so vyle a pouer wretche  
 Hym dynteth shewe such symplisse  
 Agynste the state of his noblesse  
 And sayth he shal no more vse  
 And that he moche hym self excuse  
 Toward his wyde curyphone  
 The kyng stode seple as ony stone  
 And to his tale an ere he lyste  
 And thought more than he septe  
 But netheles to that he herde  
 Wel curyphly he ansuerde  
 And told it shold be amended  
 And thus when þe tale was ended  
 At wryth was the lord e cloth  
 The kyng vnto his souper goth  
 Among the lordes to the halle  
 And when they had souped alle  
 They token leue e forth they go  
 The kyng bythought hym seluen tho  
 How he his broder may chastise  
 That he thought his surquedre  
 Took vpon hond to dyspryse  
 Hymselfe which is to pryse  
 And therupon gaf such counseyle  
 Toward his kyng that was vnseple  
 Wherof to be the better lered  
 Hym thynketh to make hym asered  
 It telle so that in thysle dale  
 Ther was ordeyned by the lorde  
 A Trome With a sterne brith  
 Which was cleded the Trome of deth  
 And in the Court wher þe kyng was  
 A certyne man a Trome of bras  
 Hath in keepyng e therof seuerth  
 That when a lord his deth deserveth  
 He shall this dredefull Trome shewe  
 To fore his gate e make it knowe  
 How that the Jugement is geue

Of deth which shal not be forgeue  
 The kyng when it was nyght amonge  
 This man essent e had hym gone  
 To trowpyn at his broders gate  
 And he which moche done algate  
 Geth forth e doth the kynges heste  
 This lord which herde this ampaste  
 That he to fore his gate shewe  
 The wryth he by the lorde e knele  
 That he was sickerlych deth  
 And as of deth he wryth no tre  
 But sende for his frendes alle  
 And told hem how it is byfalle  
 And they hym age cause why  
 But he the soth not for thy  
 He wryth e ther was fore we tho  
 For it stode thysle tyme so  
 This Trome was of such sentance  
 That ther ayne no wrythance  
 They coude ordeyne by no weye  
 That he ne moche algate deye  
 But yf so he he may purchace  
 To gete his luge wyde gwa  
 Deth wryth therupon cast  
 And hem appoynted at last  
 This lord a worthy lady had  
 Wnto his wryth which also dead  
 Her lordes deth e childe true  
 Wrythene hem two they had on lyne  
 That wery pong e ande of age  
 And of stature e of bysage  
 Nyght fayr e lusty to se  
 Tho callyn they that he e she  
 Forth with her childer on the morowe  
 As they that wery full of sorowe  
 All naked but of smok e shyrte  
 To ande with the kynges herte  
 His gwa shold go to seche  
 And pardon of deth biseche  
 Thus passen they that wofull nyght  
 And cry when it was lycht  
 They gone hem forth in such a wryth  
 As thou to fore hast herd deuyth  
 All naked but hys shyrte one  
 They wryth e made moche mone  
 Hys hys hanged about hys ewe

With sobbing & With sope trye  
 This lord goth then an humble pas  
 That Whylome proud & noble Was  
 Wherof the Cete for a flyght  
 Of hem that fallen that glasse spght  
 And nethelies al openly  
 With such weeping & such crye  
 Goth with his children & his wyf  
 He goth to pray for his luf  
 Unto the court Whan they be come  
 And men therein hath herd nome  
 That was no wyght of he hem spght  
 From Water myght here his eye  
 For so we they maken the  
 The kyng supposeth of this wo  
 And feyneth as he nought ne wyf  
 But nethelies at his byryst  
 Men told hym how it ferde  
 And Whan that he this wonder herde  
 In hast he goth in to the halle  
 And al attounes doune they falle  
 If ony pryde may be founde  
 The kyng which seeth hem full to grounde  
 Hath ayed hem what is the feare  
 Why be ye so dyspoyled? then  
 His broder sayd A lord mercy  
 I wote none other cause why  
 But only that this nyght ful late  
 The Trowp of deeth was at my gate  
 In tokene that I shold dye  
 Thus we be come for to pryde  
 That ye my wordes deeth aspyde  
 Ha fool thou thou art for to wyte  
 The kyng Unto his broder seide  
 That thou art of so lyeal frend  
 That only for a Trowproune  
 Hath gone dyspoyled though I toun  
 Thou & thy wyf in such manere  
 Goth with thy children that ben here  
 In syght of all men aboute  
 For that thou sayst thou art in doute  
 Of deeth which stant Under the lawe  
 Of man & man may it withstande  
 So that it may pr chauceur fayle  
 Now shalt thou not for thy meynayle  
 That I come from my chaw aspyght

When I becom to fore my spght  
 In hem that were of so grete age  
 My owne deeth though her ymage  
 Which gode hath set by lawe of kynde  
 Wherof I may no fore fynde  
 For well I wote such as they be  
 Ryght such am I in my degre  
 Of flasse & blood & so shal dye  
 And thus though I that lawe obeye  
 Of which that kynges be put vnder  
 It ought be well the lesse wonder  
 Then thou which art withoute nede  
 For lawe of lond in such a drede  
 Which for to accompt is but a iape  
 As thyng which thou myzt overscape  
 For thy my broder after this  
 I trow that seethen that so is  
 That thou canst drede a man so fore  
 Drede god with al thyne hert more  
 For at that dye & at that passe  
 As well a byon as an offe  
 As well a bigger as a lord  
 Toward deeth in one accord  
 That shal stonde & in this wyse  
 The kyng with his wordes wyse  
 His broder taught & al foryeue  
 Confessor

For thy my sone yf thou lyue  
 In vertu thou must byrde eschewe  
 And with to be hert gublesse se we  
 So that thou be not Surquedous  
 Amans

My fadre I am amorous  
 Wherof I wold pou kepe  
 That ye me ensample take  
 Which myzt in lous cause stonde  
 Confessor

My sene thou shalt vnderstonde  
 In lous & other thynges alle  
 If that Surquedous falle  
 It may to hym not well be tyde  
 Which vseth thyll byrde & pryde  
 Whiche cometh byfome to wenyng  
 And sochfastnesse in to lisyng  
 Though foule ymagynacyon  
 And for thy enformacyon



That thou this Byrde as I the rede  
Esche we haue a tale I rede  
Whiche telle Whilome by dayes olde  
So that the clerk Ouyde tolde

¶ He in speecpaale tractat Confessor  
cum Amanta contra illos qui de propri  
a formositate presumptas amorem Mu  
lieris dedignantur/ Et narrat Eym  
plum qualiter cuiusdam principis filij  
Nomine Narcizus estiuo tempore cum  
ipse Anacionis causa quendam aru  
solus cu suis canibus vagitaret in gra  
uem sitim incurrens necessitate compul  
sus ad bibendum de quodam fonte pro  
nuo inclinauit. Vbi ipse faciem suam  
pulcherrimam in aqua precipue putat  
bat se per hoc illam Nympham quam  
Poete Ekho vocant in flumine vocem  
suis oculis conspexisse/ de cuius amore  
confestim laqueatus. Et ipse ad se de  
fonte extra haeret pluribus blanditijs  
adulabatur/ sed cum illud nullatenus  
perficere potuit per nimio languore  
deficiens cecidit lapides ibidem adiacen  
tes caput querelans atque effudit

¶ He: Was Whilom a lordes sone  
Whiche of his prync a Byrde was;  
ne/ Hath caught þe worthy to  
his lych/ To sechen al þe wordes tiche  
There was no woman for to loue  
So hygh he set hym self aboue  
Of stature & of traute bothe  
That hym thought al women bothe  
So was there no comparyson  
As to ward his condycyon  
This yong lord Marazus hygh  
No strengthe of loue to we myght  
His hert which is vnafyled  
But at the last he was begyled  
For the goddes punicaunce  
It telle hym a day per chaunce  
That he in al his pryncd fere  
Onto the font he gan to fere

Among other that ther were  
To hunt & disport hym there  
And when he cam in to the place  
Wher that he wold make his chace  
The houndes were within a thewe  
Vncoupled & the houndes bde  
The grete hert anone was founde  
With swifte feet set on grounde  
And he with spere in hore sped  
Hym hasteth fast for to ryde  
Tyl al may he left behynde  
And as he rood vnder a lynde  
Beside a roche as I the telle  
He sawe there sprong a lusty welke  
The day was wonder hot with alle  
And such a thurst was on hym falle  
That he must other dwe or drynke  
And doune he lych & by the brynke  
And tye his hors vnto a braunche  
And leyd hym downe for to raunche  
His thurst & as he cast his loke  
And to the welke he bred toke  
He sawe the lyke of his byfage  
And wende there were an ymage  
Of such a nymphe as the was say  
Wherof his loue his hert assay  
Bygan as it after was sene  
Of his sote & made hym wene  
It were a woman that he spide  
The more that he the welke cam nygh  
The ner cam she hym agayne  
So wylde he neuer what to seyne  
For when he wepte he sawe hys wepe  
And when he cryd he toke good kepe  
The same word she cryd also  
And thus bygan the newe wo  
That whilome was to hym so straunge  
Tho made hym loue & herte eschaunge  
To set his herte & to begynne  
Thynge which he myght neuer wenne  
And euer among he gan to lude  
And praithe that she to hym come oute  
And other while he goth a fute  
And other while he dwelleth nere  
And euer he fond her in a place  
He wepeth he cryeth he ageth grace

Then as he myght gete none  
So that apace a wold of stone  
As he that lineke none other wold  
He smote hym self tyl he was dede  
Wherof the Nymphes of the Welles  
And other that ther weyn elles  
Wnto the Wodes bysengend  
The body which was dede byggend  
For pure pryde that they haue  
Wnder gaue they he gaue  
And than out of his sepulture  
Ther sprong anone pataventure  
Of floures such a wonder sight  
That men ensample take myght  
Wpon the dedes which he dede  
And tho was sene in other stede  
For myche wynter fresshe & fayne  
The floures ten which is contrayn  
To kynde & so was the folke  
Which felte of his surquedrye  
Thus he which due had in dysceyn  
Wrest of al other was bysleyn  
And as he set his pryde most hygh  
He was lest worthy in hutes eye  
And most bryaped in his wyte  
Wherof the remembraunce is yet  
So that thou myght ensample take  
And like al other for his sake

Aman

My fadre as touchend of me  
This vpr I thynke for to flee  
Which of his weynge euer tro weth  
And namlich of thing which groweth  
In hutes cause or wel or wo  
Yet pryed in me neuer so  
What wold that gnat sende  
That toward me my lady wende  
As towarde hym I wene  
My due shold so bysene  
That shold go no pryde a place  
What I am fer fro thyll gnat  
As for to speke of tyme now  
So mote I suffer and paye pold  
That ye wol age on other spe  
If ther be ony wynt of pryde  
Wherof it nedeth me to be sorpe

Confessor

My sone God is the forpene  
If thou haue thyng mysdo  
Touchend of this for aiermo  
That is another yet of pryde  
Which coude neuer his wordes hyde  
That he ne wold hym self auant  
That may nothyng his tonge daut  
That he ne clappeth as a belle  
Wherof if thou wolt that I telle  
It is knowely for to be  
So that thou myght thy tonge stete  
To ward the world & stande in grace  
Which lacketh oter in many a place  
To hym that can not speke stille  
Which elles shold haue his wille

Magnibos propria minuit iactancia  
lingue/ fama quam stabilem firmat  
honore alieno/ Ipse sui laudem meriti  
non precepit Unde / Se sua per verba  
iactat in ore palam/ Est qd viti culpa  
iactancia que rubifacit, In muliere  
was ansat habere genas

¶ Je dicitur de quarta specie super  
bie que iactancia dicitur, qd cui9  
natura causatur vt homo de se ipso testi  
monium exhibens suam virtutum  
merita de laude in culpam transference et  
suam famam cum extollere velit illu  
proptio ore subuertit / Sed & Venus  
in amoris causa de isto vicio maculas  
as a sua curia super omnes alios ab  
horrens expellit/ vt eorum multiloquiū  
vexundia detestatur, Unde Confessor  
Amanā opponens matrem pleuius  
declamat

¶ De vpr clered auountia

With pryde hath take his acque  
intia / So that his owne pryde he las  
seth/ Wten he such mesure ouerpasseth  
That he his owne fraud is  
That first was wel is than amys

That was that worship is than blame  
 And thus the worship of his name  
 Though pryde of his aunantye  
 He cometh in to vnder  
 I wold hold that this proude vnder  
 Hath thyselfe vnder in his offer  
 Though which þe blasphem þe he be wech  
 The mane name he ouerthroweth  
 Of vertu which shold elles sprynge  
 Vnto the wordes knowlechynge  
 But he fordoth it al to fore  
 And ryght of such maner be  
 Ther ten duces for thy þe thou  
 Art one of hem alle & say thou  
 Whan thou hast take ony thyng  
 Of duces ryght or ouer or ryng  
 O: take vpon the for the colde  
 Some goodly worde as the dees tolde  
 Or frendly ceter or tokene or letar  
 Wherof thyng fert was the letter  
 Of that he sent the gelyng  
 Dast thou for pryde of thy lpyng  
 Made thyng auantt wher the lpy  
 I wold fadre that þe wylt  
 my Consequen lpyth not fert  
 Per had I neuer such matter  
 Wherof myght myn fert amende  
 Not of so moche as he sende  
 By mouth & said gatt hym wech  
 And thus for that ther is no de  
 Wherof to make myn auant  
 It is to rson accordant  
 That may neuer but I lye  
 Of lye make auantye  
 I wote not what I shold haue do  
 If that I had encrefon so  
 As þe haue sayd fert many one  
 But I fonde cause neuer none  
 But daunger which me welng slough  
 Therof I couth alle ynough  
 And none other auantaunce  
 Thus nedeth me no repentaunce  
 Nowt age fadre forther of my lpy  
 For therof am I not gylty  
 Confessor  
 my sone I am wel payd with al

For vnder wel in special  
 That one of his vnder Justye  
 A loun al other opne this vnder  
 At al tymes most debaath  
 With al his fert & most he bathe  
 And the in al maner wylt  
 Aunantye is most to despyse  
 By ensample thou myght vnder  
 Which I fynde in the loken wylt

¶ De ponit Confessor Exemplum  
 contra illos qui de sua in armis  
 probitate vel de suo in amoris causa de  
 siderio completo se iactant / Et narrat  
 qualiter Albinus primus Rex Longo  
 bardorum cum ipse quendam alium re  
 gem nomine Gurmundum in bello mor  
 tientem triumphasset testam capitis de  
 functi auferens capsum & ea gemmis  
 & oro circumdactum in sue victorie  
 memoriam fabricam constituit / insuper  
 & ipsius Gurmundi filiam Rosam  
 dam rapiens maritali thoro in coniuge  
 sibi copulauit. Vnde ipso Albino pos  
 tra eorum regni sui nobilibus in suo re  
 gali conuiuio sedente dicti Gurmundi as  
 psum infuso vino ad se intus epulas af  
 ferri iussit / quem sumptum Regi sue  
 Regine porrexit dicens. Vile cum pa  
 ter tuo / qd & ipsa huiusmodi opus ig  
 nara fecit. quo facto Rex statim sup his  
 que per prius gesta fuerant cunctis au  
 dientibus per singula se iactauit / Res  
 gina vero cum talia audisset animo ex  
 latu factum abhorrens in mortem Dñi  
 sui Regis circumspecta industria cons  
 pirauit / ipsum & auxiliantibus Ebor  
 acida & Helmege baronibus subsecuto am  
 pte interfecit / cuius mortem Dux Ra  
 uenensis tam in corpore Regine & suo  
 cum fauorem p secula vindicauit

¶ Item that the libardes calle  
 Albinus was the first of alle  
 which bare aoun of libardie



And Was of gret chualite  
In Weire agens dures kynges  
So fell among other thynges  
That he that tyme a Weire had  
With Gurmud Which þe Gynges sad  
And Was a myghty kyng also  
Out netheles it falle hym so  
Albinus slough hym in the felde  
That he ne smote his bred of than  
Wherof he toke aveyr the panne  
Of Which he sayd it wold make  
A cuppe for Gurmundes sake  
To lye & drawe in to memory  
Of his bataylle the Gynges  
And When he thus the felde had Wone  
The lond anone Was ouer wone  
And feld in his owne honde  
That he Gurmundes doughter folde  
Which maye Rosamund hight  
And Was in every mans syght  
A fayne fressh a lusty one  
His hert felle to hys anone  
And such a due on hys he cast  
That he hys wedded at the last  
And after that tyme long in tyme  
With hys he dwelle & to the laste  
They due eche other wondre wel  
But she Which kepeth þe blynde whel  
Comes When they he most about  
In al the hoste of her due  
Hys wher she turneth & they felle  
In the maner as I shal telle  
This kyng Which stode in al his welch  
Of pres of worship & of helth  
And felt hym on no spee greued  
As he that hath his world achieved  
That thought he a fute he wold make  
And that for his wyues sake  
That she the wydes at the feste  
That were obysaunt to his hys  
May knowe & so thereupon  
He let ordyne & sent anon  
By letters & by messagers  
And warned al his offycers

That every thyng he wel amped  
The gret stedes were assayed  
For justyng & for toynement  
And many a gret garnement  
Embrouded was agens the day  
The wydes in hys fest away  
By comyn at tyme set  
One juster wel another set  
And other weyle they toyned  
And thus they cast are alwey  
And wher lustes upon honde  
And after thou shalt understonde  
To mete in to the kynges hall  
They comyn as they he liden alle  
And When they were set & seued  
Than after as it was desired  
To hem that worthy knyghtes were  
So as they seyn here & there  
The pryce was spoke & poue out  
Among the knyghtes of about  
And thus byneth & eke about  
Al was of armes & of due  
Wherof about at boordes  
Men had many sondry wordes  
That of the myrthe which they made  
The kyng hym self began to glade  
Within his hert & took a pryce  
And sawe the cuppe stonde a pyce  
Which made was of Gurmundes herte  
As ye haue herd When he was dede  
And was with gold & ryche stones  
Beset & bounde for the none  
And stood upon a foot on hygher  
Of turned gold & with gret sygher  
Of Werkemanshype it was bygaue  
Of such werke as it shold haue  
And polysshyd was eke so clene  
That no spone of the sculle was sene  
But as it were a gryppe eke  
The kyng had her his cuppe aveyr  
Which stood before hym on the wynde  
And fete hys upon his wynde  
The sculle is set & Wym therein  
Wherof he had his wyf begynne  
Dygnly with thy fader dame he seide

And she to his bydding obeyde  
And toke the sculle & what her lyst  
She drynketh as she nothyng wyst  
What cuppe it was & than al oute  
The kyng in audyence aboute  
Hath told it was hyr fadres sculle  
So that the lordes knowe shulle  
Of his bataylle a soch wytnesse  
And made auaunt thorough what pwe  
Wisse/He hath his wyue lye wonne  
Whiche of the sculle hath so bygonne  
Tho was there pryde moche alfor  
They speken al & she was softe  
Thynkend thyll synnynde pryde  
Of that hyr lord so nygh her spede  
Auaunteth hym that he has slayn  
And pyked oute hyr fadres bryn  
And of the sculle hath made a cuppe  
She suffereth tyll they be wyse  
And tho she hath schynesse feyned  
And goth to chabre & hath copleyned  
Unto a mayde whiche she trust  
So that none other wyght it wyst  
This mayde Blodespe is hote  
To whome this lady hath byhote  
Of ladyshyp al that she can  
To auenge hyr vpon this man  
Whiche dyd hyr drynke in such a plyt  
Among hem al for despyte  
Of hyr & of hyr fadre bothe  
Wherof her thoughtes ben so trothe  
She sayd that she shal not be glad  
Tyl that she hym so hath bestad  
That he nomore make auaunt  
And thus they felle in couenaunt  
That they accorden at the last  
With such wyse as they cast  
That they wol gete of hyr acord  
Som orped knyght to slay this lord  
And with this slepyght they begynne  
How they helmege myght wyne  
Whiche was the kynges hoteler  
A proud & a lusty bachiler  
And Blodespe he bueth hote  
And she to make hym more affore

Howe hee graunted & by nyght  
They shap to do they to geue myght  
A hode mete & done it was  
The same nyght & in this case  
The quene hyr self the nyght secunde  
Went in her stee & there she fonde  
A chamber derke withoute lyght  
And goth to hode to this knyght  
And he to kepe his obseruaunce  
To lye doth his obseruaunce  
And keneth it be Blodespe  
And she than after lay a spede  
And hym sayeth what he hath do  
And who she was she told hym tho  
And sayd I am thy quene  
Now shal thy lye wel taken  
Of that thou hast thy wyll brought  
Or it shal for ten abought  
Or thou shalt woeke as I the saye  
And if thou wilt by such a waye  
Do my plesance & hold it styll  
For aier I shal be at thy wyll  
Wothe I & al myn lerytage  
Anone the wold lye wye  
In whiche noman hym can gouerne  
Hath made hym that he can not werne  
But felle al hool to her assent  
And thus the wiche is al mysent  
The whiche fortune hath vpon fonde  
For how that aier it after fonde  
They shap among hem such a wyle  
The kyng was dede within a wyle  
So styly come it not aboute  
That they ne ben discouered oute  
So that it thought hem for the best  
To flee for them was no rest  
And thus the trefour of the kyng  
They trusse & moche othe theyng  
And with a certayne felashyp  
They fled & went a way by ship  
And he & hyr coute from thence  
Tyl that they come to Rouenne  
Wher they the dukes helpe sought  
And he so as they hym besought

A place graunteth for to dwell  
 Out after when he herd alle  
 Of the maner how they haue do  
 The duk lette shap for hem so  
 That of a porsen which they drunke  
 They hadden that they haue beswile  
 And al this made auauunt of pyper  
 Good is therfor a man to hyde  
 His owne pyper for yf he speke  
 He may lpgatpche his thanke bray  
 In armes lpgch none auauantage  
 To hym which thynketh his name  
 anaunce/ And he is named of his dede  
 And also who that thynketh to speke  
 Of loue he may not hym auauunt  
 For what man thglk bpa haunte  
 His purposos shal ofa faglle  
 In armes he that wol trauaple  
 Or elles loues graa atayne  
 His loue tonge he moa atayne  
 Which terpth of his honou the lre  
 For thp my sone in al wepe  
 Take rpght good lre of this matre  
 I thanke god my fadre dede  
 This scole is of a gentyl lre  
 And yf ther be ought elles more  
 Of pyper which I shal escheue  
 No waye faith e I wol shewe  
 What thng that y me wol enforme  
 Confessor

My sone yet in other forme  
 Ther is a bpa of pyper lre  
 Which lre on hawke e he wyl sone  
 fadeth byon bygh in his delgao  
 After the lpgng of his bpa  
 And wol nomane ason knowe  
 Tyl he doune falle e ouerthrowe  
 This bpa bynglre is lre  
 Wlrof my sone I the bphoe  
 To tate e speke in such a wpe  
 That thou the myght the lre aupe

g Loria perpetuos pagnat munda  
 na dolores/ Qui tamen est Vanus  
 gaudia Vana cupit/ Eius amicitiam

quem gloria vult inanis. Non sine bla  
 dictio planus habebit homo / Verbis  
 compositis qui sit singulari fauorem  
 Scandere seclata iura valebit eques  
 Sic in amore magis qui blanda sudor  
 nat in ore/ Verba per hoc struam qd  
 nequit alter habebit/ Et tamen ornatos  
 cantus varios qd pamtus/ Leta qd cor  
 da suis legibus optat amor

h Je loquitur de quinta specie su  
 perbie que Inanis gloria vocatur  
 Et eiusdem vici naturam primo de  
 scatenens super eodem in amoris causa  
 Confessor amanti consequenter opponit

h: proud bpa of bynglre  
 Remembreth not of purgatorye  
 His wordes ioyes he so gude  
 Hym thynketh of heuyn no lre  
 This lre pompe is al his lre  
 Yet shal he depe netheles  
 And therof thynketh he but a lre  
 For al his lust is to delpe  
 In newe thnges proud e lre  
 No ferforth as he may atayne  
 I twode yf that he myght make  
 His body newe he wold take  
 A newe forme e leue his olde  
 For what thng that he may behold  
 Ther which the comon he is straunge  
 Anone his old gypse chaunge  
 He wol e falle therupon  
 Lre into the Camelpon  
 Which byon euerp sonder lre  
 That he behold he moa newe  
 His colour e thus vnauped  
 Gulstyme he stant desgyped  
 More ioyful than the bpa in may  
 He maketh hym euer fessche e gay  
 And doth al his arap desgypse  
 So that of hym the newe gypse  
 Of lusey folk al othe take



And eke he can carolles make  
Roundel balade & vntay  
And With al this yf that he may  
Of loue get hym auantage  
Anone he wagt of his courage  
So ouer glad that of his end  
He thynketh ther is no deth comend  
For he hath than at al tyme  
Of loue such maner pryde  
Hym thynketh his joye is endles

Confessor

Now thryue the sone in good pres  
And of thy loue telle me pleyne  
Yf that thy glorie hath so be wyne

Aman

My fadre as touchend of al  
I may not wel ne not shal  
Of wyne glorie excuse me  
That I ne haue for loue be  
Eke better dressyd & arrayd  
And also I haue oft assayd  
Roundel balades & vntay  
For hyr loue on whome myn hert lay  
Eke to make also & for to prynt  
Carolles With my wordes queynt  
To set my purpos aloft  
And thus I long tyme forth oft  
In halle & eke in Chamber aboute  
And made mery among the route  
But yet ne ferd I not the let  
Thus was my glorie in tyme set  
Of all the joye that I made  
For when I wold With hyr glade  
And of her loue songes make  
She sayd it was not for hyr sake  
And lest not my songes be  
Ne wpten what the wordes were  
So for to speke of myn arraye  
Yet coude I neuer be so gaye  
Ne so wel make a songe of loue  
Wherof I myght be glade  
And haue enclifon to be glad  
But rather I am oft adrad  
For sorow that she sayth me nay  
And nethelies I wol not say  
That I am glad on other spee

For same that can nothyng hyde  
Al day wol tynge vnto myn eyde  
Of that men speken here & there  
How that my lady tynge the pryde  
How she is fayne how she is wyse  
How she is womanly of chere  
Of al this thynge that I may here  
What wonder is though I be fere  
And eke when I may here seyn  
Tynge of my lady be  
Al though I may not With hyr de  
Yet am I wonder glad of that  
For when I wold of hyr good estat  
As for that tyme I dar wel swete  
None other sorow may me dete  
Thus am I gladd in this wyse  
But fadre of poure lere wyse  
Of which ye be fully taught  
Now telle me yf ye thynke ought  
That I therof am to wote

Of that ther is I the acquyte  
My sone he sayd & for thy good  
I wol that thou vnderstood  
For I thynke vpon this matre  
To telle a tale as thou shalt here  
How that ageyn this proud vntay  
The hyght god of his Justyce  
Is wrothe & gret vngreuous doth  
Now heken a tale that is soth  
Though it be nougth of loue kynde  
A gret ensample thou shalt fynde  
This wyne glorie for to flee  
Which is so ful of, vayne

¶ Omani generis cum sit sibi qd  
na maior. Seps sub esse solet prop  
imis ille debr / Mens elata graues des  
scensus sepe subibit / Mens humilis stas  
bile molle q firmat iter / Motibus In  
numere volutat fortuna per orbem /  
Cum magis alta petit inferiora time /

¶ De ponit Confessor Exempulum  
contra Vicium inanis glorie nat:  
tunc qualiter Rex Nabugodonosor rex  
Caldeorum cum ipse in omni magistra  
tie sue gloria crederet quod esset deus eius  
superbiam castigat volens ipsum et  
ita formam hominis in bestiam sensu  
commercendo transmudauit/ Et sic per  
septennium penitens cum ipse potius  
eum se agnouit, misericors tunc ipsum  
in sui Regni solium restituit sanitate  
emendatum gradatius collocauit

¶ Her Was a King y moch myght  
Which Nabugodonosor hight  
Of Whom y 3 spall here to fore  
Put in the bryde this name is for  
For at the World in thowent  
Was hoole at his commaundment  
Than of kynges to his lyche  
Was none so myghty ne so ryche  
To his myghte & to his laues  
No who sayth in thyllie daues  
Were okeyfaunt & tribute here  
As though he god of erthe were  
With strengthe he put kynges vnder  
And brought of pryde many a wnder  
He was so ful of wyne glorie  
That he ne had no memory  
That there was ony god but he  
For pryde of his prosperite  
Tyl that the hight kyng of kynges  
Which seith & knoweth al thynges  
Vpde eye may nothyng aftere  
The pryuydes of mans lyche  
To speke & so we in his er  
As though they wude wyndes were  
He toke vngreunce of his pryde  
Out for he wold a while abyde  
To hile yf he wold hym amende  
To hym afor tolen he sende  
And that was in his slepe by nyght  
This proude kyng a wonder seght

Had in his swaene there he lay  
Hym thought vpon a mery day  
As he bryde the World about  
A tre growe he saue ther out  
Which in the World amydde euen  
Whos bryght steuyn by to the treuen  
The treues were faye & large  
The feuyt it bett so ryche a charge  
That al men it myght fede  
He saue also the towes sprede  
Aboue al erthe in which were  
The kynde of al brydes there  
And eke he thought he saue also  
The kynde of al bestes go  
Vnder the tre about wunde  
And fedden hem vpon the gwunde  
No he this wonder stond & seght  
He thought he herd a tope on hight  
Crynd & sayd aboue alle  
He we doune this tre & let it falle  
The treues were defoult in hast  
And doth feuyt destoye & wast  
And let of sheden euery staunch  
But at wote he let it staunch  
Whan al his pryde is cast to gwunde  
The wote shal he fast bounde  
And shal no mans bett here  
But euery lust shal he fortere  
Of man & lyche an Oye his mate  
Of gawe he shal purchace & ete  
Tyl that the water of treuen  
Haue wasshen hym by tymes seven  
So that he though knowe aright  
What is the treuenlyche myght  
And he made humble to the Wyllie  
Of hym which maye al saue & spylle  
This kyng out of his swaene abrayd  
And he vpon the morowe it sayd  
Vnto the clerkes which he had  
But none of hem the soth aund  
Was none his swaen wouth vndo  
And it stood thylk tyme so  
This kyng had in subiectyon  
Judee & of affectyon  
Aboue al oother one Daniel  
He dweth for he wouth wel

Durme that none other couthe  
 To hym Were al thynges couthe  
 As he it had of goddes grace  
 He Was byfore the kynges face  
 And sende e today that he sholde  
 Upon the point the kyng of helde  
 The fortune of his swaene spouse  
 As it shold afterward he founde  
 When Danyel this swaene herde  
 He stood long tyme on he answerde  
 And made a wonder bruy che  
 The kyng toke heed of his manere  
 And bad hym telle that he myght  
 As he to whome he mocht tresp  
 And sayd he wold not be wroth  
 But Danyel Was wonder loth  
 And sayd vpon the so may alle  
 Spt kyng thy swaene myght faile  
 And nethelre couchende of this  
 I wol the tellyn how it is  
 And what dysese is to the shap  
 God wote it yf thou shalt escape  
 The hygh tre which thou hast sene  
 Which leues e fruyt so wel besene  
 The which stood in þ world ampydes  
 So that the bestes e the byrdes  
 Gouverned Were of hym aboue  
 Spt kyng bysheweth thy persone  
 Which stode aboue al crithely thynges  
 Thus regnen vnder the the kynges  
 And al the pple vnto the lordeth  
 And al the Werld thy persone douth  
 So that With thyne honour decyued  
 Thou hast the treuence depud  
 Fro hym which is thy kyng aboue  
 Thou hast þ thou for drede ne loue  
 Wolt nothyng knowe of this god  
 Which now for þ hath made a wod  
 Thy kyne glorie e thy folge  
 With grace pynes to chastise  
 And of the tope thou herest speke  
 Which had the tolles for to berke  
 And he we e felle doune the tre  
 That word bysheweth vnto the  
 Thy Regne shal be ouerthrowe  
 And thou despoiled for althw we

But that the wch shal stonde  
 Thou shalt wel vnderstonde  
 The shal abyde of thy regne  
 A tyme agerme when thou shal regne  
 And eke of that thou herest saye  
 To take a mannes bert away  
 And set there a bestial  
 So that lyke an ope shal  
 Pasture e that he be regned  
 By tymes seven e four pynd  
 Tyl that he knowe his goddes mynde  
 Then shal he stonde agerme bygh  
 Al this bysheweth thyne estate  
 Which now With god is in debate  
 Thy mannes forme shal be lassed  
 Tyl fruyt þe be ouer passed  
 And in the lynes of a best  
 Of grace shal be thy Royal feste  
 The Wether shal vpon the regne  
 And vnderstonde that al this payne  
 Which thou shalt suffer thylk tyme  
 Is shap al only for thy pryde  
 Of thyne glorie e of the lymne  
 Which thou hast long stonde ynn  
 So vpon this condycyon  
 Thy swaene hath expycyon  
 But on this thyng besalle in dede  
 Amende the this wold I tede  
 Peur e departe thyn almeste  
 Do mercy forth with rpyghtynes  
 Defecte e pray the hygh grace  
 For so thou myght thy pces purchas  
 With god e stonden in good acord  
 But pryde is lych to lose his lord  
 And wol not suffer humylty  
 With hym to stonde in no wyte  
 And when a shyp hath lere his steer  
 Is none so wylt that may hym steer  
 Agerme the walles in a rage  
 This proude kyng in his courage  
 Humylty hath so forther  
 That for no swaene he faller to fer  
 He yet for al that Danyel  
 Hym hath counseyllid every del  
 He lye it passe out of his mynde



Though hym glorie & as the light  
 He seeth no wepe as hym he wo  
 And sette within a tyme so  
 As he in Babylon was  
 The danger of peple hym hende  
 His lert arrowe of hym glorie  
 So that he drough in to memory  
 His lordship & his Regalye  
 With wordes of furquedye  
 When that he hym moost auntyth  
 That lord which glorie daunteth  
 At soonly as who sayth tyme  
 When that he stood in his palys  
 He took hym from the menys sight  
 Was none of hem so far that myght  
 Set eye when he bycome  
 And thus was he from his kyngdome  
 In to the wylde forest dwelle  
 When that the myghty goddes sawe  
 Though his wyrt byd transfoyme  
 Fro man in to a bestes forme  
 And lyke an oxe vnder the foot  
 He graue as he nede moost  
 To geten his lures fod  
 Tho thought hym cold gawe goode  
 That whome at the hote spere  
 Thus was he turned from delys  
 The wyng was wonde to drynke  
 He took thenne of the welles drynke  
 Or of the ppe or of the slough  
 It thought hym then good ynough  
 In stede of chambers wel amped  
 He was than of a bussh wel payed  
 The hard ground he lay vpon  
 For other pyllowes had he non  
 The stormes & the capnes falle  
 The wyndes blowe vpon hym alle  
 He tumblede day & nyght  
 Such was the hyght goddes myght  
 Tyl feyn was an eny tole  
 Woon hym self tho gan he like  
 In stede of mete gawe & tyme  
 In stede of lundes long clype  
 In stede of man a best lyke  
 He sawe & than he gan to speke  
 For chylde of gold & of pryse

Which hym was wont to magnifye  
 When he byghed his cot of lere  
 He wept & with woful lere  
 Up to the heuen he cast his chere  
 Wepe & thought in this manere  
 Though he no wordes may wyne  
 Thus sayd his lert & spak withynne  
 O myghty god that al hast wrought  
 And al myght bynge agayne to nouzt  
 Now knowe I but al of the  
 This world hath no prosperyte  
 In thyn aspect lere al aspekte  
 The pouer man & eke the ryche  
 Withoute the thre map no wyght  
 And thou aboue al other myght  
 O myghty lord to ward my herte  
 Thy mercy medle with iustye  
 And I wol make a couenaunt  
 That of my lye the ternaunt  
 I shal it by the gawe amende  
 And in thy lawe so dispende  
 That wyng glorie I shal esteeme  
 And toke vnto thyn best & lewe  
 Dampnye & that I wolde  
 And so shend he gan doune toke  
 And though hym lacke wyse & speche  
 He gan with his feet auche  
 And wened in his heuely steuene  
 He made his pleynt vnto the heuene  
 He kneleth in his wyse & prayeth  
 To seke mercy & assaue  
 His god which made hym nothyng  
 straunge. When he saw his pryde chage  
 Anone as he was humble & tame  
 He fond toward his god the same  
 And in a wyngkyng of a look  
 His mannes forme agayne he took  
 And was tformed to the Regne  
 In which that he was wont to wyngne  
 So that the pryde of wyng glorie  
 Euer afterward out of memory  
 He let it passe & thus it shewed  
 What is to lere of pryde vnto the wede  
 Agayne the hyght goddes lawe  
 To whome no man may be felawe  
 For thy my sone take good hede

Libet primus

So for to lide thy moneste  
That thou be not lyke a beste  
But yf thy lyf shal be honeste  
Thou must humbleste take on honde  
For than myght thou speke stonde  
And for to speke in other wyse  
A proude man can not assise  
For thouz a womā wolde hym please  
His pryde can not ben at ease  
That may noman to moche blame  
A wyse which is for to blame  
For thy men shulden nothyng hyde  
That myght falle in blame of pryde  
Which is the worst wyse of alle  
Wherof so as it was byfalle  
The tale I thynke of a Cronyng  
To telle yf it may the lyke  
So that thou myght humbleste selde  
And eke the wyse of pryde eschewe  
Wherof the glorie is false & veyne  
Which god hym self hath in dyspene  
That though it mounte for a thyng  
It shall falle doune & ouerthrowe

Et se virtus humilis per quam deus al-  
tus ad prima/ Sed tunc e nosre viscera  
carne habet / Sic humilis superest et  
amor sibi subditur omnis/ Cuius habet  
nulla forte superbus opem/ Odit cum  
terra celum deat et ipsum/ Sedibus  
infernū stat q̄ traxerit ibi

h Ic narrat Confessor Epistolam  
contra superbiam/ Et dicit q̄ nu-  
per quidam Rex famose prudentie cui-  
dam Militi suo super questionibus ut  
inde certitudinis responsione daret sub  
pena capitalis sentencie terminum pre-  
fixit/ Quidam quid minoris indigencie  
ab inhabitantibus ortem auxilium mai-  
us obtinuit / Secundo quid maioris  
valencie metibus continens minoris  
expense repressas egessit . Tercio qd ola  
bona diminuens & sui proprietate ni-

chil penitus diluit/ Quoniam vero Es-  
tionem quedam Virgo dicti militis fi-  
lia nomine patris solucionem aggredi-  
ens tunc Rex respondit / Ad prima  
dixit quod terra nullius indiget quid  
en adiuuare cotidiano laboribus omnes  
intendant/ Ad secundam dixit q̄ humi-  
litas omnibus virtutibus prouidet q̄  
tamen nullius prodigalitate expensis  
missum excedit/ Ad tertiam dixit q̄  
supbia omnia boni corporis qm anime  
bona deuastans maiorem expensam  
passus inducit

a King was Whiche was a Wise  
The which of his wit let gude  
wyse/ Of the pynnyng

And strange interpretations  
Problemes & demaunders eke  
His wysdom was to fynde & fynde  
Wherof he wold in sonde wyse  
Oppose him that was wyse  
But none of hem it myght be  
Upon his word to put answer  
Out tullen one which was a knyght  
To hym was entyng thyng so lycht  
That also souerayn he was  
The knyghtes fowles answerde  
What thyng the knyghte was wold  
That anon the trouthe he tolde  
The knyghte somde had an myght  
And thought he wold his wyse pte  
To set som conclusyon  
Which shold be conclusyon  
Conte this knyght so that the name  
And of wysdome the knyghte fame  
To ward hym self he wold wyse  
And thus of al his wyse to wyse  
The knyghte began to study & muse  
What strange matre he myght be  
The knyghte wyse to confounde  
And at last he had it founde  
And for the knyghte anon he sent  
That he shal telle what he ment  
Upon the pynnyng of the matre

Of questions as thou shalt here  
 The first point of all this  
 Was this what thing in all degree  
 Of all this world hath never left  
 And yet may desire it alther most  
 The second what most is worth  
 And of cottage is left put forth  
 The third is which is of most cost  
 And left is worth & goth to left  
 The fourth this then remembre agith  
 To the knight this letter is to geth  
 That he shal come & come agerme  
 The fifth well & alle hym plesme  
 To every point what it amounteth  
 And if so be that he miscounteth  
 To make in his answer a fayle  
 That shal none other thing fayle  
 The sixth sayeth that he shal be dede  
 And left his gooder & his dede  
 The seventh was for of this thinge  
 And wold wote hym to the king  
 Out he ne wold hym not forsette  
 And there this knight of his answer  
 Gode home to take augment  
 Out after his entendement  
 The more he wote his wyte aboute  
 Therof he stant the more in doute  
 The wight he wote the knyghtes birt  
 That he the wote ne shold aftert  
 And such a fow he has to hym take  
 That gladship he hath forsake  
 He thought first upon his lye  
 And after that upon his wyf  
 Upon his childer eke alle  
 Of which he had daughter two  
 The yongest of hem had in age  
 Fourteen yere & of bylage  
 Six was right fayne & of stature  
 Aged to an hundred & four  
 And of maner & of goodly speche  
 Though may wote al kynges seche  
 They shold not have founten her lye  
 She sawe her fader fow he & she  
 And wote not the cause why  
 So can she to hym pryncely  
 And f was wote he made his mone

Within a garden of hym one  
 Upon her knees she gan doune falle  
 With humble hert & to hym calle  
 And sayd O good fader dede  
 Why make ye thus hury chere  
 And I wote nothing to it is  
 And wel ye knowe fader this  
 What aventure that ye wille  
 Ye myght it faustly to me telle  
 For I have ofte herd you sayde  
 That ye such trust have on me layde  
 That to my suster ne to my brother  
 In al this world ne to none other  
 Ye durst have wote a pryncer  
 So wel my fader as to me  
 For thy my fader I you praye  
 He micht nought that he shold saye  
 For I am she that wold lye  
 Your honour & with that lye  
 Hye ye may not be forto  
 She wote for to ben ynore  
 Et that her fader so mystryte  
 To tellen her of that he wote  
 And ever among mercy she cryde  
 That he ne shold his counseyle hie  
 From her that so wold hym good  
 And was so myght fleshe & blood  
 So that weping at the laste  
 His chere upon his child he caste  
 And fowd fully to that she prayde  
 He wote his tale & thus he sayde  
 The fowde daughter which I make  
 Is not al only for my sake  
 Out for the wote & for you alle  
 For such a chaunce is me to falle  
 That I shal or this thred day  
 Lese al that ever I lefe may  
 My lye & al my good thereto  
 Therfore it is I fowde so  
 What is the cause alas quod she  
 My fader that ye sholden be  
 Deed & destroyed in such a wyse  
 And he began the roynous drupe  
 Which as he kyng wote hym by mouth  
 And sayd hie pryncely that he couthe  
 Answer to no point of this



And she that hath told it is  
 Her counsell gave & sayd the  
 My fader syn it is so  
 That ye can none other weye  
 But that ye must nedes dye  
 I wolde pray of you a thyng  
 Let me go with you to the kyng  
 And yet shal make hym understonde  
 You ye my wyttis for to fonde  
 Have leyd answer upon me  
 And talle hym in such degre  
 Upon my word ye wol abyde  
 Tho to lye or dye what so lyste  
 For yet per chaunce I maye purchace  
 With som good word & kynges grace  
 Your lyf & the your good to save  
 For oft shal a woman have  
 Thyng which if a man may not awche  
 The fader herd the daughter speke  
 And thought ther was uson ynn  
 And saue his owne lyf to wyne  
 He couthe done hym self no cure  
 So lette hym thought in aventure  
 To put hym & al his good  
 Than in the maner as it stood  
 His lyf in certayne for to lise  
 And thus thynkend he began to chise  
 To do the counsell of this maye  
 And eke the purpos which she saide  
 The day was come & forth they gone  
 Unto the Court they come anon  
 Where as the kyng in his judgement  
 Was set & hath this knyght asent  
 Arrayed in the best wyse  
 This mayden with her wordes wyse  
 Her fader led by the honde  
 In to the place where he fonde  
 The kyng with other which he wolde  
 And to the kyng knelend he tolde  
 As he enformed was to fore  
 And prayeth the kyng that he ther fore  
 His daughters wordes wol take  
 And sayeth that he wol undertake  
 Upon her wordes for to stonde  
 Tho was ther grete menyng on honde  
 That he which was soo wyse a knyght

Dis lyf upon so yong a wyght  
 He set wold in jeopardy  
 And many it tolde for folpe  
 But at the last nouthers  
 The kyng commaunded to be in pree  
 And to this maye he cast his cheere  
 And sayd he wold her take here  
 And had her speke & the bygan  
 My lyege lord so as I can  
 Quod she the wordes which I herde  
 Ther shal of uson be answered  
 The first I understode is this  
 What thyng of al the world it is  
 Which men moost helpe & last ned  
 My lyege lord this wold I wote  
 The crepe it is which curremo  
 With mannes labour is lyege  
 No wel in wynter as in maye  
 The mannes honde what he maye  
 To helpe it forth & make it ryche  
 And for thyng may it talle & dyche  
 And cun it with strengthe of yough  
 Where it hath of hym self ynough  
 So his ned is at the last  
 For every man byed & last  
 And fure & grace & wote & rynde  
 And every thyng by wey of kynde  
 Shal steme & erthe it shal become  
 As it was out of the erthe nome  
 It shal to erthe turne agayne  
 And thus I may by uson seyne  
 That ther is most ned  
 And most men helpe it nethers  
 So that my lord touchande of this  
 I have answered how it is  
 That other point I understode  
 Which most is worth & most is good  
 And collect a man lest to lye  
 My lord yf ye wol take lye  
 I say it is Dumptye  
 Though which the bygh Tynp  
 As for defect of tulle lye  
 Conto Mary from above  
 Of that he lye we her humblis want  
 His owne soule a doun he sent  
 Above al other & her he chese

For that which which that which  
 So that I may by wofull  
 Humphrey is most worthy of alle  
 And lest it cōfess to magnific  
 In al the world as it is fene  
 For which that both humblest on hende  
 He begyneth no wote in to hende  
 For he is worthy for the last  
 To set every man in wite  
 Thus with power byghte inuenc  
 Me the which, that this enpene  
 As to this world is suffisunt  
 And toucheth of the timent  
 Which is the thep of your asynges  
 What left is worth of al thynges  
 And wofull most I alle it praye  
 Which may not in the true adp  
 For Lucret with hym it felle  
 For praye with hym in to helle  
 The was praye of the gude a cost  
 When he for praye both hony and  
 And after that in Paradyse  
 Adam for praye he left his praye  
 In myddel criste & alle also  
 Praye is the cause of al the  
 That al the world it may suffise  
 The stant of praye the wofull  
 Praye is the best of al synne  
 Which wofull all & may not wyne  
 Praye is of every mys the praye  
 Praye is the best of al wofull  
 And wofull most & left is worth  
 In place where he hath his forth  
 Thus houre I sayd that I wol se  
 Of myn answer & to go to pray  
 My praye had of your offere  
 That ye shal gawe & such Justice  
 Ordre for my fader hew  
 That after this may it be  
 The world themf may say good

The kyng, which wofull understood  
 And both al the which the hath said  
 Was inly glad & so wel payde  
 That al his wealth is ouer go  
 And he began to helle the  
 Upon this maye in the fure

In which he founte so mocht gawe  
 That al his praye on the he praye  
 In audyence & thus he septe  
 My fader maye wel ye be  
 Of thyme answer & eke of the  
 Me I praye & as thou wylt  
 Forgive he thy fader gylt  
 And if thou wylt of such bygnage  
 That thou to me wylt of pange  
 And that thy fader wylt a praye  
 As he is now a bachelere  
 Thou sholdst then be my wylt  
 So I praye as I have I praye  
 But this I say nethelers  
 That I wol shap thy praye  
 What wofull good that thou wylt  
 haue / Age of my praye & I shal haue  
 And for the kynges wofull wylt  
 I praye I praye in this wylt  
 my praye had god mocht praye  
 my fader hew hath but a praye  
 Of wofull & that he wofull  
 Had al the last but now amende  
 Ye may wel though your nobil gawe  
 With I the kyng praye in his place  
 Anone forth in the fressh hew  
 An Erlow which thou was eke  
 Was late felle in to his hounde  
 On the kyng with praye & hounde  
 hath praye & with his charter felle  
 And thus was al the nops awfede  
 The maide which felle I praye hew  
 Before the kynges charter  
 Comendeth & I praye euermore  
 my praye had praye now to fore  
 Ye praye as it is of wofull  
 That if my fader wylt a praye  
 And praye into the other gawe  
 Ye wofull not eke hew  
 That I ne shold be your wylt  
 And thus wofull every wofull I praye  
 A kynges wofull mocht he wofull  
 for thy praye had if that ye wofull  
 So gawe a charter fuffis  
 God wofull it wylt wel my wylt  
 for he which was a bachelere

My fader is now made a prync  
 So rich as ever that I am  
 An erles daughter now I am  
 This yong kyng which pleased alle  
 Hys frende & hys wyf with alle  
 As he that was with due herte  
 Anone thereto gaf his assente  
 He myght not the mayde aftere  
 That he nye lady of his herte  
 So that he took hys to his wyf  
 To folde whyle that he hath lyf  
 And thus he kyng to ward this knyght  
 Accorded to hym as it is ryght  
 And out this good is to wyte  
 In the Cronys as it is wyte  
 This noble kyng of Whome I tolde  
 Of Spayne by the dayes olde  
 The kyngdome had in gouernance  
 And as the book maketh remembrance  
 Alphons was his proper name  
 The knyght also yf I shal name  
 Don Pedro byght / & as men telle  
 His daughter wyf Petronelle  
 Was chaced which was ful of grace  
 And that was sene in thyll place  
 Wher she hys fader out of tene  
 Hath bewyt & made hys self a quene  
 Of that she hath so wel discheyd  
 The popnare wherof she was opposed  
 Confessor  
 So now my sone as thou myght heu  
 Of al this thyng to my maten  
 But one I take & that is pryde  
 To Whome no grace may helpe  
 In truene he falle out of his seide  
 And paradyse hym was fordeide  
 The good men in erthe hym hate  
 So that to lulle he mozt algate  
 Wher eury vertu shal be wepyed  
 And eury vyc he weryed  
 But Humblisse is al other wyse  
 Which moost is worthy & noo wyse  
 It taketh ageyn both softe & fayne  
 If ony thyng stant in contayne  
 With humble speche it is wasshed  
 Thus was this yong mayd blessed

The which I spak of now to fow  
 Her fader hys she got therfow  
 And wanne with al the kynges dau  
 For the my sone yf thou wolt dau  
 It shal the wel to lene pryde  
 And take humblisse on thy spe  
 The more of grace thou shalt gete  
 Amans

My fader I wol not forgo  
 Of this yf ye haue told me tru  
 And yf that ony such maner  
 Of humble prync may lene away  
 Betwixtward I wende assaye  
 But now ouer I take  
 That ye more of my thyngs seke  
 Confessor

My good sone it shal be to  
 Now lerne & lay an eu to  
 For as touchend of pryde super  
 Als forsoth as I can tecton  
 In cause of vyc in cause of due  
 That thou hast pryde had about  
 So that there is none to se  
 Touchend of that but other wyse  
 Touchend may I thyng to telle  
 Which hath by proper kynde of alle  
 Without cause to mysdo  
 Toward hym self & other mo  
 Betwixtward as I vnderstonde  
 Thou shalt the speche as the y stonde

Exhort libet primus



OW after pryde  
the sound / Ther is  
which many a wo  
ful stound / To warr  
des other leryth a  
houte / Within hym  
self e not without

For in his thought he burneth ever  
Whan that he seeth another luer  
Or more virtuous than he  
Which passeth hym in his degre  
Wherof he taketh his maladye  
That he is cleped hoot cruyl  
For the my sone ys it he so  
That y art or lusty ben one of tho  
As for to speke in lues as  
Yf ever yet thyn lere was  
Welle of other monnes hile  
So god auanta my quante  
My lader ys a thousand speche  
Whan I haue sene another elyph  
Of lue e a goodly chere  
Ehna which burneth per hym  
Was than not so hoot as I  
Of thyll for which pryde

My lere thought within burneth  
The ship which on the wabe burneth  
And is forstorned e for bldwe  
Is not more payned for achewe  
Than I am than whan I se  
Another which that passeth me  
In that fortune of lues yse  
But fader this I telle in thyll  
That now he is but in a place  
For lere that seche e fynde gnat  
In other seche it may nought graue  
But this ye may tpyght wel bpleue  
Toward my lader that I seue  
Though that I wylt for to seue  
My lere is ful of lues folpe  
That I my self may not chastyse  
Whan I the court se of Cuppe  
Approche vnto my lader syde  
Of lere that luster ben e fresshe  
Though it auayle lere not a wylle  
But only that they ben of speche  
My sorowe is than not to seche  
But whan they woluen in lere  
Then groweth al my most fere  
And namely whan they taken longe  
My sorowes be than so secong  
Of that I se lere wel at ease  
I can not telle my dyspase  
But lere as of my lader selue  
Though she haue wolbers y or tselue  
For no mystrust I haue of hie  
Me graunch nongot for arto sere  
I twowe in al this world to seche  
Nys woman that in dede e speche  
Wol lere aughe lere what she doth  
Me lere for to sepe a soth  
Repe lere honour at al tpe  
And yet gete lere a thank lere  
But nethelres I am be knowe  
That whan I see ony thowe  
Or elles ys I may lere  
That she make ony man good chere  
Though I therof haue not to done  
My thought wol enarnera sone  
For though I be my self straunge  
Enye maketh my lere change

That I am sorrowfully be dead  
Of that I fe another glad  
With hyt but of other alle  
Of loue what so may byfalle  
Or that be fayle or that be spece  
Therof take I but lyal lye  
Now haue I sayd my fader alle  
And of this poynt in speccal  
As ferforthly as I haue wyte  
Now age fader what yow lyte  
Confessor

My fone or I age ony more  
I thynke somdele for thy lere  
Telle an example of this mater  
Touchend eny as thou shalt lere  
Though it be not the hounde kynde  
Wyte in Exuple this I fynde  
To ete chaf yet wol I werne  
An oye which cometh to the berne  
Therof to take ony fode  
And thus who that it vnderstode  
It feant of loue many a place  
Wth that is oute of loues grace  
He wold another sholdy fayle  
And may hym self not auayle  
And yf he may put ony lette  
He deeth al that he may to lette  
Wherof I fynde as thou shalt wyte  
To this purpos a tale wyte

¶ Ic ponit Confessor Exemplum  
contra istos salam qui in amoris  
causa aliorum gaudijs inuidencis ne  
quaquam per hoc sibi ipsis proficiunt/ Et  
narrat qualiter Mundus Miles noie  
Ais quem Salatheia Nympha pul  
cherrima toto corde peramauit cum ipsi  
sub quadam rupe iuxta litus maris  
colloquium ad inuicem habuerunt/  
Poliphemus gigas concussa rupe mag  
nam inde partem super caput Ais ab  
alto perapiens ipsum per inuidiam in  
trifcat, Et cum ipse super hoc dictam  
Salatheam rapere voluisset Neptunus  
gigantem obsistens ipsam inuolutum

salua custodia perferant / Sed et dii  
miseri corpus Ais defuncti in font  
aque dulcissime subito transmutant

¶ Her lere of such mo than wy  
That be not able of hem selue  
To gete but a for eny  
Wyth al other they aspye  
And for hem lacketh that they wold  
They lere that none other shold  
Touchend of loue his cause spece  
Wherof a grete ensample I wite  
Which vnto this mater accordeth  
As Ouyde in his booke wordeth  
How Poliphemus whilome lernyd  
When that he Salathe byfought  
Of loue which he may not lache  
That made hym for to waite & watche  
By al weyes hold it fete  
Tyl at the last he knewe a lerte  
How that another had lere  
To lue there as he mote lue  
As for to speke of ony spece  
So that he knewe none other wite  
But for to wayte vpon alle  
Tyl he may see the chaunce falle  
That he hyt myght geue  
Which by hym self may not achue  
This Salathe seith the poete  
About al other was vnnete  
Of traute that men than knewe  
And had a lusty lue & lue  
A bachylere in his degre  
Ryght such another as was he  
On whome she hath hyt lere  
So that it myght nought be let  
For rest ne for no lere  
That she ne was al at his lere  
This pong leryght Ais was lere  
Which hyt agerward also lere  
Al ony lue & no mo  
Herof was poliphemus lere  
Though pun eny & nure aspyde  
And wayte vpon eny lere  
When he to gete myght be

This pong Aio With galathea  
 So long he wayeth to a fro  
 Tyl at the last he founde hem tbo  
 In prync place where they stood  
 To speke a houre her wordes good  
 The place where as he hem spake  
 It was Under a bank ngye  
 The grete see & he adue  
 Woody & by the the lusty but  
 Which ethe of hem to other made  
 With goodly chere & wordes glade  
 That al his hert hath set a fyr  
 Of pure enye & as a fyr  
 Which spith oute of a myghty tolbe  
 A wey he fled for a thowle  
 As he that was for his woody  
 When that he sawe how it stood  
 This Polypeme a geaunt was  
 And when he sawe the soth as  
 How Galathea hym hath forsaken  
 And Aio to her lue taken  
 His hert may it not foikere  
 That he ne wote as a her  
 And as it were a by the herte  
 In whome no wofon myght amere  
 He may Ethna the helle aboute  
 Where neuer yet the fyr was oute  
 Gultyled of foules & grete dyspase  
 That he sawe Aio wel at ease  
 Tyl at the last he hym bythought  
 As he which al enye sought  
 And cometh to the bank ageyne  
 Where he with Galathea hath seyne  
 Aio whome he thought to geue  
 Though he hym self may not reue  
 This Geaunt With his nide myght  
 Part of the bank he shooft doune right  
 The which cum vpon Aio felle  
 So that With falling of this helle  
 This Polypeme Aio slough  
 Whereof he made fowle ynough  
 And as he fled from the land  
 Neptunus tolde hym by the hond  
 And kepte hym in so fast a place  
 Fro Polypeme & his maner  
 That he With his felle enye

Ne myght attayne hys companye  
 This Galathea of whome I speke  
 That of her self may not be waken  
 Withouten ony semblaunt seyned  
 She hath hys lues dech compleyned  
 And With her fowle & With her wo  
 She hath the goddis moued so  
 That they of ppe & of grae  
 Haue Aio in the same place  
 Tere he lay ded vnto a welle  
 Transformed as the hares alle  
 With fressh stames & With clea  
 As he whilome With lusty chere  
 Was fressh his lust for to queme  
 And With his nide Polypeme  
 For his enye & for his hate  
 The wete wote & thus algate  
 Confessor

My sone thou myght vnderstonde  
 That yf thou wolt in grae stonde  
 With lue thou must leue enye  
 And as thou wolt for thy partye  
 To ward thy lue stonde fer  
 So must thou suffer another be  
 What so byfalle vpon thy chaunce  
 For it is a vnbyle frangeaunce  
 Which to none other mannes life  
 And is vnto hym self gafe  
 Amans

My fader this ensample is good  
 Out how so euer that it stood  
 With Polypeme lue as tho  
 It shal not stonde With me so  
 To warden ony felonye  
 In lue for none such enye  
 For thy yf ther ought elles be  
 Now age forth in what degre  
 It is & I me shal confesse  
 With shryfte vnto your holynesse

Orta sibi solito mentalia gaudia liuor  
 Dū dicit alacris dampna dolens agit  
 Inuidus obstat hodie fletus, aliorum  
 Fletus cui propius castina facta parēt  
 Sic i amore pati stat fortis iocosi omā  
 ac Cū vidit illufos inuidus ille quasi



Sic licet innocuum speret in ipse &  
uamen/ Alterius casu lapsus & ipse su-  
mul

¶ De loquitur confessor de secunda  
specie inuidie, que gaudium al-  
terius de bono dicitur/ Et primo eiusde  
dichi matricem tractans amantis con-  
sciām super eodem Alterius inuestigat

A good sone yet ther is  
A byer wuere vnto this  
Which enuy taketh his gladi-  
ness. Of that he seeth the bruyneffe  
Of other men for his welthare  
Is when he wote another care  
Of that another hath a full  
He thynketh hym self arys With alle  
Such is the gladship of enuy  
In wordes thynge & in partye  
ful ostymes & che also  
In lues cause it stant ryght so  
If thou my sone hast ioye had  
When thou another sawe vnglad  
Shryue the the wof/ My fadir yis  
I am bykno wen to go to this  
Of these lures that loun sturpe  
And for that wynt which they couite  
Wen pursuauitro from yere to yere  
In lues court when I may be  
Now that they chynke vpon the while  
And when they wene al that he wile  
They ken doune thowbe at the last  
Than am I fed of that I fast  
And laughe when I see hem hur  
And thus of that they brewe soure  
I wynte (wete & am wel esed  
Of that they wote they ken dysfed  
But this which I telle hem  
Is only for my lady der  
That for none other that I kno we  
me receth not to ouerthrowe  
He who that stonde in lue vpryght  
But he he squyer or he he knyght  
Which to my lady ward pursueth

The more he deseth of that he seith  
The more than I thynke bynne  
And am the more glad withynne  
Of that I wote hym souerle endure  
For euer vpon such auenture  
It is a comfort as men seyn  
To see another in his pyne  
So that they both may complayne  
Of hem that is so wo to seyne  
When I my self may not auoyde  
To sene another mannes tauaghe  
I am ryght glad & he he let  
And though I fare not the let  
His sorowe is to myn hert a game  
When that I kno we it is the same  
Which to my lady stant enclyned  
And hath his lue not tramped  
I am ryght ioyful in my thought  
Of such enuy graue nought  
As I he kno we me culpable  
Pe that he wote & resonable  
My fadir alle your aduys  
Confessor

My sone enuy to no pyse  
Of such a forme I vnderstonde  
He myght be no wof stonde  
For this enuy hath such a kynde  
That he wol let hym self bynde  
To bynder with another ryght  
And gladly lete his owne ryght  
To make another lete his  
And for to kno we how it so is  
A tale tpe to this matre  
I thynke alle yf thou wolt he  
To shewe properly the byt  
Of this enuy & the malice

¶ De ponit Confessor exemplum co-  
municum qui sponte sui ipsius de-  
trimentum in alterius penam maiorem  
patitur/ Et narrat quod cum Jupiter an-  
gelum suum in forma hominis et homi-  
num condicioes explorat ab equo  
in arcam misit/ contigit quod ipse angelus  
duos homines quorum unus cupidus  
et aliter inuidus erat itinereando spacio

spacio quasi unus diei committabatur  
Et cum seculo factum esset Angelus eos  
cum se ipsum tunc manifestans dixit /  
q quidquid aliter eorum ab ipso dona-  
ti sibi parent, illud statim obtinebit / q  
q seculo suo seculum commutanti affirmat  
duplicationem super quo cupidus impedit  
auaritia sperans sibi diuitias carere  
duplicationem primo petere transiit. Q d  
cum inuidus animi aduersaret naturam  
sui diuini contentione ita ut seculo suo  
diuini lumine prauentur se ipsum mo-  
noculum fieri constantem prauus ab  
Angelis postulabat / Et sic unus inui-  
dia alterius auaritiam maculauit

¶ Iubiter thus I find p Weite  
o That whiles hold he hold Weite  
Upon the playnt which he had  
Among the men so wof it ferde  
And of her wrong condempn  
To do just pacion  
And for that cause downe he sent  
An Angel which about went  
That he the loth kinde may  
So it befall upon a day  
This angel which hym shold enforme  
Was chosed in a mane forme  
And ouerlook I vnderstande  
The men that were then ouer lande  
Though which he thought to aspe  
His cause q goth in company  
This Angel with his wonder wyse  
Opposeth hym in sondre wyse  
Hollidde wonder q now sofer  
That made hym to despayn ofte  
And eke of hym his wifon had  
And thus with talke he hym lad  
With good companyon  
Tof he lute the condempn  
What men they were lothe to  
And sawe also wel at the last the

That one of hem was conepous  
And he se laue was enupous  
And thus when he both knewe lechng  
Anone he signed departing  
And sayd he mote algaie wende  
But he then no w what fell at ende  
For than he made hym vnderstande  
That he was of goddes sonde  
And sayd them for the kyndeship  
That they haue done hym felauship  
He wold do som grace agerpe  
And had that one of hem shold sepe  
What thyng is hym leuest to graue  
And he it shal of pefte haue  
And ouer that eke forth with al  
He sayth that other haue shal  
The double that his felawe ageth  
And thus to them his grace he tareth  
The conepous was wonder glad  
And to that other man he had  
And sepe that he first ager shold  
For he supposeth that he wold  
Make his ager of wordes good  
For than he knewe wel how it stood  
If that hym self by double wpyght  
Shal after take q thus by slepyght  
Wp cause that he wold he pene  
D: had his felawe first begynne  
This enupous though it he late  
When that he sawe he mote algaie  
Make his ager q first he thought  
If he worship or prouyde sought  
If that he double to his fre  
That wold he chese in no maner  
Q it than he sheweth what he was  
Toward enup q in this cas  
Unto this Angel q thus he sepe  
And for his pefte q thus he peryd  
To make hym blynde on his owne ey  
So that his felawe no thyng sepe  
This word was not so sone spoke  
That his owne ey was luke  
And his felawe forth with also  
Was blynde on both his eyen two  
The was that other glad ynough  
That one wepe q that other luge

And he set his one eye at no cost  
Wherof that other I doo hath lost  
Of thislike ensample Which telle tho  
Men take no wul of oth so  
The world empyeth comonly  
And yet wote none the cause why  
For it accordeth nought to kynde  
Myn owne harme to seek & fynde  
Of that I shal my brother grue  
I myght neuer wel adue  
What kyste thou sone of my folke  
My fadre but yf I shold be  
Upon the poynt which ye haue sayd  
Yet was myn hert neuer layd  
But in the wyse as I haue told  
But ouermore yf that ye wold  
Ought elles to my shryft saye  
Touchand enye I wold praye

3 Nuidie pars est detractio pessima  
pstem/ Q ne magis infamem fla  
tibus oris agit/ Lingua tenenato ser  
mone repercutit aures/ Sic Et in alia  
trius scandala fama volat/ Moribus  
a targo quos infiat ipsa fideles/ Out  
netis ignoti sepe salute carent/ Sed ge  
nerosus amor linguam cōseruat Et ei9  
Verbum qd loquitur nulla sinistra ge  
rat

9 Je Tractat Confessor de tertia spe  
ae Iuudie que detractio dicitur cu  
ius morsus Viperos lesa qm sepe fama  
deplangit.

Onekend of enypo? brood?  
I wote not one of al good  
But nethelie such as they  
be/ Yet ther is one & y is he

Which elyed is detractyon  
And to conferme his actyon  
He hath with holde male touch  
Whoo tonge neuer crosse ne crouche  
May hert so that he prouounce  
A pleyne good word without froiue  
O wher behynde a mans hall  
For though he pryse he fynt som lall

Which of his tale is ay the last  
That at the pynt shal ouer cast  
And though ther be no cause why  
Yet wol he tangle not for thy  
As he y was which both y trauntre  
Of hem that ben for to be  
For as the nettle which by tenneth  
The fresshe rede Rose stanneth  
And maketh hym fade & pale of hwe  
Kyght so this false enypous alle  
In every place wher he duellith  
With false wordes which he tellith  
He turneth prysyng in to blame  
And worship in to worldes shame  
Of such lylenges as he compasseth  
Is not so good that he ne passeth  
Yet wene his art & bakbited  
And though his false tong endyde  
Eke to the sharnespyde kynde  
Of whos nature that I fynde  
That in the herte of the day  
Wher comen is the mery may  
He spert his wyng & by he fletth  
And vnder al aboute he fletth  
The fayne lusty floure spring  
But therof hath he no lyleng  
Wher he fletth of ony lyste  
The filthe ther he maketh his fiste  
And therupon he wold alpyght  
Ther lyeth hym none other syght  
Kyght so this iangler enypous  
Though he a man be vertuous  
And ful of good condrepon  
Therof maketh he no mencyon  
But elles he it not so lye  
Wherof that he may see a wyte  
Ther tenneth he with open mouth  
Behynde a man & maketh it couth  
But al the vertu which he can  
That wol he hyde of every man  
And openly the byt alle  
As he which of the scole of helle  
Is taught & fosterd by with enye  
Of household & of companye  
Wher that he hath his propre offyce  
To set on every man a byt



Holy so his mouth he comly  
 His word euer more set on Wy  
 And seyth the West that he may  
 And in this Wyse now a day  
 In hure court a man may be  
 Ful of playne of this matre  
 That many enyous tale is sterd  
 Wher that it may not be answered  
 But yet ful of it is hpleued  
 And many a worthy due is garded  
 Through halshpyng of false enye  
 I thou haue made such ianglarye  
 In hures court my sone or this

¶ In amoris causa huic uicini  
 man ad memoriam reduans Confes-  
 sionis amanti super eodem plenius op-  
 ponit

¶ Dryue the therof / My fader pis  
 But Wyse ye hold not openly  
 But other while pryncely  
 When I my der lady made  
 And thynke hold I am not made  
 Wnto hys hysle worthynesse  
 And eke I see hys besynesse  
 Of al this pong lusty wote  
 Whiche al day pursueth her aboute  
 And eke of them his tyme a waypate  
 And eke of them his tyme a waypate  
 Al to waxe an innocent  
 Whiche wol not be of her assent  
 And for men seyn vnkowen vnkiste  
 Hys thombe she sette in hys fist  
 So close within hys owne hond  
 That them may wyne noman lond  
 She leueth not al that she leueth  
 And thus ful of hys self she leueth  
 And is al way of had I Wyse  
 But for al that myn herte aryst  
 When I these comen hures see  
 That wolde not holde him to the  
 But wel ny hys ouerul  
 Myn herte is enyous wiche al  
 And eue I am adrad of gyle  
 In aunter of within ony wyse  
 Thy myght be innocent enaunt

For thy my wordes ful of I haunte  
 Wynden hem so as I dare  
 Wherof my lady may be ware  
 I say what euer cometh to mouth  
 And were I wolde yf that I couthe  
 For when I come vnto her speche  
 Al that I may enquire & seche  
 Of such wyse I take it al  
 And as the West in speyal  
 So hyne I wolde that she Wyse  
 How lyke they ben for to trye  
 And what they wolde & what they myt  
 So as they be of double entent  
 Thus to ward hem that Wyseward more  
 My Wyseward word was eue gure  
 And nethiles the soth to telle  
 In arayne yf it so byfelle  
 That alder to West man y lott  
 To chese among a thousand score  
 Whiche West al ful y for to trye  
 My lady lued & I ut Wyse  
 Yet rather than he shold speche  
 I wolde such tales forwe  
 To my lady yf that I myght  
 That I wol al his pyne vnyght  
 And thereto wolde I do al my pyne  
 For arde though I shold feyne  
 And alle that was neuer thought  
 For al this world I myght nought  
 To suffer another fully wyne  
 Thus as I am yet to begynne  
 For he thy good or he thy bad  
 I wolde none my lady bad  
 And that me maketh ful of aspye  
 And vny wordes of enye  
 As for to make them be a blame  
 And that is but of thyll fame  
 The whiche vnto my lady draue  
 For eue on them I wyne & gnawe  
 And hynder hem al that eue I maye  
 And that is sothly for to saye  
 But only to my lady selue  
 I take it nought to y or eue  
 For I wol me wel augse  
 To speke or iangle in ony Wyse  
 That toucheth to my lady name

The Whiche in ctnest & in game  
 I Wold saue to my lady with  
 For me had luer to lakke breth  
 Than speke of hyr name amys  
 Now haue ye herd touchend of this  
 My fadre in Confession  
 And therfor in detangpon  
 In lue that I haue myspeke  
 Telle how ye wyll it that be wolle  
 I am at wdy for to lere  
 My pyne & also for to lere  
 What thyng that ye wol all othe  
 For who is bounden he must to be  
 So wol I to be vnto your lere  
 For I dar make this byrse  
 That I to god haue nothyng byd  
 But wold ryght as it is leryd  
 And ether wyse of no myspeche  
 My consyence for to seke  
 I can not of eny fende  
 That I myspeke haue ought behynde  
 Wherof who so euer be myspeyd  
 Now haue ye herd & I haue sayd  
 What wol ye fadre that I do  
 My sone do no more so  
 But euer kepe thy longe seple  
 Thou myxt the more haue of thy wille  
 For as thou seyst thy seluen lere  
 My lady is of such manere  
 So wyse so wate in al thynges  
 It needeth of no bakbptynges  
 That thou thy lady mys enforme  
 For when she knoweth al the foune  
 How that thy self art enypous  
 Thou shalt not be gracypous  
 As thou parauentur sholdest be elles  
 Ther wol no man drynk of the Welles  
 Whiche as he wote is popson ynne  
 And of such as men begynne  
 To warden other such as they fynde  
 That set hem ofte fer behynde  
 When that they wenen be byfore  
 My good sone & thou therfor  
 Be wate & lue thy wpyked speche  
 Wherof hath fallen ofte wiche  
 To many a man byfore this tyme

For who so wol his handes lyme  
 They must be the more vncleue  
 For many a mote that be sene  
 That wol not elles cleue them  
 And that shold euer wyse man fere  
 For who so wol another blame  
 He seketh ofte his owne shame  
 Whiche elles myght be ryght seple  
 For thy yf that it be thy wille  
 To stonde vpon amendement  
 A tale of grette entandemēt  
 I thynke to telle for thy sake  
 Wherof thou myght ensample take

¶ De loquatur Confessor contra istos  
 in amoris causa detrahentes qui su-  
 is obliquis aliena solacia perturbant / et  
 narrat exemplum de Constantia Tibe-  
 riij Romae Imperatoris filia omnium  
 virtutum famosissima ob eius amorem  
 Soldanus tunc Persie de eam in By-  
 zem ducere posset christianum se fieri p-  
 misit cuius accepta cautione consilio pe-  
 lagij tunc pape dicta filia vna cum du-  
 ob Cardinalib9 alijs q; procrab9 in  
 Persia matragij cā natiugio honorifice  
 destinata fuit que tamen obloquencia  
 postea detractionis varijs modis absq;  
 sui culpa dolosa fata multipliciter pas-  
 sa est

a      Worthy knyght in Castles  
 fall. Of grette come as is p  
 fall / The wyte had for to  
 ryte / Terey Constancy he  
 byght / Who wyf was cleped pēde  
 But they to gedre of progaye  
 No childe hadden but a mayde  
 And she hyr god so wel apayde  
 That al the wyde worldes fame  
 Spake worship of her good name  
 Constante as the Cronys seyth  
 She byght & was ful of the seyth  
 That the grettest of Barbarie

Of hem whiche were Marchandys  
 Whiche hath conuerted as they come  
 That upon a tyme in Rome  
 To sellen such thyng as they brougt  
 Whiche werthe of hem she thought  
 And oner that in such a Wyse  
 She hath hem with her wordes Wyse  
 Of Cristes feyth so wel enformed  
 That they thereto ben al conformed  
 So that baptysme they receyuen  
 And al hir fals goddes kepen  
 Whan they were of the feyth arayne  
 They gone to Barbarie ayne  
 And ther the Souldan for hem sent  
 And ageth hem to what euent  
 They haue hys feyth feyth forsake  
 And they whiche haue vnderstake  
 The ryght feyth to keep & holde  
 The matre of her tale tolde  
 With al the fool cyeumstaunce  
 And when the Souldan of Constantia  
 Wouy the wight that they answere  
 The beaute & the grace ferde  
 As he whiche than was to wedde  
 In al last his cause sprede  
 To send for the maypage  
 And fethermore with good courage  
 He sayth he so he may hys haue  
 That Criste y am this world to saue  
 He wol blysse & rewarded  
 They ben on eyther syde accorded  
 And therupon to make an ende  
 The Souldan his hostage sende  
 To Rome of pryntes sonces & welue  
 Wherof y fader was glad in hym selue  
 And with the wyse augled  
 The Cardynalls he hath assised  
 With othe wises many mo  
 That with his daughter they shold go  
 To see the Souldan he conuerted

a. Valter aduenient Constancia in  
 Barbariam Matre Souldanum  
 di nupcias perturbare volens filium  
 suum. Vna cum dicta Constancia ar

dinasibus & alijs Romanis prima  
 die ad conuiuium inuicunt. Et conuif  
 cibus illis in mensa ipsum Solda  
 num omnes quibidem pater Constanciam  
 Romanos ad insidias latitanti  
 bus subdola detractione intrinseci pro  
 curant. Ipsam & Constanciam in qua  
 dam nauis absque gubernaculo positam p  
 olcum mare ventorum flatibus agitatam  
 in quiliam diuigi solam constituit

b. Of he which was new wel bred  
 Enure tho began to triuyle  
 In dystourbaunce of her spousale  
 So pryncely that none was war  
 The modre which the souldan bar  
 Was than a lyue & thought this  
 Wnto hys self yf it so is  
 My sone hym wedde in this manere  
 Then haue I lost my joye & dre  
 For myn estate shal so be lassed  
 Thynkand thus she hath compassed  
 By slepye told y she may begyle  
 Her sone & fyll that pite whole  
 Wythene hem & so when y they were  
 She feyned wordes in his ear  
 And in this wyse gan to saye  
 My sone I am by double wares  
 With al myn hert glad & blythe  
 For that my self haue oke sowe  
 Desyre thou wolt as men seyth  
 Receyue & take a newe feyth  
 Which shal be forthryng to thy lyf  
 And eke so worshipful a wyf  
 The daughter of an Emperour  
 To wedde it shal be gret honoure  
 For thy my sone I go w blythe  
 That yf I myghte such grace aured  
 That I may than in especial  
 When that my daughter come shal  
 So as me thynketh honeste  
 By thyself which the feyth fose  
 Shal make vnto hys welcomyng  
 The Souldan graunteth hys appoynt  
 And for therof was glad enough



And Under that anone she droughe  
 With fals wordes that she spak  
 Coupne of deeth behynde his back  
 And euer vpon her ordynaunce  
 She made so that When Constaunce  
 Was comen forth With the Romaynes  
 Of Clerkes & of Cytyzenes  
 A Ryght feste she hem made  
 Hyr clothe enure tho she sprede  
 And al tho that hadden be  
 Or in apert or in pryue  
 Of counsell of the marpage  
 She slough hem in a sodeyne rage  
 Endelong the bord as they be set  
 So that it myght not be let  
 Here owne sone was not quyet  
 But dyed vpon the same plyte  
 But what the hyght god wol spare  
 It may not for no pryncle myffaire  
 This worthy maiden which was there  
 Stode than as who saith nygh dede for  
 fer To see the feste how þ it stood  
 Which al was turned in to blood  
 The dyffle forth With the cuppe & alle  
 Be bled they weren oueralle  
 She sa we dy on euery syde  
 No wonder though she wepte & cryde  
 Makynng many a woful mone  
 When al was slayn but she al one  
 This old fende this Sarazyn  
 Lete take anon this Constauncyn  
 With al the good she thpyder broughte  
 And ordyned as she thoughte  
 A naked ship withoute seer  
 The which the good & hyr in fer  
 Witaples ynough for yeres fyue  
 Wixt that the Wynde it wold dryue  
 She Was put vpon the wa wes wylde

*Qualiter Nauis cum Constancia in  
 portus Anglie que tunc pagana fuit  
 prope humber sub quodam Castello re-  
 gis qui tunc Alce vocabatur post tri-  
 ennium applicuit / quam quidam mi-  
 lis nomine Elda dicti Castellum tunc cus-  
 tos et nauis late suscipiens vixi sue*

## Liber secundus

*Hermyngepde in custodiam honoris  
 a commendauit*  
 b Ot he which al thinges may shild  
 Ther yet to that she cometh to londe  
 Hyr shyp to seer hath toke on bonde  
 And in to Northumberland arriued  
 And happeth than that she depucth  
 Under a Castel With the flood  
 Which vpon humber bank stood  
 And was the kynges owne also  
 The which Alce was cleped tho  
 A Sagon & a worthy knyght  
 But he byleup not a ryght  
 Of this Castel was castelleyne  
 Elda the kynges chamberlayne  
 A knyghtly man after his la we  
 And when he sa we vpon the walle  
 The ship depuend alone also  
 He had anone men sholden go  
 To see what it bytolene may  
 This was vpon a somer day  
 The shyp was loked & she founde  
 Elda within a lytel stounde  
 It wylt el With his wylt anone  
 To ward this pong lady gone  
 Wixt that they founden grete rycheffe  
 But she her wold not confesse  
 When they her agen what she was  
 And netheles vpon the cas  
 Out of the shyp With grete worship  
 They toke her in to felauship  
 As they that were of her glade  
 Wnt she no maner ioy made  
 But sowletht for & that she fond  
 No Cristendodum in thylk lond  
 But elles she hath al hir wylle  
 And thus With them she dwelith stille  
 Dame Hermyngepde which was the  
 wylt / Of Elda lye she her owne lye

*a Qualiter Constancia Eldam cum  
 vxore sua Hermyngepda qui andia cri-  
 stiana non conuertat ad fidem Casti mi-  
 raculose conuertit*

c Onstaunce bueth a kille so  
 Spakynge al day byt wene of hem tyme  
 Thorough grace of goddes purgatorie  
 This mayden taught the arraunce  
 Wnto this wyf so partlyally  
 Wpon a day that fast by  
 In presence of her husband  
 Whter they go walkynge on the stonde  
 A blynde man which cam ther lad  
 Wnto this wyf cryed he bad  
 With both his hondes by a prayde  
 To her a in this wyse he sayde  
 O Hermegylde which Cristes feyth  
 Enformed as Constaunce feyth  
 Recyued hast pite me my sight  
 Wpon this word hit hit aslyght  
 Thynkyng what was best to done  
 But netheres she herd his tone  
 And sayde in tust of Cristes lawe  
 Which done was on the crosse a slawe  
 Thou blynde man beholde a se  
 With that to god wpon his kne  
 Thankyng his sight took anone  
 Whter they menaple euerychone  
 But Elda wondereth most of alle  
 This open thyng which is byfalle  
 Concludeth hem by such a weye  
 That he the feyth most nedes obeye

Qualiter quidam iuuenis miles  
 in amorem Constance wardescens pro  
 eo qd ipsa consentire noluit eam de mor  
 te Hermegylde qm ipse noctant in  
 arceat / terbis detractore accusauit s  
 Angelus domini ipsum sic detractorem  
 in maxilla subito prauicis non solum  
 pro mendaci comprobauit s ictu morta  
 li post ipsius confessionem penitus in  
 arceat

n Wnt what fel wpo this thing  
 This Elda forth wnto the knyng  
 A more we wold his weye a wode  
 And Hermegylde at home abode  
 Forth with Constaunce wel at ese  
 Elda which thought his knyng to plese  
 As he that than vnwedged was

Of Constance al the pleyne as  
 As goodly as he couthe tolde  
 The knyng was glad a sayd he wolde  
 Come thider in such a wyse  
 That he hym myght on her aurse  
 The tyme appoynted forth with al  
 This Elda tust in speyal  
 Wpon a knyght whom fro childhode  
 He had by draffe in to manhode  
 To hym he told al that he thought  
 Whter that after hym forthought  
 And netheres that ylle tye  
 Wnto his wyf he had hym tye  
 To make wdy al thyng  
 Ageynst the comyng of the knyng  
 And sayth that he hym self to fore  
 Tynketh to come a therfore  
 That he hym kepe a wold hym when  
 This knyght rode forth his weye than  
 And soth was that of tyme wassed  
 He had in al his wyf compassed  
 How he Constaunce myght wyne  
 But he sawe tho no spede therynne  
 Whter his lust began to hate  
 And that was loue is than hate  
 Of her honoure he had eny  
 So wpon his tere tere  
 A lesyng in his hert he cast  
 Tyl he come home he bygheth fast  
 And doth his lady to vnderstonde  
 The messager of her husbande  
 And therupon the long day  
 The pletan thynges in array  
 That al was as it shold be  
 Of euery thyng in his degre  
 And when it cam in to the nyght  
 This wyf her bath to bed dyght  
 Whter that this mayden with her lay  
 This false knyght wpon delay  
 Hath taryd tyl they be a slepe  
 As he that wol tyme kepe  
 His dedly werkes to fulfille  
 And to the bed he stalketh stille  
 Whter that he wylt was the wyf  
 And in his hond a rasour knyft  
 He bare with which he thow he cut

And pryncely the knyght he put  
 Under the other he dede spyde  
 Wher that Constaunce lay besyde  
 Edea come home the same nyght  
 And seple With a pryncyght  
 As he that wold not adouke  
 His wyf he hath alwey take  
 In to the chamber ther byggende  
 He fonde his dede wyf blidende  
 Wher that Constaunce fast by  
 Was falle a slep so sodenly  
 He cryd aloud & she adouke  
 And forth With al she cast a look  
 And sawe this lady bled ther  
 Wherof she woud dede for feir  
 She was & seple as ony stone  
 She lay & edea therupon  
 In to the Castel clepeth oute  
 And vp seert euery man aboute  
 In to the chamber forth they went  
 But he which al vntrowthe ment  
 This fals knyght among them alle  
 Upon the thyng which is byfalle  
 Seyth that Constaunce hath do this dede  
 And to the kyng With that he dede  
 A fer the falschode of his speche  
 And made hym there for to seche  
 And fonde the knyght ther it layde  
 And than he cryd & than he sayde  
 Lo see the knyght al bloody fer  
 What nedeth more in this matere  
 To aye & thus her innocen  
 He sklaundreth there in audyence  
 With fals wordes which he feyneth  
 But yet for that he compleyneth  
 Edea no ful creden take  
 And haped that there lay a booke  
 Upon the which when he it sege  
 This knyght hath swore & sayd on hyge  
 That al men myght it wyte  
 Now by this booke which he is wyte  
 Constaunce is gyltyf wel I wote  
 With that the bond of breuen hym smote  
 In token of that he was forswore  
 Ther he hath toke his eyen bo  
 Oute of his hede the same stoude

Ther seert & so they were founte  
 A knyght was herd when that they selle  
 Which sayd O dampned man to selle  
 Lo thus hath god thy sklaundre wolle  
 That thou ageyn Constaunce hast spoke  
 We knowe the sothe or that thou dye  
 And he told oute his felmy  
 And start forth With his tale anone  
 In to the ground wher al is gone  
 This dede lady was bygyne  
 Edea which thought his honour saue  
 Al that he may restryngth forwile

Qualiter Rex Aethelred ad fidem Cister  
 conuersus baptismum accepit. & confes  
 sionem super hoc lito animo despon  
 sionem que in qualis vel unde fuit assen  
 nullo modo fitebatur / Et cum infra  
 breue postea a domino suo impugnatus  
 fuisset ipse ad decessandum scotie iter ar  
 tipuit et ibidem super guerras aliqui  
 diu permansit

For he the second day at morowe  
 The kyng cam as they were acorded  
 And when it was to hym recorded  
 What god hath wrought vpon this chace  
 He toke it in to remembraunce  
 And thought more than he sayde  
 For al his fool hert he layde  
 Upon Constaunce & sayde he hold  
 For loue of hir yf that she wold  
 Baptisme take & aples sepe  
 Wpleue & ouer that he sepe  
 He wold hyr wedde & vpon this  
 Assured eche to other is  
 And for to make shoul tales  
 There cam a bysshop oute of Wales  
 Fro Wanger & luche he bygh  
 Which thurgh þ grace of god almyt  
 The kyng With many other mo  
 He crystned & bypente hem Edea  
 He hath fulfilled the maryage  
 But for no lust ne for no rage  
 She told hym neuer what she was  
 And netheles vpon this cas  
 The kyng was glad so so it stood



For wel he wylt & vnderstood  
 She was a noble creature  
 The hygh mother of nature  
 Her hath vespere in a thre we  
 That it was openpeth knowe  
 She was with childe by the kyng  
 Wroth of obouyn al other thyng  
 He thanked god & was ryght glad  
 And set that tyme he was bestad  
 Upon a weyre & must ryde  
 And while he shold there abyde  
 He left at home to keep his wyf  
 Since as he knewe of holy lye  
 Etow forth with the byshop eke  
 And he with power goth to seke  
 Agene the scottes for to fonde  
 The weyre which he toke on honde

Qualiter Regina Constanca infans  
 tem masculum qui in baptismo Mau-  
 tium vocant Regis absente enixa est/  
 Sed inuida mater Regis Domitila su-  
 per isto facto condoleo mundauius re-  
 gi artificio q' deor sua demoniaci et  
 non humani generis quondam mons-  
 truosum fantasma deum genitum ad-  
 entum produxit/huiusmodi detractio-  
 nibus aduersus Constanciam procu-  
 rit qd ipsa in nauim qua prius vene-  
 rat iterum ad exilium/una cum suo par-  
 tu remissa desolabatur

1 The tyme set of kynde is come  
 This lady hath her chaire nome  
 And of a souerayne ful  
 Wroth that she was ioyful  
 She was deliuerd saue & sone  
 The byshop as it was to done  
 Pas hym baptysme & Morys calleth  
 And Hermon as it byfalleth  
 With letters wryten of record  
 They sent vnto her lorde  
 That kepeth weyn of the quene  
 And he that shold go by lene  
 The messenger to knowe  
 Which towne he shold passe thorough

Respondit ei cum the first daye  
 The kynges moder there laye  
 Whose ryght name was Domyde  
 Which after al the cause spede  
 For he which thanke deserue wolde  
 Vnto this lady goth & tolde  
 Of his message & hold it ferde  
 And she with feyned ioye it berde  
 And past hym p'f'as largely  
 But in the nyght al pryncely  
 She took his letters which he had  
 Fro poynt to poynt & ouer rad  
 And she y was thuray ouer vntrewe  
 And do werpe other newe  
 In seide of hem & thus they speke

Prima littera in commendacione n  
 Constanca ab episcopo Regi missa per  
 Domitilam in contrarium falsata

Oure lorde lord we the beseeke  
 That thou with vs ne be not brothe  
 Though we such thyng as is the loth  
 Upon our trouthe cryste  
 Thy wyf which is of fayr  
 Of such a childe despynde is  
 Fro kynde which stant al amys  
 But for it shold not be seyn  
 We haue it kepte out of the weyre  
 In drede of purr wordes shame  
 A wyf childe & in the name  
 Of thyng which is so myfoure  
 We took & thereto we be swore  
 That none but only thou & we  
 Shal knowe of this pryncete  
 Morys it hath & thus men were  
 That it was borne of the quene  
 And of thy owne body gete  
 But this thyng may not be forgette  
 That thou ne send vs word anon  
 What is thy wyll & therupon  
 This letter as thou hast herd cryste  
 Was counterfete in such a wyse  
 That no man shold it perceyue  
 And she which thought to deceyue  
 It lye where she that other toke  
 This messenger when he awoke

And Wyll no thyng so how it was  
He toos a wood the grete was  
And took his letters to the kyng  
And then he saw this vnder thyng  
He maketh the messenger no chary  
But nethelles in Wyll maner  
He wrote ageyne & gaf hem charge  
That they ne suffer not at large  
His Wyf to go but kepe hys styll  
Tyl they haue herd more of his Wyll  
This messenger was pestilous  
But with his letter nethelles  
O: he hym leet or he hym loth  
In al haste ageyne he goth  
By knarstburgh & as he went  
Unto the moder his enant  
Of that he fond to ward the kyng  
He told & she vpon this thyng  
Seyth that he shold abyde al nyght  
And made hym fast & chary arpyght  
Feyned as though she coude him thold  
But he with streng Wynn which he doul  
Forth with the trauayle of the daye  
Which dronke a slepe & Whyle he laye  
She hath his letters ouer saye  
And formed in another waye  
There was a newe letter writen

Secunda littera per Regem Episcopo  
repe missa a Domitila iterum falsata /

Which sayth do goe for to Wyll  
That thorough the counsell of you & wo  
It stonde in poynt to be vnder  
As he which is a kyng deposid  
For euery man it hath supposid  
How that my Wyf Constance is fayre  
And yf that I feyne the delate  
To put hys out of compaign  
The worship of my regalye  
Is lye & ouer this they alle  
Her child shal not amog goe dwelle  
To claymen ony herpytage  
So can I see none auantage  
But al is lost yf she abyde  
For thy tolike on euery syde

Toward the meschyses as it is  
I charge you & hys this  
That ye the same ship vntyll  
In which that she was carryd  
Theryn & putten both also  
Hys self forth with hys childe also  
And so forth brought in to the depe  
We talke hys the see to kepe  
Of four dayes tyme set  
That ye this thyng no longer let  
So that your lye be not forlete  
And thus this letter counterfete  
The messenger which was vnkare  
Upon the kynges hatte bare  
And when he hold it haue bytake  
But then that they her take  
And sad that Wyll is withynne  
So gatte a sorowe they begynne  
As they her owne moder seyn  
Whanne in a fere byfore they cryn  
There was wepyng & there was wo  
But finally the thyng is do  
Upon the see they haue her brought  
But she the cause wyll nought  
And thus vpon the flood they wone  
This lady with her yong sone  
And than her handes to the brume  
She straught & with a mylde steuene  
Kneled vpon hys bare kyne  
She sayd O hyght mageste  
Which seest the poynt of euery trowth  
Take of thy woful woman wouth  
And of thyll childe which I shal kepe  
And with I wold she bygan to wepe  
Sounded as dede & then she lay  
But he which al thynges may  
Comforteth hys & at the last  
She leeth & her eyen cast  
Upon hys childe & sayd this  
Of me no maner charge it is  
What sorowe I suffer but of the  
Me thynketh it is gatte pryde  
For yf I steue thou shalt depe  
So mote I neede by that wepe  
For moderhede & for andrenesse  
With al myn hote kysse

Orayne me for this offyce  
As she which shal be thy Noper  
Thus was she strengthened for to stonde  
And tho she took her child on honde  
And put it souke/ but euer amonge  
She kept a other whole songe  
To walke with her child on sleep  
And thus her owne child to keep  
She hath vnder the goddes care

Qualiter nauis Constante post his  
annum in partu hispanie superioris  
intra Bataynos iactabatur/ in quo  
cum monibus deus ipsam conseruans  
gracioso illeceuit

a No so fel vpon auenture  
When ylls yett hath made his ende  
Her ship so as it mote wende  
With strength of Wynd which god hath  
yue/ Edward was in to spayn dyue  
Ryght fast vnder a castel walle  
Wrote that on hitthen admyrall  
Was bid & he after ward had  
One Tylone which al was bad  
A false knyght & a negat  
He goth to lye in what estate  
The ship was comen & there he fonde  
Goeth with a child vpon her honde  
This lady when she was al one  
He took her on the persone  
And saide she was a worthy wyght  
And thought he wold vpon the nyght  
Demene her at his owne wyll  
And in the ship she kept her styll  
That noman sawe her not that daye  
At goddes wyll & thus she laye  
vntill she was that lyste  
And fel so that by nyghte tye  
This knyght withoute felawship  
Hath take a loote & cam to ship  
And thought of hir his lust to take  
And wone yf she hym daunger make  
That arayne she shold deye  
So saide ther was none other weye  
And bad hym for her comforte

That she like first oute at the porte  
That no man were nyght the forte  
Which myght knowe what they dede  
And that he mape do what he wold  
He was ryght glad that she so tild  
And to the port anon he fild  
She prayeth god & he her fild  
And sodenly he was out thro the  
And weynt & then began to blide  
Wynde manable fro the honde  
And thus the myghty goddes honde  
Her hath conueyd & defended

And when the yett ten ful dyspended

Qualiter Nauicula Constante quo  
dam die per altum mare Sagano intra  
copiosam nauium multitudinem di  
lapsa est . quatum Arannius Ro  
manorum Consul/ Dux & Capitane  
Ipsam ignotam suscipiens vsq ad Ro  
mam secum perduxit vbi equalem  
vbi sue Elene permansuram tuerentur  
affociavit / Nec non et eiusdem filium  
Mauritium in omni habundancia qua  
si proprium educauit

h Je ship was dyue vpon a daye  
When that a grett nauy laye  
Of shippes al the world at ones  
And as god wold for the nones  
Her shipp goth in amonge hem alle  
And seynt not or it be byfalle  
And hath the wessel vnder gete  
Which mayster was of al the flete  
And there it resteth & abode  
This grett ship on anker tode  
The lord come forth & when he spake  
That other lay on borde so nyght  
He wondreth what it myght be  
And bad men to go in & se  
This lady tho was crope on spere  
As she that wold her seluen hyde  
For she ne wote what they were  
They sought about & her fonde there  
And brought vp her child & her  
And therupon this lord to spere  
Began fro wene that she cam  
And what she was/ quod she I am



A Woman wofully bestad  
 I had a bird & thus he had  
 That I forth with my selfe fone  
 Upon the waies shold wone  
 But why the cause wote I nought  
 But which al thynges brought  
 Yet ay I thanke hym of his myght  
 My child & me so kepte & myght  
 That we be safe both tyme  
 This lord her ageth curme  
 How she byked & she seyd  
 I leue & trust in Cristes feyth  
 Which dyed upon the roode tre  
 What is thy name tho quod he  
 My name is Cust she hym sayde  
 But furthermore for nought he prayde  
 Of her estate the trouthe parye  
 She wold hym elles nothing seyne  
 But of her name which she feyned  
 Al other thynges she refeyned  
 That a word more she ne told  
 This lord than ageth yf she wold  
 With hym abyde in companye  
 And sayd he cam fro Barbarye  
 To Rome ward & home he went  
 Tho she supposeth what it ment  
 And sayth she wold with hym wende  
 And duelle to her lyues ende  
 Yf it so be to his plesaur  
 And thus upon her acquyntaunce  
 He told her playnly as it stood  
 Of Rome how that the gentyl blode  
 In Barbarye was bytrayed  
 And thereupon he hath assayed  
 By weete & take suche vengeaunce  
 That none of thyll allyaunce  
 By whome the tyson was compassed  
 So from the swerd a lyue passed  
 But of Constaunce how it was  
 That wote he knowe he by noo cas  
 Where she hym as he seyd  
 Her eye vnto his word she leyde  
 But farther made she no chere  
 And nethcles in this manere  
 It hapned that yllke tyme so  
 This lord with whome she wold go

Of Rome was the Senatour  
 And of her fader the emperour  
 His broder daughter hath to wyue  
 Which hath her fader eke on lyue  
 And was Salustre chyd the  
 His wyf Elmye myght also  
 To whome Constaunce was wyue  
 Thus to the seke a medecyne  
 Both god & myght of his grace  
 That forthwith in the same place  
 This Senatour his trouthe parye  
 For curte wylle he lyue myght  
 To kepe her in worship & in wele  
 We so that god wol grue her wele  
 This lady which fortune hym sent  
 And by ship thus forth saylende  
 Her & her chylde to Rome he brought  
 And to his wyf thus he sought  
 To take her in to companye  
 And she which wote of curtesye  
 At that a good wyf shold com  
 Was my glad that she had wonne  
 The filauship of so good one  
 Tho the curte wyf was a gone  
 This Emperours daughter Custe  
 Hath with the daughter of Salustre  
 Was kept/ but no man wylde  
 Kene we what she was & not for the  
 Thyng thoughten wel she had be  
 In her estate of byght wyue  
 And curte yf her louch wele

Qualiter Rex Alfie in itinere perit cum  
 exercitu a guerris rediens & non inueni-  
 ta hyeme sua causam quibus diligenter  
 presentano cum matrem suam Domit-  
 dam inde culpabilem scilicet ipsam in  
 igne prociens conburni fecit

n O wylke thyll unstable wylde  
 Which ever turneth wende about  
 Thys kyng Alfie which was our  
 As thou to fore hast herd the cas  
 Deapned thorow his meder was  
 But wylke that he come home agayne  
 He ageth of his Chamberlayne

And of the luffus eke also  
 When they the quest had do  
 And they answered them he had  
 And sent hym thell letter and  
 Which he hem for warrant  
 And tolde hym plainly as it stant  
 And hem he thought hem grette pte  
 To see so worthy one as he  
 With such a child as there was for  
 So forthy to be forther  
 And ageth hem what child it were  
 And they hem sayd that no where  
 In of the world though men it sought  
 Was neuer woman that forth brought  
 A fairer child than it was one  
 And than he ageth hem anone  
 Why they ne haden weyden so  
 They tolde so they had do  
 He sayd nay they sayden yis  
 The letter she wroght and it is  
 Which they forsoke every dele  
 Tho was it vnderstand wel  
 That there is trefon in the thyng  
 The messenger to for the lyng  
 Was brought & forthy opposed  
 As he which no thyng bath supposed  
 Out of wel began to saye  
 That he no where vpon the waye  
 Alode but only in a stede  
 And cause why that he so dede  
 Was as he went to & fro  
 At Knarstburgh by nyghtes two  
 The lynes moder dyde hym duche  
 And when he lynn it herd alle  
 Within his hert he wylt so fast  
 The trefon which his moder cast  
 And thought he wolde not abyde  
 Out forth ryght in the same tye  
 He took his horse & wode anone  
 With hym the tye many one  
 To Knarstburgh & forth they went  
 And tye the fere which chider and  
 In such a rage as seyth the wode  
 His moder forthy tye wode  
 And sayd vnto her in this tye  
 O tye of hille in what gye

Hast thou defered for to dede  
 That thou thus hast put alyen  
 With trefon of thy baketyng  
 The trefon at my knokelchynge  
 Of wyues & the most honest  
 But I wol make this byest  
 I shal be auenged; or I go  
 And let a fere make the  
 And had men for to cast her ynne  
 But fere she tolde oute al her synne  
 And dede hem alle for to wyte  
 How she the letters had wroght  
 For wynt to wynt as it was wrougt  
 And tho she was to dede brought  
 And bent to for her sonce eye  
 Wroth these other which it sege  
 And liden to the cause stood  
 Seyne that the iugement was good  
 Of that her sone her hath so seued  
 For she it had wel defered  
 Though trefon of her o wne tynge  
 Which though the londe was after  
 songe. Coste & every wyte copleineth  
 Out he wro al wo dysparyneth  
 This sone wful lunge was so bystead  
 That he shal neuer more be glad  
 He seyth effone for to wedde  
 Tyl he wylt to that she speede  
 Which had her his fere wylt  
 And thus his pong vndulst lye  
 He depueth forth so as he may

q. Waller post lapsum duodecim annorum rex Alise absoluciois causa Romam proficiscens vocem suam Constaniam vna cum filio suo diuina providencia ibidem sitis inuenit

e. Pl it byfel vpon a day  
 When he his bettes had alyued  
 And thought he wold be releued  
 Of soule lele vpon the fere  
 Which he both take than he seyth  
 That he to Rome on pylgrymage  
 Wold go where pope was plage

To take his absolucion  
 And vpon this condempcion  
 He made Edwyn his Grentnunt  
 Which heyr to hym was apawunt  
 That he the lond in absence  
 Shol wile & by prouidence  
 Of al thyng wel bygone  
 He took his leue & forth is gone  
 Elda which was with hym the then  
 At they fullre at Rome were  
 Was sent to for to punye  
 And he hys gupde vpon the weye  
 In helpe to be his kirkgeour  
 Hath aged who was Senatur  
 That he his name myght beine  
 Of Capodea & sayd Aranne  
 He bryght & was a worthy knyght  
 To hym goth Elda forth ryght  
 And told hym of his lord tpyng  
 And prayd for that his comyng  
 He wold assygne hym kirkgeage  
 And he so dyde of good couenge  
 When al is do that is to done  
 The kyng hym self cam after sone  
 This Senatur when that he come  
 To Cust & to his Wyf at home  
 Hath told so to such a kyng Allee  
 Of grete array to the Cpe  
 Was come & cust vpon his tale  
 With hert chere & colour pale  
 A swoune felle & he menapleth  
 So soxenly what thyng hys epleth  
 And caught hys vp & when she wolke  
 She syngheth With a pteuous lile  
 And fyneth schenesse of the see  
 But it was for the kyng Allee  
 For ioy which felle in her thought  
 That god hym hath to Towne brougt  
 This kyng hath spoke with the pope  
 And told al that he couthe growe  
 What greueth in his consyence  
 And than he thought in trauerna  
 Of his estate or that he went  
 To make a frete anon he sente  
 Onto the Senatur to come  
 Vpon the morowe & offer some

To speke with hym at mete  
 This tale hath Cust not forgete  
 But to Morpe hys sone telle  
 That he vpon the morowe shold  
 In al that cure he couthe & myght  
 We present in the kynges syght  
 So that the kyngt hym of a syght  
 Morpe to for the kynges eye  
 Vpon the morowe when he sat  
 Gul of a stood & vpon that  
 The kyng his chere vpon hym cast  
 And in his face he thought as fast  
 He laide his oline Wyf Constance  
 For nature as in wsumblauncher  
 Of face hym lytheth for to chere  
 That they were of one fupre bothe  
 The kyng hath moued in his thought  
 Of if he felle & knelle it nought  
 This childe he dweth kymely  
 And yet he wote was cause why  
 But wel he saith & vnderstode  
 That he to Wardy Aranne stode  
 And ageth hym anone ryght then  
 If that this childe his sone were  
 He sayd ye so I hym wile  
 And wold it were so byfalle  
 But it is al in other Wyf  
 And the gan he to drygh  
 Hold he the chylde modre fond  
 Vpon the see from eury land  
 Within a ship was sturles  
 And hold this lady he fupre  
 Forth with her childe he hath forth dunt  
 The kyng hath vnderstonde his saith  
 The chylde name & ageth the  
 And what the modre byght also  
 That he hym wote alle he purpor  
 More this childe is he he hys  
 His modre hat Cust & this  
 I not what maner name it is  
 But Allee Wyf wel ynough  
 Wherof somdele symple he lough  
 For Cust in Bayon is to feryn  
 Constance vpon the word Romeyn  
 But who that couthe speyfy  
 What the was in his fupre



And so his Wyf aboute turned  
 Upon the dore in which he burneth  
 At West Wyndesore for to see  
 For he was neuer there ne fer  
 That came out of hym self alder  
 That he wote what to thinke ne say  
 So fery he wold it were the  
 Wyf of his latters pryncesse  
 Whan the Wyf of pe & nay  
 The which in such balancer lay  
 That continuance for a thowte  
 He left tyl he myght knowe  
 The soch but in his memoire  
 The man which lyeth in purgatorye  
 Despyth not the heuyn more  
 That he no longer also fore  
 To Wyf what hym that lette  
 And when the houndes were a spece  
 And every man was tye aboute  
 The kyng hath depured al the route  
 And with the Senatur al one  
 He spak & payd hym of a sone  
 To see this Cust wher she duellith  
 At home with hym wher as he dwelleth  
 The Senatur was wel appoyd  
 This kyng no longer is delayd  
 To see this Cust goth the kyng  
 And she was warnyd of the thyng  
 And with charyte forth she cam  
 Arre the kyng & he the nam  
 Good fre & he laue his Wyf  
 Anone with al his latters tyf  
 He caught her in his armes & kys  
 Was neuer thyght that spake ne wys  
 A man that more ioy made  
 Wherof they were al glad  
 Which had telly of this channer  
 The kyng the which his Wyf Costard  
 Which had a grete part of his Wyf  
 In Rome for a tyme styll  
 Alde & made hym wel at ease  
 Out so yet wold he neuer please  
 Of her estate the trowth payne  
 His Wyf that she wold hym seyne  
 Of what countre that she was com  
 He wote she was & yet therfore

With al his Wyf he dyde sette  
 Thys as they lay in bed & speke  
 She prayd hym & counseleth to the  
 That for the worship of hem to the  
 So as he thought it were honest  
 He wold an honourable fest  
 Make on he went in the cyte  
 Wher the Emperour shal be  
 He gaunteid al that she hym prayd  
 But in that tyme as men sayd  
 Thys Emperour from that day  
 That first his daughter went away  
 He was than after neuer glad  
 But what that ony man hym bad  
 Of grace for his daughter sake  
 That grace wold he nought forsake  
 And thus ful grete almisse he dede  
 Wherof he had many a bed

q Valer Constanca que antea per  
 totum tempus exili sui penes om  
 nes incognitam se celauit tunc demum  
 patri suo Imperatori se ipsam per om  
 nia manifestant/ Qd cum Rex Alce  
 sciussset Vna cum Vniuersa Romanoru  
 multitudine inestimabili gaudio admi  
 rantes auctipotentiam laudauit

t His Emperour out of the toun  
 Within a ten myle enyroune  
 Wher as it thought hym for the best  
 Hath sondry places for to rest  
 And as fortune wold the  
 He was duellend at one of the  
 The kyng Alce forth with thassent  
 Of Cust his Wyf hath thider sent  
 Moray his sone as he was taught  
 To the Emperour & he goth straught  
 And in his fadre halue he fought  
 As he which his lordship sought  
 That he of his hygh worthynes  
 He wold do so grete mekenes  
 His owne Towne to come & see  
 And true a tyme in the cyte  
 So that his fadre myght hym gete

That he wold: once With hym ete  
 This lord hath graunted his request  
 And When the day Was of the fest  
 In Consue of the Emprour  
 The kyng & eke the Senatur  
 Forth With hir Wyues to the Wode  
 With many a lord & lady mo  
 On hore ryden hym agerme  
 Tyl it byfell vpon a pleyne  
 They spake Wether he Was comend  
 With that Constaunce anone paynd  
 Spak to hir lord that he abyde  
 So that I may to fore ryde  
 To ben vpon his bier vnu  
 The fyrst Which shal hym salu  
 And thus after hys wydes graunt  
 vpon a mule Wether amblaunt  
 Forth With a felle wode his quene  
 They wonderd What she wold: more  
 But ryden after a fester pce  
 But When this lady comen Was  
 To the Emprour in his presence  
 She sayd aloude in audyence  
 My lord my fader Wel you he  
 And of this tyme that I se  
 Your honour & your good he he  
 Which is the helpe of my quene  
 I thanke vnto the goddes myght  
 For ioye his lert Was assyght  
 Of that she told in remembraunce  
 And: When he Wylt it Was Constaunce  
 Was neuer fader half so blythe  
 Weynd he lyste hys oter speche  
 So Was his lert al ouercome  
 For though his modre Wex come  
 Fro deth to lye out of the graue  
 He myght no more wonder haue  
 Than he hath Wexen he hys lyste  
 With that hys owne lord come uppe  
 And is to the Emprour okyed  
 And When that comfort is he Weynd  
 How that Constaunce is come about  
 So hard an lert Was none oute  
 That he for pper tho ne Wexer  
 Aramys Which hys fonde & lyste  
 Was than glad of that is folle

So that With ioye among hem alle  
 They ryden in at Rome gate  
 This Emprour thought of to lode  
 That that the wyf Wex come  
 And of the lordes lende some  
 To paye hym that he wold haue  
 And he cam forth in at host  
 And When he the tale herd  
 How he Wexen his chaunce herd  
 He thanked god of his myracle  
 To Whome may be none of fald  
 The kyng a noble feste hem made  
 And thus they Wex at of adt  
 A parliament on that they Went  
 They setten vnto this entent  
 To put Rome in ful espyer  
 That Marce Was agerme hym  
 And shold abyde With hym styll  
 For such Was al the lordes Wylle

Qualiter Mauritius cum Imperatore  
 de vi hunc imperium transiit / Et Rex  
 Alfreus Constantinianus in Angliam regnum  
 si sunt  
 W Den cury thing Was fully spoke  
 Of how he & cury Was al f  
 smalle / Tho he he hunc alle f kyng  
 And With ful many a ryche thing  
 Which the Emprour hym had put  
 He hath a glad lert for to lye  
 For he Constantinianus in his hand  
 Which Was the comfort of his hand  
 For Wexen that he come home agerme  
 Ther is no tyme that myght lyste  
 What ioye Was that yll stode  
 Which cist Was sent of goddes sounde  
 W Whom the myght of lyste  
 Was lert & Cryse fere cam pme  
 To hem that Wylde Wex blende

Qualiter Rex Alfreus in Angliam post  
 biennium humane carnis resolutionem  
 subiens naturam beatam profecit / post  
 cuius obitum Constantinianus cum patre suo  
 Rome se transfecit moraturum

Of the which hundred every kind  
 And for no gold may be sought  
 The best among as he sought  
 Toke with this living such acquiescence  
 / That he with all his retainer  
 He might not defend his life  
 And thus he parted from his wife  
 Which than made sorrow enough  
 And therefore he left daughter  
 To live England for ever  
 And go where that he had heart  
 To Rome where that he came  
 And thus of all the land he nam  
 Her true & good to Rome agreed  
 And after that he to his sepne  
 He was not there but a while  
 When with of his own hand overthrew  
 Her with his father which men say  
 That he with his own hand  
 And after that he put hand  
 The god of her hand made an end  
 And so this world's strife  
 Had with her in to company  
 Where her love was won  
 Which so far forth was abandoned  
 To Cyprian which that may hym call  
 Where the Cyprian of all  
 And thus the life is mingled of love  
 Was at the last set alone  
 And so as thou hast heard to fore  
 The tale of this world  
 Which upon love world  
 For the touchend of this story  
 Which length into bathypny  
 We have thou make no less  
 In bathypny of another world  
 And if thou would be taught aright  
 What methinks bathypny doth  
 Of other things a tale soch  
 Hold might thou live anone if wend  
 Which to this story is accordant

¶ De ponit Confessor exemplū cō  
 tra istos detractores qui in alie  
 rius detractionem mendacia confingen  
 t: et diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et

narrat qualiter Perseus Philippi Re  
 gio Macondi filius Demetrius fratri  
 suo ob eius probitatem invidens com  
 posito detractiois mendacio ipsum a  
 pud patrem suum mortaliter accusavit  
 dicens q ipse non solum patrem sed e  
 tiam Macondi regnū Romanis hos  
 tibus proditorie tradidisset. quem su  
 per hoc in iudiciū produxerunt testibz  
 q iudicibus autē subornatis quam  
 vis falsissime morte condemnatum es  
 uat / quo defuncto eam et pater infra  
 breue postea mortuus est / Et Perseus  
 successore regnante de huius detractio  
 nis invidiam abhorrens ipsum cum  
 universa suorum pugnatorum multitu  
 dine contra Dauidi filium ab e  
 milio tunc Romanorum Consule even  
 tu bellico interfecto fortunavit / Ita q ab  
 isto die Macondi potestas penitus des  
 tructa Romano Imperio subiugata de  
 servavit, & eius detractio quam contra  
 alium conspiraverat in sui ipsius dif  
 famacionem pro perpetuo divulgata  
 consistit

¶ It's Cynny as thou shalt see  
 A great example I send thee  
 Which I shall tell upon this thyng  
 Philip of Macondy the kyng  
 & his sonnes had he by his wife  
 Whose name is yet in great use  
 Demetrius the first brother  
 Was both & Perseus that other  
 Demetrius they sayen tho  
 The better knyght was of tho  
 To whom the land was attendunt  
 As he which theyre was appawunt  
 To wage after his father day  
 But that thyng which no water may  
 Quench in this world but ever burn  
 neth. In to his brother he went  
 The proud eny of that he sayd  
 His brother should chyme on hym  
 And he to hym than made olys  
 That may he suffer by no weye  
 With strength darst he no thyng seer



So took he lesynge vpon honde  
 When he sygh tyme & spak thereto  
 For it byfelle that tyme so  
 His fader grete weetes had  
 With Rome which he strept had  
 Thorough mystry strength of his mabod  
 As he which hath puous knyghthod  
 And othe to him had few gaured  
 But on the weete he was ordeued  
 As he was vpon ordynaunce  
 At home in grete it felle par chouna  
 Demetrius which othe about  
 Rynd was stood that tyme oute  
 So that this Perse in his absenre  
 Which bare the tonge of pestylence  
 With false wordes which he fyneth  
 vpon his owne broder phyneth  
 In pyquete behynde his bak  
 And to his fader thus he spak  
 My fader fader I am holde  
 By wey of kynne as arson wolde  
 That I fro poth shal no thyng hyde  
 Which myght tyme in ony spede  
 In your estate to graunaunce  
 For my myn lorde okefauure  
 Toward poth I shenke to kepe  
 For it is good ye take kepe  
 vpon a thyng which is me told  
 My broder hath be al sold  
 To hem of Rome & poth also  
 For then they beholde hym tho  
 That he with them shal regne in pces  
 Thus hath he cast for his ences  
 That your estate shal go to nought  
 And thus to proue shal he brought  
 So ferforth that I undertake  
 It shal not wel mowe be foulahe  
 The kyng vpon his tale answerde  
 And said yf thus thyng which he herd  
 Be soth & may be brought to proue  
 It shal not be to his behoue  
 Which be hath shapen so the werll  
 For to hym self shal be the first  
 That shal be dede pffhat I may  
 Thus after ward vpon a day  
 When that Demetrius was come

Anone his fader hath hym nome  
 And had to his broder Perse  
 That he his tale shal wete  
 Of wylk tynson which he wete  
 And which al vntowthe wolde  
 Counseyless that so hygh a nede  
 He tured wete as it may spede  
 In comon place of iugement  
 The kyng thereto gaf his assent  
 Demetrius was put in holde  
 Wherof that Perseus was holde  
 Thus stood the trowth vnder þ charge  
 And the falshe goth at large  
 Which thorough byst hath ouercome  
 The grettest of the lorde some  
 That pynelpe of his owne  
 They stond as wytnesse of word  
 The iuge was made fauourable  
 Thus was the laue arguable  
 So ferforth that the trowth fonde  
 Restroue none & thus the lorde  
 Gaf the kyng deputed hem  
 The gyltes was dampned then  
 And deped vpon causement  
 But such a fals conspyment  
 Though it be prap for a thulle  
 God wold not a lere vnlome  
 And þ was after ward wel proude  
 In hym which hath þ weth cōuoude  
 Of that his broder was so slayn  
 This Perseus was wonderfayn  
 As he that he was opponant  
 vpon the regne & eyentant  
 Wherof he was so proude & veyn  
 That he his fader in dyspayn  
 Hath take a set of none accompt  
 As he which thowt hym to surmount  
 That wher he was prest & honoure  
 He was the whole & contrayre  
 And not as he had as a kyng  
 He took vpon hym in al thyng  
 Of malice & of treuany  
 In contempt of Regalye  
 Lured his fader & so brought  
 That when the fader hym behought  
 And felle to wedyt spede it brought

Anone he wylt wel ynough  
How Perse his fals tonge  
Hath so thynypous telle tonge  
That he hath slayne his owne brother  
Wherof as thou he knowe none other  
But suddenly the iuge he nome  
Whiche corrupt sat vpon the dome  
In such a wyse & hath hym pressed  
That he the soch hym hath confessed  
Of al that he hath spoke & do  
More for than the dyngs was tho  
Was neuer man vpon this molde  
And thought in certyne that he wolde  
Wengeance take vpon this wrong  
But the other party was so strong  
That for the lasse of no statute  
There may no ryght be recorde  
And vpon this deupspoun  
The hound was turned vpon so down  
Wherof his herte is so distraught  
That he for pure sorowle hath caught  
The malady of which nature  
Do quernt in nury creature

And when this kyng is passed thus  
This fals kyngd Perseus  
The regyment hath vnderfonge  
But ther may no thyng stond longe  
Whiche is not vpon trowth grounde  
For god which hath al thyng bounde  
And laide the fulfyller of his gyle  
Hath let hym but a lytel while  
That he shal reyne vpon depe  
For suddenly as the rose  
So suddenly downe he felle

In which tyme it so befelle  
This newe kyng of newe pryde  
With strange thew hym for to ryde  
And sayd he wold Rome waste  
Wherof he made a hely haste  
And hath assembled hym an host  
In al that euyl he myght most  
What man that myght wepye he  
Of al he wold none forste  
So that it myght not be nombred  
The folk which was ensembled  
Though hym & god wold ouerthrowe

Anone it was at Rome knowe  
The pompe which that Perse had  
And the Romayne that tyme had  
A consul which chere was thus  
The name Panle Emilius  
A noble & a worthy kynght with alle  
And he which chere was of alle  
This bette on hond hath vndertake  
And when he shold his leue take  
Of a yong daughter which was his  
Sister & what cause it is  
He agerth & she hym ansuereth  
That Perseus is dede & he it hereth  
And wondreth what she mene wolde  
And vpon childhode hym told  
That Perse his lytel hounde is dede  
With that he pulleth vp his herte  
And made ryght a glad vylage  
And seyd how that was a passage  
Touche and vnto that other Perse  
How that fortune hym shal aduerse  
He seyth for such a pynostyke  
Moost of an hound was to hym lyke  
For as it is an hounde kynde  
To lye vpon a man behynde  
Ryght so behynde his borders bak  
With fals wordes which he spak  
He hath do slayn & that is touth  
But he which hateth al vntouth  
The hygh god it shal adresse  
For so my daughter prophesse  
Geth with hyr lytel hounde dede  
Betokeneth & thus forth he geth  
Conforted of this cupreus  
With the Romayne in his defence  
Agayne he gethes that he comende  
This Perseus as nought semende  
This meschepes which that hym abode  
With al his multitude rode  
And prayd hym vpon the thyng  
Of that he was spoken a kyng  
And how he had his Royallme gete  
That he hath al the ryght forre  
Which longeth vnto gouernaunce  
Wherof though good ordynaunce  
It felle vpon the wynter tye

That With his host he shold ryde  
 Oner Daunspye thyske ffood  
 Which al he from than stood  
 So hard that he wende wel  
 To passe; but the blinde wheel  
 Which twyneth oft or men he wam  
 Thyske for which hois men baw  
 To back so that a greta portye  
 Was dreynt of the chynalrys  
 The wurdward it took alwey  
 Cam none of hem to londe; drey  
 Paulus the worthy knyght comen  
 By his aspyr it herd sern  
 And hoketh al that he may  
 So that vpon that other day  
 He cam wether he this host speketh  
 And that was in a large feld  
 Wether the banners ben displayed  
 He both anon his men arrayed  
 And wether that he was enbatayled  
 He goth & both the feld assailed  
 And slough & took al that he fonde  
 Wether of the Maadonys londe  
 Which thurgh byng alisader is honou  
 red/ Long tyme stood was than de  
 uoured/ To Perse & al infortune  
 They wete so that the comune  
 Of al the lond his herte ceple  
 And he dyspered for the whyple  
 Desguyed in a polier wete  
 To Rome goth & ther for nede  
 The craft which thyske tyme was  
 To werken in lath & in stee  
 He lerneth for his sustenaunce  
 Sinc was the soner pursaunce  
 And of his fadre it is sayd  
 In stronge pryson that he was lapyd  
 In Alth wether that he was dre  
 for longer & for default of derte  
 The hounde was taken of properte  
 That speketh an hound he shold dre  
 Which speketh was of condycyon  
 When he with detraction  
 Wark on his broder so behynde  
 Confessor  
 So what proufeth a man may fynde

Which syndet wol another wpyght  
 For thy weth al thyn fool myght  
 My sone eschewe thyske wpyght

Amano  
 My fadre elles wete I nge  
 For ye shewt so wel howe spoke  
 That it is in myn hert lode  
 And cur shal but of enup  
 If ther be more in his herte  
 To worder but say me what  
 My sone as gyt vnder the hat  
 With slepghes of a Targetour  
 Is byd enup of such enbur  
 Hath yet the fourth deapauant  
 The which is clerd fals semblaunt  
 Wether of the matre & the forme  
 No wetherline & I the shal enforme

Nil bilinguis oget nisi dupli conc  
 tat ore/ Dumq; diem hauritur by sua  
 betu agit/ Cultus habel suam ane  
 hanc mane sermo salutem/ Actus sed  
 morbum dat suis esse grauem/ Porci  
 si quam spondet magis est purnostica  
 guere. Comoda si dexte disce subisse  
 dolum/ Quodq; patet esse fides in co  
 fraus est q; politi. Principium pacti fi  
 nis habet negat/ O qm condicio talis  
 deformat amantem/ Qui magis appas  
 rno est in amore nichil/

h. Scitmetat Confessat super quori  
 ta specie Inuidie que dissimulat  
 ao dicitur auis Vultus quanto moie  
 ris amicie apparicionem ostendit talis  
 subtiliorisq; fallacias ad trapien du  
 mene pmaginatur

o. I fute stillalshy I shall take  
 About al other it is f. Welle  
 Out of f. Which dexte stillalshy  
 There is no man so wete that knoweth  
 Of thyske hoo which is the tye  
 Ne to w. he shold hym self gup  
 To take saut passage then  
 And yet the wpyd to mane en



Is so fast & as it seemeth out  
 It maketh cleer water all about  
 But though it seeme it is not so  
 For false semblaunt hath euer moo  
 Of his counseyl in companye  
 The better vnterlye Ioyce  
 Whose word destroyeth in his thought  
 For they they be to grete brought  
 Of one wyne of one household  
 As it shal after word thus be told  
 Of false semblaunt it needeth nought  
 To alle of old ensamples ought  
 For at day in experyence  
 A man may see thyll euyden  
 Of fayne wordes which he seith  
 But yet the barge of myne stretch  
 And cast it euer from the londe  
 Which false semblaunt hath oore in hond  
 It wylleth & wol not argue  
 But let it on the walles dyne  
 In grete tempest & grete debate  
 Wherof that lue & his estate  
 Emperyeth & therfore I wote  
 My sone that thou flee & wote  
 This vpe & what that other seyn  
 Lett thy semblaunt be twise & pleyne  
 For false semblaunt is thyll vpe  
 Which neuer was without offpe  
 Wre that myne thynketh to gyle  
 De shal byfore that pite wylle  
 Of pynne counseyle be messagere  
 For when his semblaunt is most cleer  
 Than is he most deke in his thought  
 Though myn hym be they knowe hym  
 nouzt/ But as it sheweth in the glas  
 Thyng which theren neuer was  
 So sheweth it in his vylage  
 That neuer was in his counge  
 Thus doth all his thyng with strenght  
 Nowe lare the conspence in wenght  
 My good sone & shewe the lare  
 If thou wert aier customer  
 To false semblaunt in ony wyle  
 For ought I can me yet auge  
 My good sone wote arde no  
 For I for lue lue de so

Nowe age I wold praye god  
 For elles I wote neuer to be  
 Of false semblaunt how I haue gyle  
 My son: & seithen that thou wylt  
 That I shal aye gabbe nought  
 But alle yf euer was thy thought  
 With false semblaunt & couerchur  
 To vpe of ony acadur  
 Do it that he was with lue stad  
 So wery or for or he were glad  
 When thou wyltst how it were  
 At that he wouneth in thyne ere  
 Thou wyldest forth in other place  
 To seten hym fro lues grace  
 Of that woman that hym best lye  
 Theren no man his counseyl wylt  
 But thou by whome he was deaput  
 Of lue & from his purpos weryd  
 And thoughst at his dysturbaunce  
 Thyne owne cause shold auaunce  
 A: who seith I am so seate  
 Ther may no mane pryete  
 Delede lue so wel as myn  
 Art thou my sone of such enyn  
 Telle on/ My good sone nay  
 As for the more party I say  
 But of somdele I am byknowe  
 That I may stonde in thyll to be  
 Among hem that faundes be  
 I wol me not thow wale  
 That I with such wour ne steyne  
 When I my best semblaunt seyne  
 Telle my felawe of that I wote  
 At his counseyle both cold & hot  
 For by that cause I make hym cleer  
 Tyl I his lue knowe & seer  
 And yf so be myn lere souereth  
 That ought vnto my lady toucheth  
 Of lue that he wold me alle  
 Anone I wille vnto the welle  
 And cast water in to the fye  
 So that his care amyd the fye  
 By that I haue his counseyl knowe  
 Ful oft speth I ouerthowe  
 When that he weneh best to stonde  
 But this I do now to vnderstonde

If that a man loue elles where  
 So that my lady be nought there  
 And he me telle he wol it hyde  
 There that no word escape aspre  
 Forth with decept of no semblaunt  
 To hym breke I none couenaunt  
 Me lyketh not in other place  
 To let no man of his grace  
 He for to be inquestyf  
 To knowe another mans lyf  
 Where that he loue or loue nought  
 That toucheth no thyng to my thought  
 Vnt al it passeth thorough myn ere  
 Ryght as a thyng that neuer were  
 And is foryet & layd aspre  
 But yf it toucheth ony spece  
 My lady as I haue er spoken  
 Myn ere he than nought when  
 For eras when that by tpe  
 My wyl myn hert & al myn wyl  
 Ben fully set to herken & spere  
 What ony man wol say of here  
 Thus haue I feyned compaignie  
 Ful oft for I wolde aspre  
 What thyng it is that ony man  
 Telle of my worthy lady can  
 And for two cause I do this  
 The first cause wherof is  
 If that I myght herken & seke  
 That ony man of her myspeke  
 I wol excuse her so fully  
 That when she wyse it verily  
 My hope shold be the more  
 To haue her thank for euermore  
 That other cause I powd assure  
 Is why that I see conuerture  
 Haue feyned semblaunt otyme  
 To them that passen al day by me  
 And knylouers as wel as I  
 For this I were truly  
 That there is of hem al none  
 That they ne luen euerychone  
 My lady sothelyche I lue  
 And durst speken it in prue  
 Is none so wyse that shold aserke  
 But he were lustre in his herte

For why & he my lady segle  
 Her bylage & her goodly eye  
 But he her lured as he went  
 And for that such is myn intent  
 That is the cause of myn aspre  
 Why that I feyne compaignie  
 And make folowe ouer al  
 For gladly wol I knowe al  
 And hold me couert al way  
 That I fulste pr or nay  
 Ne lye answere in ony wyse  
 But feynynge semblaunt as the wyse  
 And herken tales tyl I knowe  
 My lady lures al on to we  
 And when I see how they haue  
 Brought/ I fare as though I herd  
 it nouyt. And as I no word vnderstode  
 But that is no thyng for her goods  
 For leueth wel soch it is  
 That when I knowe it so is  
 I wol but forden hem a lye  
 But al the worst I can vnder  
 I telle it to my lady plat  
 For furthering of myn owne estat  
 And hynde them al that I maye  
 But for al that yet dar I sape  
 I fynde vnto my self no lye  
 Al though myn herte nedre mote  
 Though of lue al that I dar  
 Discover vnto my lady dar  
 For in good feyth I haue no myght  
 To lye fro that I were wyght  
 If that it toucheth her ony thyng  
 But this word wel the truen kyng  
 That speken first this world began  
 Vnto none other stannge man  
 He feyned I semblaunt ne chere  
 To wyte or age of this matre  
 Though I he lured y or lured  
 When it was nought my lady sedue  
 But yf he wolde age ony wye  
 Al onelyche of his owne lye  
 Hold he with other lue fyre  
 His tales with myn ere I herde  
 But to myn hert cam it nought  
 He sanke no deper in my thought

Out betw counselle as I Was bred  
 And told it neuer in othe stede  
 But let it pass was it come  
 Now faine saye What is thy dome  
 And to W thou Wolt I be pyned  
 For fals semblant as I haue seyned  
 My soue of uson be wel peried  
 Ther may no vtrai be up wryed  
 It: vter none be set in pypse  
 For thy my soue of thou be wryse  
 Do no vter vpon my foue  
 Whicher thou not thynt lert embow  
 For of thou do within a thowe  
 To another man it shal be knowe  
 So mynt thou lighlye falle in blame  
 And like a garte part of thy name  
 And nethelwe in this degre  
 Ful oftyme thou myghte be  
 Of such men as now a day  
 This vter sette in assay  
 I speke for no mane blame  
 But for to warne the thy shame  
 my soue as I may lere talke  
 In every place wher I walke  
 I not of it be so on none  
 But it is many dayes gone  
 That I first herd telle this  
 Now fals semblant hath be & is  
 Most comonly from yow to yow  
 With hem that duelle among so lere  
 Of such as be Lumbardes calle  
 For they be the slepest of alle  
 so as may seyn in To Wnt aboute  
 To seyne & shewe thyng withoute  
 Whicher is mure to that within  
 Wherof that they ofte vpon  
 When they be uson shold lere  
 Thyng the last & yet they cise  
 And be frest & yet lreynre  
 We gone wher as we shuld fynde  
 The prouyspe of our owne londe  
 Thus gone they be withoute londe  
 To done let prouyspe al at large  
 And othe may hem at the charge  
 Of Lumbardes vnto this coune  
 Whicher al londes conne engene

May fals semblant in especyal  
 By lphoned for they ouer al  
 Wher that they thynke for to duelle  
 Among hem self so as they telle  
 First ben enformed for to lere  
 A craft whicher chyd is fauare  
 For of fauare come aboute  
 Than afterwarde stant no doute  
 To lere with a subtile honde  
 The best goodes of the londe  
 And brynge chaf & take corn  
 Wher as fauare goth to foryn  
 In al his wey he fynd no let  
 That dole can none vffter het  
 In whicher hym lere to take entere  
 And thus the counselle most seere  
 Of every thyng fauare knoweth  
 Whicher in to sturige place he sheweth  
 Whicher he wote it may most greue  
 And thus fauare maketh bylue  
 So that ful ofte he hath deyned  
 Et that he may ben apperayued  
 Thus is his vter for to drede  
 For who these old folkes wde  
 Of such ensamples as wter ar  
 Dym ought be the more war  
 Of al tho that feynen chere  
 Wherof thou shalt a tale lere

¶ De ponit Confess: Exemplum  
 contra istos q sub dissimulat be  
 nuolentie spreko alios in amore defrau  
 dant/ Et narrat qualiter Hercules c.  
 Ipse quodam fluvium cum vna non  
 novit cum Deianira transiret pro  
 posuit/superveniente Nessus Gigas ob  
 amicum Hercules se dixit Deianir  
 am in vlnas suas suscipiens transi  
 ram salvo preduxit/ Et statim cum ad  
 litus pervenisset q cito currens pnt  
 ipsam tamq propriam in periculum  
 Hercules asportare fugiens conabatur  
 Per qd non solum ipsi sed etiam Her  
 culis mortis eventum fortuna post mo  
 dum causavit



o If fals semblaunt which is  
 beleued / Ful many a worthy  
 Wyght is greued  
 And Was long tyme or he Was for  
 To the my sone I Wyl ther fore  
 A tale telle of fals semblaunt  
 Which falseth many a couenaunt  
 And many a fraude of fals counseyle  
 Ther he longed vpon his seyle  
 And that abouten gyfles  
 Bothe Depanyer & Heraules  
 The which in greet dyssefelle  
 Thorough fals semblaunt as I shal telle  
 When Heraules within a thowde  
 At only hath his hert thowde  
 Woun the fayre Depanyer  
 It falle hym on a day desyre  
 Woun a ryuer as he stood  
 That passe he wold ouer the flood  
 Withoute boote & with hym herte  
 His loue but he Was in drede  
 For andrenesse of that swete Wyght  
 For he knewe not the forth arpyght  
 Ther Was a geaunt than nyght  
 Which Nessus hyght & when he syght  
 This Heraules & Deianyre  
 Within his hert he gan conspyre  
 As he which thought his trecherie  
 Hath Heraules in greet enye  
 Which he bare in his herte lye  
 And than he thought it shal he wroke  
 But he ne durst neethles  
 Agyne this worthy Heraules  
 Falle in debate as for to fyght  
 But feyned semblaunt al by slepyght  
 Of frendship & of al goode  
 And cometh wher as they both stood  
 And maketh hem al the chere he can  
 And sayth that hert othene man  
 He is / al redy for to do  
 What thyng he may & it fel so  
 That than vpon his semblaunt tresp  
 And ageth hem yf that they wyl  
 What thyng were lest to done  
 So that they myghten sauf & sone  
 The water passe he & she

And when Nessus the pryuate  
 Dene we of hert what it ment  
 As he that was double of entent  
 He made hem ryght a glad vylage  
 And when he herd of the passage  
 On hym & hert he thought gyfte  
 And feyned semblaunt for a while  
 Wnt he thought al another wyle  
 To done hem plesaunce & feyner  
 This Nessus with his wordes syght  
 Yaf counseyle to fore her ey  
 Which semed outward proufftable  
 And was within deuyable  
 He had hem of the sterues dep  
 That they he warr & take kepe  
 So as they knowe not the compass  
 But for to lye in such a cas  
 He sayth hym self that for his ease  
 He wold yf it myght hem please  
 The passage of the water take  
 And for this lady vnder take  
 To hert hert to that other stonde  
 And sauf to set her vpon the londe  
 And Heraules may then also  
 The weye knowe how he shold go  
 And they ther to accorde alle  
 But what as after shal befall  
 Wel yad was Heraules of this  
 And this Geaunt also glad is  
 And toke his lady vpon his  
 And set hert on his shulder softe  
 And in the flood began to wade  
 And he which no gretchyng made  
 And bare hert ouer sauf & soude  
 But when he stood on drye ground  
 And Heraules was fere behynde  
 He set his trouthe al oute of mynde  
 Who so ther he lye or lye  
 With Deianyre & forth he goth  
 As he thought to dysseuer  
 The companye of hem for euer  
 When Heraules therof took herte  
 As fast as euer he myght hym spere  
 He hyeth after in a thowde  
 And hapneth that he had a boode  
 The which in al hast he denye

As he that wold an arrowe sende  
 Which he to fore had enyned  
 He hath so wel his shot tynd  
 That hym though the body smet  
 And thus the fawe wyght he let  
 But lest no so fuche a feynynge  
 When Nessus wylt he shold dye  
 He took to Deianyr his wylt  
 Which with the blood was of his lert  
 Though our deseyned ouer al  
 Told how she so it kepte that  
 And purpely to his entent  
 That yf her body his lert went  
 To lue in any ocher place  
 This shyt he sayth both fuche a grace  
 That yf she may so moche make  
 That he the shyt vpon hym take  
 He shal al ocher lere in lere  
 And to me in her lere ageyn  
 Who was so glad but Deianyr  
 Hye lert hie thought was on a fere  
 Yt it was in her cofer lere  
 So that therof no word was spoke  
 The dayes gone the yeres passe  
 The lertis wagen lasse & lasse  
 Of hem that he to lue vnterwe  
 This Hercules with lert ne lere  
 His lert both let on Eolen  
 And therof speken al men  
 This Eolen this faper maye  
 Was as may thylt tyme sayde  
 The lertis daughter of Eupyr  
 And she made Hercules so nre  
 Vpon her lue & so affore  
 That he hym chylt in hie coe  
 And she in his was chylt ote  
 And thus feblese is let alofe  
 And strengthe was put vnder foet  
 Ther can no man therof doo lere  
 When Deianyr both lert this speke  
 Ther was no fowle for to seke  
 Of ocher helpe wote she none  
 But goth vnto hie coufer anone  
 With wepud eye & woful lere  
 She toke out thylt vnhappy lere  
 And as she wote wel to do

And brought hie wylt aboute so  
 That Hercules this lert on lere  
 Of fuche entent & as she was lere  
 Of Nessus & as I sayd er  
 But that therfore was she not fner  
 And no fortune may he wepud  
 With fawe semblaunt she was wepud  
 Then when she wende lert haue wone  
 She lert al that she hath bygonne  
 For thylt lert vnto the bone  
 His body set a fere anone  
 And cleueth so it may not t wone  
 For the lert that was therpne  
 And he than as a wylt man  
 Vnto the hylt wode ran  
 And as the clerk Ouyde telteth  
 The grete trees to the ground he feteth  
 With strengthe of his owne myght  
 And made an hylt fere vpryght  
 And lete hym self therin at onco  
 And brent hym to the flert & lonce  
 Which thynge can though fawe seblat  
 That fawe Nessus the Seant  
 made vnto hym & to his wylt  
 Wrote that he hath lert his lert  
 And she also for cuer mo  
 For thy my fone or thou he wo  
 I lere he wel wote therfore  
 For when so grete a man was lere  
 It ought to paye a grete conceyt  
 To wane al ocher of fuche conceyt  
 Staunt merce fader I am wane  
 So fere that I no more dare  
 Of fawe semblaunt take acqueyntance  
 But rather I wol to penance  
 That I haue feyned lert or wylt  
 Now aye forth what so ther is  
 Of that bylongeth to my shryfte  
 My fone yet ther is the fere  
 Which is conceyt of enye  
 And clepnd is suplantary  
 Though whos compassment & gyle  
 Ful many hath lert his wylt  
 In lue as wel as ocher wylt  
 Wane as far as I shal dreufe

Inuidus alacritus i supplantator: hōis  
Et sua quo vertat cultum subter am  
Est opus occultū qd i latet agis i herba  
Qd facit e subita forte nocuus adest  
Sic subitū amās alū supplantat amā  
Et caput occulte qd neq̄ ipse palam  
Serp q supplantat in plātā plātāt amo  
ne/Quod putat in proprijs altar ha  
ber domo

Hic tractat Confessor de quinta spe  
cie Inuidie que supplantatio dicitur cu  
ius cultor priusq̄ percipiatur aliens  
dignitatis e officij multoq̄ intrusor  
existens

De Vix of Supplantacion  
With many a false collacion  
Which he conspires of Vnkno  
we. ful of oystime hath ouerthrowe  
The worship of another man  
So wel no lyf allyce can  
Ayme his sleight for to cast  
That he his purpose at the last  
He hath or that it wishet  
But moost of al his heret is set  
In court vpon these grete offyces  
Of dignyties e benefices  
Thur goth he with his sleight about  
To hyndre e shoue another out  
And stonden with his sleight compass  
In stre there another was  
And so to set hym self pnnē  
He wclath not he so he wyne  
Of that another man shal lise  
And thus ful of a chalk for chise  
He chaungeth with ful lytel cost  
Wherof another hath the best  
And he the prouyde shal weyue  
For his fortune is to weyue  
And for to chaunge vpon the wile  
His woo with other mans wile  
Of that another man auayleth  
His estate thus vp he layleth  
And taketh the byrd to his byrd  
Wher other men the busshes be  
My sone e in the same wyse

There he liuers of such emptie  
That shapen hem to be refused  
Wher it is wrong to be refused  
For it is an other mans right  
Which he hath take d. e. e. right  
E. hepe for his owne stee  
Toward hym self for avertise  
And is his proper by the labe  
Which wynges that ageth no felaw  
But they that warden by supplant  
And take a part of thyll plant  
Which he hath for hym self set  
And so subter is al vnkno  
That som man wenth he right fast  
For supplant with his sleight  
ful of a happeneth for to moue  
Thyng which another man hath solde  
And maketh comon of propriety  
With sleight e with subtilty  
No man may seem from yre to yre  
Thus clemeth he the doot to stre  
Of which another master is  
For thy my sone yf thou or this  
Hast ben of such professyon  
Descouer thy Confessyon  
Hast thou supplantid any man  
For ought that I wolde can  
my sone fader as of the dede  
I am without any drede  
And gildes but of my thought  
my consyence cause I nought  
For wett it wrong or wett it right  
me lacketh no thyng but myght  
That I ne wold linge or this  
Of other mans lue I wete  
By wey of Supplantacion  
Haue made appropriacion  
And hold that I neuer bought  
Though it another man forthought  
And at this speke I but of one  
for whome I ha al other gone  
But he I may not overpasse  
That I ne mortal wey compass  
Ie wought not by what curyent  
So that I myght in any wyse  
I. a such that my lady seue



His best make for to serve  
Without any part of love  
For by the goddesses all above  
I hold it myght so byfall  
That I shold hold him alle  
Supplant & welde hyr at my wyll  
And yf thynng may I nought fulfyll  
And yf I shold strangehe make  
And that I dar not undertake  
Though I were as was Alcyon  
For therof myght ryse a schlander  
And wote that shal I do neuer  
For in good feyth yet had I leuer  
In ony symple for to dye  
Than worke such supplantye  
Of other wyse I wol not say  
That yf I fond a slyer way  
I wold as for conclusyon  
Worke after suplantacyon  
So hygh a lye for to wyne  
Now fadre yf that this be synne  
I am al redy to wredde  
The gylt of which I me confesse  
My sone as of supplant  
The dar not drede tant ne quant  
Ne for no thynng that I haue lred  
But only that thou hast mysfere  
Thynkand and me lyketh nought  
For god beholt a mans thought  
And yf thou vnderstood in soch  
In lye cause what it doth  
A man to be a supplantour  
Thou woldest for thy honour  
By double way take kepe  
First for thy owne estate kepe  
To be thy self so wel be thought  
That thou supplantest were nought  
And eke for worship of thy name  
To warden other do the same  
And suffer every man haue his  
But nethelke it was & is  
That in wayer at all assayes  
Supplant of lye in other wayes  
The best ful ofte for the leuer  
Forlatheth & it hath done euer  
Ensample I fynde thereupon

Qualiter Agamemnon de amore Poly-  
xide Achilles & Diomedes de amore Cri-  
seide Troilum supplantauit/

a I Towe how that Agamemnon  
Supplanteth the worthy knyght  
Achilles for that swete wyght  
Which named was Polyxide  
And also of Criseide  
Whome Troilus to lye eke  
Supplanteth hath Diomedes

Qualiter Amphitrion socium suum  
Geta qui Almaciam peramauit se  
ipsum loco alterius cautela supplant-  
acione substituit

o I Geta & Amphitrion  
That whilome were both as one  
Of friendship & compaignie  
I wote how that supplantye  
In lye as it becom the  
Wegled hath one of hem t wo  
That this Geta of whome I mene  
To whome the lusty fayr Almene  
Assured was by wey of lye  
When the best wende to be above  
And sykerste of that he had  
Cupido so the cause lad  
That whyle he was out of the wey  
Amphitrion in hals the next wey  
Hath take & in this forme hath wroug  
By nyght vnto the chamber sought  
Wher she lay & within a while  
And counterfeyt & dyde do fyle  
The wyse of Geta in such a wyse  
That made hyr of hyr bed arys  
Wend that it were he  
And let hym in & when they be  
To gyde a bed in armed fast  
This Geta cam than at at last  
Vnto the dow & sayd vnto  
And she answered & had hym goo  
And sayd how that a fadre al warme  
Hyr lye lay naked in hyr arme  
She wende that it were soch  
So what supplant of lye doth

Liber secundus

This Beta forth escaped went  
And yet ne wist he what it ment  
Amphitryon hym hath supplanted  
With slepygher of loue & her enchaunted  
And thus put every man oute other  
The ship of loue hath lost his rother  
So that he can no wison stee  
And for to speke of this matere  
Touchend; loue & his suplaunt  
A tale Which is accordant  
Unto thyn er I thynke enforme  
Now herken for this is the forme

¶ In amoris causa contra fraudē  
detractionis ponit Confessor eccl:  
plum / Et narrat de quodam Romani  
Imperatoris filio qui probitate ar:  
morum super omnia exerat affectans  
nesciente pater ultra mare in partem pe:  
rie ad deseruendū Soldano super guer:  
ras cum solo Milita tamq̃ socio suo ig:  
notus se transfudit / Et cum ipsius mi:  
licie fama super alios ibidem acturus  
set contigit ut in quodam bello contra  
Calipsum Egypti inito Soldanus a  
Sagitta mortaliter vulneratus prius  
q̃ moreretur quendam anulum suum  
filie sue secretissimū isto Romano tradidit  
dicens qualiter filia sua sub paterne  
benedictionis Vinculo adiuncta est . q̃  
quicumq; dictum anulum ei affecerit  
Ipsū in coniugem p̃re omnibus sus:  
cipiet / Defuncto autem Soldano fr:  
sue ciuitatem que Regre dicitur itine:  
tantes Iste Romanus commisioni suo  
huius miserij secretum reuelauit , qui  
noctat̃ a bursa domini sui anulu fur:  
to surripiens / Hec que audiuit vsui  
proprio falsissima supplantacōe appli:  
cavit.

¶ If thyllt epe chref of alle  
Which men f noble come calle  
Er it Was set to cystes faith  
There Was as the Cronyge seyth

An Emperour Which it laddē  
In p̃re that he no Wertes hadde  
There Was no thyng dysfolysaunt  
Which Was to Rome apperaunt  
But al Was tomed in to rest  
To som it thought for the best  
To som it thought no thyng so  
And that Was only vnto the  
Whose heret stood vpon knyghthode  
But moost of al of his manhode  
The worthy sone of the Emperour  
Which Wold ben a Vraypout  
As he that Was chualtrous  
Of Wertes fame & despous  
Bygan his fader to sekke  
That he the Wertes myght sekke  
In straunge marches for to ryde  
His fader sayd he shold abyde  
And Wold graunte hym no leue  
But he Which Wold not slyue  
A knyght of his Which he tryst  
Knyght euen as he thought & tryst  
He toke & told hym his courage  
That he purposeth in Spage  
If that fortune with hym stonde  
He seyd so that he Wold fonde  
The grete see to passe vnknoke  
And there abyde for a tyme  
vpon the Wertes to tynaple  
And to this poynt Withoute fayle  
This knyght Whyn he hath herd his bid  
He swore & stant of his accord  
And they bothe yong Wert  
So that in p̃re counsel there  
They ben assented for to Wende  
And thereupon to make anjōde  
Tasour ynough With hem they tolen  
And When the tyme is best they tolen  
That sodenlype in a galle  
fro Rome lnd they Wente their Weg  
And lnded vpon that other spe  
The World selle so that p̃the tpe  
Which euer his hapys hath dyuerse  
The grete Soldan of Perse  
Agene the Calypse of Egypt  
A Wert Which that hym sekke

Hath in a marche costerount  
 And he which was a pursuunt  
 Wasship of armes to attayne  
 This Romayn anone let outpene  
 That he was wdy euery de  
 And when he was arrayd wel  
 Of euery thyng which hym bydugeth  
 Struyst into hapte his wep & song  
 geeth/ When he the Souldan than send  
 And ageth that within his lond  
 He myght hym for the weete seue  
 No he which wol his thank deue  
 The Souldan was ryght glad with all  
 And wel the more in specpall  
 When that he wylt he was Romayn  
 But what he was elles inartayn  
 That myght he wylt he no wep  
 And thus the knyght of Whome I sepe  
 To ward the Souldan he is he left  
 And in the marches now & eft  
 When that the dedely weete weete  
 He wrought such knyghthode there  
 That euery man spak of hym good  
 And thylke tyme so it stood  
 This myghty Souldan by his wylt  
 A daughter hath that in her lylt  
 Men sayd there was none so fepe  
 She shold be her fadres lylt  
 And was of yere ype ynough  
 Her beaute many an lylt dyough  
 To lylt to that plle lylt  
 Fro which no lylt may be withdraue  
 And that is due whos nature  
 Set lylt & deth in noo mesur  
 Of hem that knyghthode undertake  
 This lusty pyne hath ouertake  
 The lylt of this Romayn so fow  
 That to knyghthode more & more  
 Owe weste auaunteth his courage  
 Lylt to the lylt in his rage  
 Fro Whome that al lyltes fl  
 Such was the knyght in his degre  
 When he was armed in the felde  
 Ther durst none abyde his shelde  
 Euer pyre vpon the weete he had  
 Vnt he which al the chaunce had

Fortune hope the marches so  
 That by thassent of bothe two  
 The Souldan & the Calyppe the  
 Batayll vpon a day they seke  
 Which was in such a wep set  
 That lenger shold it not be let  
 They made hem strong on euery syde  
 And when it drough to ward the tyde  
 That the bataylle shold be  
 The Souldan in grete pyne  
 A goldryng of his daughter toke  
 And made her swete vpon a booke  
 And the vpon the goddes alle  
 That yf fortune so byfalle  
 In the bataylle that he dy  
 That she shal thylk man oere  
 And take hym to her houslonde  
 Which thylk same ryng to honde  
 Her shold brynge after his deth  
 This hath she swore & forth he geth  
 With al the powder of his lond  
 Vnto the marches when he fond  
 His enemy ful embatayled

The Souldan hath the felde assailed  
 They that ben hardy sone assemblen  
 Wylt of the dedely lylt tremblen  
 That one slayeth/that other seuereth  
 But aduen all his pyre deserueth  
 The knyght Romayn when he rode  
 His dedely swerd no man abode  
 Aye the which was no defence  
 Egypt fled in his presence  
 And they of Perse vpon the chace  
 Pursuen but I not what grace  
 Byfelle an aro we oute of a holde  
 Al sodenly that plle thowe  
 The Souldan smote & there he lay  
 The chaas is left for thylke day  
 And he was lylt in a tnt

The Souldan syge to it went  
 And that he sholde algate dy  
 And to this knyght of Romayne  
 No to hym he most tyste  
 His daughter ryng anone tyste  
 He took hym & told hym al the cas  
 Vpon her othe what when it was



Of that she sholden ben his wyf  
 When this was sayd the herte of  
 Of this Souldan departed sone  
 And therupon as was to done  
 The dede body wel & fayre  
 They carrye tyl they come at Raye  
 Where he was worthelpe bygane  
 The lordes which as Wolde saue  
 The regne which was desolate  
 To bynge it in to good estate  
 A parliament they set anone  
 Now heere what fel therupon  
 This yong lord this worthy knyght  
 Of Rome vpon the same nyght  
 That they a more we tere sholden  
 Vnto his bacheler he tolde  
 His counsell & the ryng with alle  
 He sheweth thurgh which he shall  
 He seyth the kynges daughter wedde  
 For soo the ryng was leyd to wedde  
 He tolde in to hys fadres honde  
 That with that man that she it fonde  
 She sholden fym take vnto her lord  
 And thus he seyth stant of word  
 But no man wote who hath this ring  
 This bacheler vpon this thyng  
 His eye & his entent leyde  
 And thought more than he seide  
 And fyneth with a fals vyage  
 That he was glad but his courage  
 Was set in another wyse  
 These old philosophes wyse  
 They wyrtyn vpon thyll wyll  
 That he may best a man begyle  
 In whome the man hath most credence  
 And this byfille in euendence  
 Toward this yong lord of Rome  
 His bacheler which he nome  
 When that his lord by nyght slepte  
 This ryng which his mayster kepte  
 Out of his purs affere he dede  
 And put another in the stede  
 A more wyllyng the court is set  
 This yong lady was forth set  
 To whome the lordes done homage  
 And after that of mariage

They taken & aken of her wyll  
 But she which thought to fulfyll  
 Her faders best in this matre  
 Sayd openly that men may her  
 The charge which hys fader had  
 Tho was this lord of Rome glad  
 He droughe to ward his purs anone  
 But al for nought it was a gone  
 His bacheler hath forth walke  
 And ageth therupon the lawe  
 That he hym hold couenaunt  
 The wyne was so suffysaunt  
 That it myght not be forsake  
 And nethelke his lord hath take  
 Quante opne his owne man  
 But for no thyng that euer he can  
 He myght as than nought be lorde  
 So that his clayme is vnanswerde  
 And he hath of his purpos faplede  
 This bacheler was soo counsailede  
 And wedded & of thyll emper  
 He was crowned lord & sper  
 And at the end hym hath marryed  
 Whom of his lord which was marryed  
 A sekens or the thyrd more we  
 Conquered hath of dede & sowle  
 And as he lay vpon his deeth  
 The whyll hym lasteth speche & beth  
 He sende for the worthiest  
 Of al the londe & eke the best  
 And told hem al the soth tho  
 That he was sone & hys also  
 Of the emperour of grete Rome  
 And how that they to gyder come  
 This knyght & he ryght as it was  
 He told hem al the pleyne mase  
 And for that he his counsell tolde  
 That other al that he wote  
 And he hath faplede of his mede  
 And for the good he taketh none hede  
 He sayth but only of the lorde  
 Of which he wende haue he aboute  
 And therupon by letter wyrt  
 He doth his fader for to wyrt  
 Of al this matre how it stood  
 And than with an hertely mood

Unto the lorde he be sought  
To take his lady how he sought  
For due of which another gladdeth  
And wish that word his lorde sadeth  
And says a day my lady I see  
For I see both his lady and he  
And he sayd as ony stone  
Wherof was fory many one  
But none of al so as he

This false knyght in his degre  
Answerd was & put in hold  
For openly when it was told  
Of the tason which is false  
Though out the lord they sayden alle  
If it be soch that men suppose  
Dis o' the butchery hym that depose  
And for to seeke an audience  
With honour & grete reverence  
Wherof they myghten knowe an ende  
To the pryncer anon they sende  
The letter which his sone wrote  
And when that he the soch wrote  
To take his sone is ended  
But yet in haste needles  
Upon the tale which he wrote  
Dis sward in to perse fere  
With worthy Romayne eke  
Dis herte tynge for to see  
And when they thyder come were  
This knyght hym both confessid there  
How falsly that he hath hym bore  
Wherof his worthy lord was lorde  
Tho sayden som he shold dye  
But yet they haue founden such a weye  
That he shal not be dede in perse  
And thus the slyples he dyuerse  
By cause that he was crowned  
Of that the lord was abandoned  
To hym al though it were vntyght  
There is no pyn to hym dyght  
But to this poynt & to this ende  
They gualten wel & he shal vende  
With the Romayne to Rome agerne  
And thus accorded ful & pleyne  
The quene lady with the dede  
With leue take forth they lede

Wher that suplaunt hath his iuste  
Wherof that thou the myght auge  
Upon this Informacion  
Touchend of suplantacion  
That thou my sone do not so  
And for to take hede also  
What suplaunt doth in other halue  
There is no man can fynde a salue  
Wherof to be such a fore  
It hath & shal be euer more  
When pryde is with eny joynt  
He sufferth no man in good poynt  
Wher that may his honour let  
And therupon yf I shal let  
Ensample in holy church I fynde  
How that suplaunt is not vntygnt  
God wote now yf that it be so  
For in Cronys of tyme ago  
I fynde a tale concordable  
Of suplaunt which is no fable  
In the maner as I shal telle  
So as whymse the thynges selle

De ponit Confessor Exemplum  
contra istos in causa dignitatis  
adquirende supplantatore / Et narrat  
qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessor  
sui celestinu a papatu contractatu et  
cumuacione fraudulenter supplantatus  
uit / Sed qui potentes a sede deponit hu  
iusmodi supplantacem fraudem non sus  
tinens ipsum sic in sublimi exaltatum  
postea in profundi carceris miseriam  
proia fame & siti cruciati nec no ab hu  
ius vite gaudijs delectosa morte sup  
plantati permisit /

In Rome as it hath ofte falle  
a The vylleyn genrell of alle  
Of hym & hyen crises fere  
Also al which none with fere  
Hath shett as to the worldes ere  
Whos name yf I shal speeche  
De hyght Pope Nicholas  
And thus that he passed was  
The Cardynale that wold saue

The forme of lorde in the conclaue  
 Gone for to chuse a newe pope  
 And after that they couthe agree  
 Hath eke of hem sayd his intent  
 Tyl at the last they assent  
 Woun an holy good recluse  
 Which ful was of gostely vertuse  
 His pacynce & his sympleste  
 Hath set hym in to hygh noblesse  
 Thus was he pope canonysed  
 With grete honour & intronysed  
 And vpon channace as it is falle  
 His name Celestyn men calle  
 Which notyfied was by bulle  
 To holy chirche & to the fulle  
 In al londes magnyfied  
 But every worship is enuyed  
 And that was thys tyme fene  
 For when this pope of whome I ment  
 Was chose & other set a spere  
 A Cardynal was thys tyme  
 Which the papax hath long desired  
 And therupon grete ly hath conspyred  
 But when he sygh fortune is fapled  
 For which long tyme had traupled  
 That ylle fyr which Ethna brenteth  
 Thorough his woful hert unneteth  
 Which is resembled to enuy  
 Wherof Supplaut & trechery  
 Engendred is & netheles  
 He feyneth loue & feyneth pece  
 Outward he doth the reuerence  
 But al within his conspax  
 Thorough false ymagynacion  
 He thought Supplantacion  
 And therupon a wonder wyle  
 He brought for at thys tyme  
 It fel so that of his bygnage  
 He had Clergyon yonge of age  
 Whome he had in his chamber assaied  
 This Cardynal his tyme hath waied  
 And with his wordes slep & queynt  
 The which he couthe lyghatly prync  
 He shewe this clerk of which I telle  
 Toward the pope for to duelle  
 So that within his chamber a nyght

He lay & was a pryncyple  
 Toward the pope on nyghts tyme  
 May no man fere that shal he tyme  
 This Cardynal which thought grete  
 Woun a day when he had wyle  
 This yonge clerk to hym took  
 And made hym slyen vpon a hood  
 And told hym what his wyle was  
 And forth with al a troupe of hane  
 He hath hym take & had hym this  
 That shal he saye when tyme is  
 A waper & talle right good kere  
 When that the pope was fast a slepe  
 And that none other may be ny  
 And than that thou be so slepe  
 Thorough out the troupe in to his en  
 Iw brum as though a wope it were  
 To so wne of such profacion  
 That he his medynacion  
 Throf may make & vnderstonde  
 As though it were goddes sonda  
 And in this wyle thou shalt see  
 That he do thys estate alre  
 Of pope in which he stant honourede  
 So shal his soule be sounred  
 Of thys worship at the last  
 In lunde which shal aue lost  
 This clerk when he hath dred the foune  
 Dote to the pope shold on forme  
 Tole of the Cardynal his lue  
 And goth hym home tyl at eue  
 And vpryke the troupe & hede  
 Tyl that the pope was a bedde  
 And at mydynyght when that he lue  
 The pope slepe than he sle  
 Within his troupe thurgh out of wale  
 And told in what maner he shal  
 His papax lue & take  
 His fyrst estate & thus awake  
 This holy pope hath made thys  
 Wherof dyuers fantasys  
 Woun his grete holynesse  
 Within his hert he gan impresse  
 The pope ful of innocence  
 Conspureth in his conspax  
 That it is goddes wyl to ase



What in what wyse he may wylle  
 His grete estate that wold he nought  
 And thus within hym self he thought  
 He had it styll in his mynne  
 Yet he cam to the Consistory  
 And there in presence of hem alle  
 He sayeth yf it so byfalle  
 That our poppe chafe shold  
 How that the lathie it suffer wold  
 They seyn at styll a brede  
 Was none which the poppe answered  
 For to what purpose that he ment  
 That was no man knewe his entent  
 What only he which shope the gyle  
 This Cardmal the same wyse  
 At openly with wordes pleyne  
 He sayth yf the poppe wol endyne  
 That there he such a lathie wrought  
 That myght be chafe & chere nought  
 And as he sayd done it was  
 The poppe anone upon the cas  
 Of his papal auctorite  
 Hath made a poure the deuce  
 And when the lathie was confermed  
 In this forme & al affermed  
 This innocet which was dequed  
 His papacy anone hath wequed  
 Resound & resigned eke  
 That other was no thyng to selle  
 Out vnder the such a iape  
 He hath for hym self so shope  
 That for so cure it hym be seme  
 The myght with the dyademe  
 He hath thought suplantacyon  
 And in his confirmacyon  
 Upon the fortune of his guat  
 His name is chaped Bonifaz  
 Under the byr of myght  
 So was hys the tuchte  
 Which hath begyled many one  
 What such counseyl ther may be non  
 Which tynen when it is conspyd  
 That it nys lyke the spark fynd  
 Now in the most which for a thowte  
 Lyseth hys tye when he wyndes blowe  
 It bloweth out on every spere

This Bonifaz which can not hyde  
 The tuchte of his suplant  
 Hath openly made his auant  
 How he the papacy hath wonne  
 Out thyng which is with wrong he  
 gonne/ may neuer stonde wel at ende  
 Where prynces that the do we sende  
 He stretcheth ful ofte out of the weye  
 And thus the poppe of whom I seyn  
 When that he stode on hyght the wylle  
 He can not suffer hym self to wylle  
 Envy which is duelles  
 And prynces which is lawles  
 With such amysers made hym erre  
 That charpeth goth out of herte  
 So that upon mysgouernaunce  
 Agaynst wyse the kyng of fraunce  
 He toke quarell of his outrage  
 And sayd he shold done homage  
 Vnto the churche to dely  
 But he that wylle no thyng why  
 He shold doo so grete scrupel  
 A fer the world in such a wyse  
 Withstood the wrong of that demaund  
 For nought the poppe may commaund  
 The kyng wol not the poppe obeye  
 This poppe tho he at weye  
 That he may warke of dyolence  
 Hath sent the bulle of his sentence  
 With cursing & excomen  
 The kyng upon this wrongful pleyt  
 To kepe his regne fro seruage  
 Counseyled was of his baronage  
 That with myght it shal be withstode  
 Thus was the cause take on honde  
 And sayden that the papacy  
 They honour & magnifye  
 In al that cur is spiritual  
 But of the prynces temporal  
 Of Bonifaz in his prynces  
 Ayme that ylle wrong allone  
 The wolden stonde in rebat  
 And thus the man & nought the state  
 The fraunce shoun by her myght  
 To geue & fel ther was a knyght  
 Byr William de langart

Which was vpon this cause set  
 And thenupon he took a wote  
 Of men of armes & wood oute  
 So long & in a waye he laye  
 That he aspyde vpon a daye  
 The pope was at Aynpou  
 And sholde ryde oute of the town  
 Vnto Conntforge which is  
 A castel in a prouync of his  
 Vpon the weye & as he wode  
 This knyght which hounde & a bood  
 Embusshyd vpon horsback  
 At founteyne vpon hym he hit  
 And bath hym by the brydel fised  
 And sayde O thou which host dyssed  
 The court of fraunce & the wrong  
 Thou shalt synge another song  
 Thyng entredye & thy sentence  
 Nene thyng othe consyence  
 Here after thou shalt fele & grope  
 We pleyne nought agayne the pope  
 For thyll name is honourable  
 But thou which host be dequable  
 And trechourous in al thy werke  
 Thou donefay thou proude clerke  
 Myllender of the papacye  
 Thy false bodye shal abyre  
 And suffer that it both defenre  
 So thus this supplantour was ferued  
 For they hym lad in to fraunce  
 And seten hym to his prouince  
 Within a towre of hard bondes  
 Where he for longer both his bondes  
 Et of & dyed gode wode he w  
 Of whome the wrytyng is yet now  
 Registered as a man maye be  
 Which speketh & sayth in this maner  
 Thy entee lyke a foye was stryght  
 Thy regne also with pryde on hyght  
 Was lyke the lyon in his rage  
 But at the last at thy passage  
 Thy deeth was to the houndes lyke  
 Such is the lyster of his crowne  
 Proclaimed in the court of Rome  
 Wreth of the kyng ensample nome

And yet as ferously as I dare  
 I wote of other men & wote  
 And that they be wylful god  
 That none his othe estate translate  
 Of holy church in no tyme  
 By fraude ne by subtiltye  
 For thyll name which honour doth  
 Shall none waxe as lyth the wode  
 But he lycherly as he was  
 What shal I synke in this case  
 Of that I am now a daye  
 I not but he which may & may  
 By wylle both & by nature  
 The depe of cury mane can  
 To kepe hymen fro the folie

Nota de propheta Joachym quanta  
 miranari sunt in oculis dei tuas aures  
 meis narrationibus fidem nobis

f Or Joachym thyll abbot tolde  
 How such wyse sholden folle  
 That comonlye in vltyme alle  
 The chapmen of such maner  
 With fraude & with suplantary  
 So many sholden be & fyke  
 That he ne may for Rome fyke  
 So foule a fyne in mans eyne  
 But god forde that it so be  
 In our dayes that he sepe  
 For yf the clerk be wam his sepe  
 In chapmanhode in such a fyne  
 The vntemant more nede empye  
 Of al that to the world byngere  
 For when that holy church wrongere  
 I not what other thyng shal be  
 And netheles at mannes othe eyne  
 Empe for to be preferred  
 Both consyence so dyfferre  
 That no man shal be to the vper  
 Which is the modie of malice  
 And that is thyll fals wyse  
 Which causeth many a trechery

For when he may another see  
That is more gracious than he  
It shall not stand in his might  
That if he hymder such a wyght  
And that is wel myght ouerall  
This wyght is now so general

Qualiter Iosab pateris milicie da  
uid iudis causa Abner subdole inter  
fecit. Et qualiter Achisofell ab hoc qd  
Cuspy in Consilio Absolon perfraba  
tur/attento iudicia laqueos se suspexit

Enuye thyll Iudas in drough  
When Iosab by wyght slough  
Abner for dore he holdy he  
With lyeing drough such as was he  
And enuye also it felle  
Of thyll fals Achisofelle  
For his counselle was not achoued  
But that he fals Cuspy pleued  
With Absolon & hym forfalle  
He linge hym self vpon a stalle

Debetur dygnitatem opus  
Nobis que enuye propriety  
Is of the court the comon Venche  
And dalt tuerne for to thine  
That deynle which maketh an heu to  
belme / And doth the wyet about rine  
By enuye wy to compassse  
Nobis that he myght al ocher passe  
As he which thowgh vnkyndshyp  
Enuyeth enuy felousshyp  
So that thou myght wel knowe & see  
There is no wyght such as he  
Fyrd to ward god abhominable  
And to mankynde supposytable  
And that ben worth but a felle  
I shall by wylson proue & felle  
Iudice stimulus sine causa ledit aben  
tuo / Nam sine temptanda crimine cri  
men habet / Non est huius opus temp  
tari cupidinis archum / Dum q facies  
Brume Ethnica flamina wast / Absq  
milon gme pallio quos sustinet obli  
gat / Fragida natura ceta milia doct  
Die tribuit Confessio naturam in  
iudice tam in amore q aliter secundum

proprietatem dicit

Now if that I shall descryue  
He is not shapely for to lyeue  
In erthe among the woman fere  
For there is in hym no matre  
Wytow he myght do please  
Fyrd for his lyeue conuenance  
Of that he semeth euer vnglad  
He is not able to be had  
And eke he berenneth withynne  
That lyeue may no prouyde lyeue  
Wytow he shold his lyeue please  
For thyll blyde which shold haue ease  
To ryne among the moyste lynes  
Is dyp of thyll vnkyndly prynces  
Thowgh which enuye is fyrdy ap  
And thus by wylson proue I may  
That to ward lyeue enuye is nought  
And ocher wyse if he lyeue  
Wytow what fyrd as euer it falle  
It is the worst wyght of alle  
Which of hym self hath most malice  
For vnderstonde that euer wyght  
Som cause it hath wytwof it groweth  
But of enuye no man knoweth  
For wylson he can but oute of felle  
For thus the wyse clerkys telle  
That no fyrdy but of malice  
By wyght of lyeue but on a wyght  
Is temptedy & by such a way  
Enuye hath lyeue put a way  
And of malice hath his sturynge  
Wytow he maketh his baktyng  
And is hym self therof dyspleased  
So may ther be no lyeue pleased  
For ap the more that he enuyeth  
The more ayene hym self he pleureth  
Thus stant enuye in good espye  
To ben hym self the duels lye  
As he which is the next lye  
And forthwith from the lyeen ryde  
For there he may neuer wone  
For thy my good dore lye  
If thou wold fynde a fyrd wyght  
To lyeue put enuye alweye  
My holp fadre wylson wolde



That I this vice esteeme hold  
But yet to strengthe my courage  
If that ye wold in auantage  
Eke wot set a traouer  
It were to me a greet despayr  
That I this vice myght flee  
Nowe vnderstande my sone & see  
There is physyk for the like  
And vertues for the vice the  
Who that the vices wold esteeme  
He more by reason than by seene  
The vertues for by thyself weye  
He may the vices dente a weye  
For they to gyde may not duelle  
For as the water of a well  
Of fyre abaketh the malice  
Right so vertu fordeyth the vice  
A nyne enye is charp  
Which is the modre of vice  
That maketh a man hart ande  
That it may no malice engendre  
In hym that is incline thereto  
For his courage is tempred so  
That though he myght hym self a lye  
Yet wold he not another gyue  
But rather for to do plesaunce  
He keth hym self the gynaunce  
So sayne he wold another ease  
Wherof my sone for thyne ease  
Nowe he kene a tale which I teld  
And vnderstand it wel I teld

¶ De ponit Confessor Exemplum  
de virtute caritatis contra inuidi-  
am/ Et narrat de Constantino Elne  
filio suo qui cum Imperij Romani dig-  
nitatem obtinuerat a morbo lepro in-  
fectus media pro sanitate recuperanda  
ipsum in sanguine puerorum mosculis  
cum balneari precepissent / sed cum in  
numera multitudo motam cum filio  
huiusmodi medicine causa in arcibus  
palacii affuisset / Imperatoris & eorum  
gemitus & clamores precepisset caritate  
motus ingemiscens sic agit. O Rex ip-  
se es dominus qui se fecit seruum pro

latio. Et his dictis statum suum cum  
ceteris modis commisit sui ipsi  
morbum potius quam infantum ma-  
rem benignus eligit. Unde ipse quo an-  
tra iugan? & leprosus quidam & in-  
da baptismatis unat? Veritas matris  
ta corporis & anime diuine similitudo  
consecutus est salutem

¶ Among the lordes of latyn

I I fynde it vnder of Celsityn

The worthy emperour of Rome

Such infortunys to hym come  
When he was in his lusty age  
The leper caught in his dysage  
And so forth out of about  
That he myght not ryden out  
So he he both sheld & spere  
No he that myght hym not lyster  
And lyster hym in his chamber chese  
Though al the world the same wote  
The greet churche ben affout  
And went at his commendement  
To tute vpon this lyster le  
So long they to geter dely  
That they vpon this mydperne  
Apyntyn hym & detymyn  
That in the maner as it stood  
They wold hym bathe in chyldes blood  
Within foure yere age  
For as they sayn that wold a swage  
The leper & al the brokyn  
Which that they lyste of oxiden  
And not by they of lyster is fulle  
And thereto they assen alle  
As for final conclusyon  
And to lyster lyster owynyon  
To thamprouer & he anone  
His counsyl toke & thamprouer  
With letters & with scales out  
They send in cury lyster about  
The yong chyldren for to fynde  
Whose blood they sayd shold he lyster  
For thamprouer maladye  
That was ynough to lyster & are  
Among the moders when they lyster  
Howe wofully this must lyster

What netherles they mote to lye  
 And thus Women that come ynowe  
 With chyldeyn fownd on theyr ake  
 That theyr many tyme lye  
 What theyr lye on theyr lye  
 The woman & the chyldeyn to the  
 In to the wynde forth he thought  
 With many a fowp lye thought  
 Of hem which of her lye lye  
 The chyldeyn had & so fowp  
 Within a wynde lye lye  
 The moter lye in her lye  
 And many of hem a lye fowp  
 The yowp lye lye lye  
 The moter lye lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 De lye lye lye lye  
 Out of her lye lye lye  
 O thou lye lye lye  
 Which lye lye in the lye  
 Of lye lye lye lye  
 The lye lye lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 When the lye lye lye  
 Scheweth & lye lye  
 May not lye lye lye  
 Which lye lye in the lye  
 Her lye lye lye lye  
 To lye lye lye lye  
 That lye lye lye lye  
 As in the lye lye  
 Of lye lye lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 The lye lye lye lye  
 To lye lye lye lye  
 In lye lye lye lye  
 After the lye lye  
 The lye lye lye lye  
 Thus lye lye lye lye  
 What in lye lye lye  
 To lye lye lye lye  
 To lye lye lye lye  
 One lye lye lye lye  
 What lye lye lye lye  
 The lye lye lye lye  
 What lye lye lye lye

To lye of good condycyon  
 Which lye in his lye  
 The lye that lye of his lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 How that lye lye lye  
 Wolde lye lye lye  
 And had a man lye lye  
 Toward hym lye lye  
 Toward another lye lye  
 And thus lye lye lye  
 In lye lye lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 And thought lye lye  
 To lye lye lye lye  
 He lye lye lye lye  
 He lye lye lye lye  
 Of that the moter lye lye  
 And of the lye lye lye  
 Wherof that lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 And that lye lye lye  
 His lye lye lye lye  
 Then lye lye lye lye  
 Upon the lye lye lye  
 Thus for the lye lye  
 At other lye lye lye  
 And put lye lye lye  
 At only in to lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 He lye lye lye lye  
 So lye lye lye lye  
 With lye lye lye lye  
 His lye lye lye lye  
 And had lye lye lye  
 That lye lye lye lye  
 Depart among the lye lye  
 And of lye lye lye  
 Wherof they lye lye lye  
 And lye lye lye lye  
 Without lye lye lye  
 Though lye lye lye  
 His lye lye lye lye  
 The lye lye lye lye  
 The lye lye lye lye  
 And thus the lye lye  
 To lye lye lye lye

Al Was thankyng Al Was blyssyng  
 Which cist Was wepyng & cursyng  
 These women gone home glad ynough  
 Echone of ioye on other laugh  
 And prayd for this lordes lye  
 Which both relased the quarte  
 And both his owne Wyl forsake  
 In charpe for goddes sake  
 But now hee after thou shalt hee  
 What god hath wrought in this maten  
 As he that doth al requyte  
 To hym that wrought charpe  
 He Was apenward charytous  
 And to praye he Was pytous  
 For it Was neuer knowe yet  
 That charpe geth vnaquit  
 The nyght when he Was lye to slepe  
 The hygh god which wold hym hepe  
 Seynt petre & seynt Poule hym sende  
 By Whome he wold his lye amende  
 They tld to hym slepe and awen  
 Fro god & sayd in this maner  
 O Constantyn for thou hast serued  
 Pray thou hast praye deserued  
 For thy thou shalt such praye haue  
 That god thowgh praye wol the sane  
 Thou shalt so double hee sende  
 For the fyre bodys hee sende  
 And for thy woful soule also  
 Thou shalt be hole of both tld  
 And for thou shalt not the despayre  
 Thy lye shal no more empyre  
 Tyl thou Wylt sende therepon  
 Wnto the mount of Celcyon  
 Where Syluester & his clergy  
 To gyde duellen in compayn  
 For drede of the which many a day  
 Hast ben a foo to Crysceos lay  
 And hast destroyed to moche shame  
 The prechours of his holy name  
 But now thou hast somdel apesed  
 Thy god & with good drede plesed  
 That thou thy praye hast bywarde  
 Wpon the blood which hee spard  
 For thy to thy saluacyon  
 Thou shalt haue informacyon

Such as Syluester shal the arch  
 The north of none other arch  
 This Emperour which al this lye  
 Staunt mercy lye & onfayde  
 I wol to as ye me say  
 Out of one thyng I wold pray  
 What shal I alle this Syluester  
 Of your name or of your othe  
 And they hym tld what they wold  
 And forth with al our offys (ygth)  
 They passen vp in to the drum  
 And hee alle the out of his (wound)  
 And clepe a man come anone  
 And tld his tomes & thompson  
 In such a wyse as hee tld  
 The mount where Syluester dwelleth  
 They haue in all hast sought  
 And found hee Was a wyl hee wold  
 To thompson which hee tld  
 His (wound) & alle that hee wold  
 And when Syluester had lye & king  
 Hee Was ryght ioyful of that thyng  
 And hym began with al his wyl  
 To archen vpon holy Wyl  
 First to w mankynde Was forke  
 And tld the hygh god therefor  
 His sene send from aboue  
 Which lye Was for mannes lye  
 And after of his owne choyse  
 Hee tld his deth vpon the crose  
 And tld in gress hee Was byde  
 And tld that hee had alle lye  
 And tld hym out of Wnten hym lye  
 And for to make to fulfyll  
 That hee Was wnten goddes sene  
 Agene the lye of mannes Wnt  
 Fro deth hee wnt the thye day  
 And when hee wold as hee wnt may  
 Hee styge vp to his fathers name  
 With floure & blood in to the drame  
 And ryght so in the same forme  
 In floure & blood hee shal reforme  
 When tyme cometh the quyl gress  
 At thyll woful day of drede  
 When every man shal tld his deth  
 As well the mayster as the grome



The myghty knyghtes wanne  
 That day made stonde of no valus  
 With wyldey stronge to defende  
 For every man more than entende  
 To stonde byn his owne dede  
 And thus as othe mannes notes  
 That day may no counseyt awayte  
 The pldour & the pld shal fayne  
 The sentence of that pld dage  
 Make none apelle set in delage  
 Ther may no gold the juge ppe  
 That he is shal the soth trye  
 And fethermery may by ryght  
 As shal the pld man as the knyght  
 The shud man the gude clerk  
 What stonde byn his owne werk  
 And such as he is founde the  
 Suche shal he be for auctore  
 Ther may no wryte be refused  
 Ther may no joye be encreased  
 (But entere as they haue do)  
 He shal wryte out of the tbo  
 Thus bypaster with his saue  
 The ground of al the nelle lalde  
 With gude deuocyon he ptech  
 For wryte to wryte & tchetch  
 Wnde this is then Emperour  
 And sayth the hgye creatour  
 Hath vnderfonge his charge  
 Of that he broughte such pte  
 When he the chylde had on sonde  
 Thus when this lade hath vnderfode  
 Of al this thyng he shal it fode  
 Wnde bypaster he than answerte  
 With al his hool tret & fere  
 That he is wryte to the fere  
 And so the wylle which for lode  
 Was made bypaster there it stood  
 With clere wylle of the wylle  
 In al hool he shal to fode  
 And set Constantyn therynne  
 At naked by in to the chynne  
 And in the wylle it was begonne  
 A fere as though it were a fone  
 For houn in to the place come  
 When that he took his apstendome

And met among the holy tales  
 Lys as they were fystre scales  
 Thy fyllen from hym now & este  
 Tyl that ther was no thyng to lyste  
 Of al his gude maladye  
 For he that wold hym purghe  
 The hgye god hath made hym cene  
 So that ther left no thyng fene  
 He hath hym clensed both tbo  
 The body & the soule also  
 The knyte this Emperour in dede  
 That Cristen fere was for to dede  
 And sende anone his litters oute  
 And let do wryte al aboute  
 Coron payne of dede that noma wryte  
 That he baptysme ne wryte  
 A fere his moder quene Elyne  
 He send & so bypaster fere t wryte  
 Thy wryte that the tye al  
 Was Cristened & the forth wylle al  
 This Emperour which he hath fode  
 Within Rome anone he founde  
 Two chyrches which he dpyd make  
 For pte & for poule sake  
 Of wylle he had a bypster  
 And pte ther wylle  
 Of lode & of wyldey good  
 But hool so that his wylle was good  
 Toward the wylle & his fanchys  
 Pet hath it wryte other wylle  
 To see the wylle of the dede  
 For in Cronys thus I wryte  
 Anone as he hath made the wylle  
 A wylle was herd on hgye the lyste  
 Of which at Rome was adwde  
 And sayd this day wryte is shad  
 In holy chyrche of amptone  
 Which medlde with the fypptol  
 And hool it stant of that wylle  
 Pet may a man the soth fere  
 God may amende it when he wylle  
 I can therw none other fere  
 But for to go ther I bygan  
 Hool charge may fere a man  
 To lode wylle I haue sayd  
 And pte thou haue an ew lode

Liber secundus

My sone thou myght Understonde  
 If charyte be take on honde  
 Eke sold weth after moche gree  
 For thy yf that thou wolt purchace  
 Ho w that thou enuyr sh  
 Acquynte the wth charyte  
 Which is the vertu souerayne  
 My fadre I shal do my payne  
 For this ensample which is tolde  
 Wth al myn hert I haue withold  
 So that I shal for euer more  
 Eschewe enuyr wth the more  
 And that I haue or this mysdo  
 Peue me my penaunce or I go  
 And ouer that to my matre  
 Of shryfte whyle ye speten hert  
 In pryete betwene so theye  
 Now age what ther is I pray  
 Confessor

My good sone e for thy love  
 I wol the telle what is more  
 Thou shalt so the byes knowe  
 For when they be to the ful knowe  
 Thou mygt hem wel the better eschewe  
 And for this cause I thynke selwe  
 The forme both e the matre  
 As now se Wend thou shalt hert  
 Which byer stant next after this  
 And when thou wost what it is  
 As thou shalt hert me deuple  
 Thou myght thy self the better augse

Explicit Liber secundus

Inapit Liber Tertius

3  
 Ra suis pombus est par fu  
 rno Actwone/ Quo fu  
 ro: ad tempus nil potatio  
 habet/ In melancolicis ani  
 mos perturbat de equo. Iur sui pon  
 dus nulla statura tnet/ Omnis in  
 causis gnat in inter amantio/ Ma  
 magio facit forte gnamem agit/ Est  
 Vbi vir discere leuat e expugnat as  
 mori/ Depi heo ludi stitue ad ora unit

6  
 Je in arcio libeo tuctat super  
 quing spachus in / quantum  
 prima Melancolia dicitur/ cu  
 ius Confessor primo discubens amanti  
 super eodem consequenter opponit

3  
 I thou the byes list  
 knowe / My sone it  
 hath not be unknowe  
 Two tytle that men  
 theyr wethes growde  
 That ther is none so

on f growde. A byer foury fro f laue  
 Wthof that many a good felawe  
 Hath be dystraught by sodeyn chalar  
 And yet to hyme no plsaunce  
 It doth but when he most actruct  
 His vitioes most to hyme he gnateth  
 As he which out of conspynat  
 He entem into weryne  
 And is by name out of the seune  
 Which oft hath set the world inuent

And cleped is the cruel Jax  
Whose hert is curmurd on fere  
To speke amys & to do lothe  
For his seruauntis ben ever wothe  
My good fader telle me this  
What thyng is Jax. Dene it is  
That in our Englysshe Realy is hote  
Which hath his woundes ap so hote  
That al a mans patience  
Is fere of the violence  
For he with hym hath ever fere  
Seruauntis that despye hym to fere  
The fere of hem Melancolpe  
Is cleped which in company  
An hundred tymes in an our  
Wol as an angry best our  
And no man wol the cause why  
My fons fere the no w for the  
Dost thou be malencolpe  
My fader is by seynt Iulien  
But I vndersteonde the  
I may me not thews cause  
And al malencolpe the wyl I wol  
Of which myn hert is ever hote  
So that I berne as doth a gilde  
For which that I may not speke  
And thus ful oft a day for nought  
Gauf onkyde of myn othe thought  
I am so with my seluy swete  
That wol so that the game gothe  
With other men I may not glade  
But I am wil the more vnglade  
For that is other mans game  
It turneth me to pure game  
Thus am I with my self oppressed  
Of thought which I haue unpessed  
That al walpyng I deme & mete  
That I with hys alone mete  
And prayd hys of som good answe  
But she wol not gladly sere  
She seyth me nay withouten oth  
And thus waue I within wothe  
That ouerward I am of affrayd  
And so dystempred & so esmaged  
A thousand tymes on a day  
That so wretched in myn ewe nap

The which she sayd me to fore  
Thus be my wyte as forlore  
And namely when I begynne  
To wylne with my self within  
How many yeres ben agone  
Syn I haue truly loued one  
And neuer took of hys lere  
And ever a lyeke for to speke  
I am the more sole with hys dele  
So that my hap & al my hyle  
Me thynketh is ap the longer the fere  
That bringeth my gladshyp out of fere  
Wroth my wyte ben empyred  
And I as who sayth al dyspyred  
For synally when that I muse  
And thynk how she wol me refuse  
I am with anger so bestad  
For at this world myght I be glad  
And for the while that it lasteth  
Al by so doune my ioye it casteth  
And ap the forther the I be  
When I ne may my lyp be  
The more I am wyl to weathe  
That for the touchyng of a lasse  
Or for the turnyng of a fer  
I wode as doth the wynde fer  
And am so melancolpous  
That ther nys seruaunt in myn hous  
N: none of tho that be about  
That eke of hem ne stant in doubt  
And wene that I wold raue  
For anger that they see me haue  
And so they wondre more & lasse  
That they seen it ouerpasse  
But fader yf it so begeth  
That I appere at ony tye  
The place where my lady is  
And than hys lyeke I wyl  
To speke a goodly word vntome  
For al the gold that is in Rome  
Ne couth I after that be wroth  
But al myn anger our goth  
So glad I am of the presence  
Of hys that I al offence  
Forget as though it were nought  
So ouer glad is my thought



And nethelke the soth to telle  
 Apene word yf it soo byfelle  
 That I at thyllt tyme lyste  
 On me that she mycast her eye  
 Or that she lyst nought to like  
 And I therof good lere take  
 Anone in to my first estate  
 I wote e am with that also mate  
 That euer it alpeche wyche  
 And thus myn hond open the pryche  
 I hurte e haue to many a day  
 And go so forth as I goo may  
 Fulofte heryng on my lype  
 And make vnto my self a wyche  
 With which in many a chere e hie  
 My woful hert is so to hie  
 That al my wyche is vnto  
 And am wroth I not so oft  
 And al it is melancolye  
 Which groweth on the fantasie  
 Of lue that me wol not lue  
 So lue I forth an angry sno we  
 Ful many tymes in a yere  
 But fader nolt ye lysten hie  
 In lue e stee I yold byfelle  
 That som ensample ye me talle  
 Wherof I may my self appele  
 Confessor  
 my Sone for thyng lere e  
 I shal fulfille thy prayer  
 So that thou myght the better lere  
 What meschance that this bye steech  
 Which in his anger not forlureth  
 Wherof that after hym forthynketh  
 When he is seker that hym thyngketh  
 Upon the folp of his dede  
 And of this poynit a tale I talle

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum co  
 tra istos qñ vixit amoris nō sūt mali  
 ar expeti contra alios amantē malen  
 solia scuritate ad imāndiam vindici  
 a prouocantur / Et narrat qualiter reg  
 Eolus filium nomine Marcharium e  
 filiam nomine candem habuit / qui

cum ab infancā vsq; pūbertatē inu  
 amissuerant educati, Cupido cum ignis  
 to iaculo amorum cordis desideria amo  
 rose penetravit, Ita q; natura Canalis  
 cooptata a fratre suo impregnata pari  
 turū / super quo pater intellētibiles iu  
 uentutis concupiscenciā, ignominie ni  
 miamq; furoris maliticia peruenit  
 dictam filiam cum partu dolosissimo  
 casu interfecti diiudicauit

Her Was a kyng which Eolus  
 Was hote e it lyste hym thus  
 That he two children had fayne  
 The sone chyd Was Marchary  
 The daughter Cana hight  
 By day toth e the by nyght  
 Whyle they be pong of comon lōne  
 In chamber they to geter come  
 And as they shold playd hym oft  
 Tyl they be growen by adfō  
 In the pongthe of lusty age  
 When kynde assaileth the courage  
 With lue e doth hym for to lue  
 That he no wfon may also lue  
 But halt the lawes of nature  
 For whome that lue hath vnder cure  
 And he is blind hym self eghise  
 He maketh his chere blind also  
 In such maner as I yold talle  
 No they al day to geter dwell  
 This broder myght not altere  
 That he with al his herte lere  
 Lue lue vpon his suster cast  
 And soo it fel hym at the last  
 So that this Marchary with Cana  
 When they were in a purp place  
 Cupido had hym prest to lye  
 And after the which is maystryse  
 In kynde e trechis euer lye  
 Withoute lōne rospyl  
 Of which she taketh no maner charge  
 But kepeth her lawes of ol lōge  
 Nature took hym in to lue  
 And taught hym soo that ouermore

He hath hem in such a Wyse deluded  
 That they were as who sayth enchaunted  
 And as the Wynde another wayth  
 And till they felt nothyng dreth  
 Right so they had none insight  
 But as a Wyrd which wol a light  
 And seeth the mete & not the nete  
 Which in trap of hem is sette  
 These yong folk no prynces spght  
 But that was bypnyng in her eye  
 In that they felle down the chaunce  
 When Wyrd hath her his wrembarke  
 So long they to greet assenble  
 The Wyrd arose & she gan to tynble  
 And led hys in her chamber chos  
 For dreth it shold be discos  
 And come vnto hys fader er  
 Wherof the sone had also fer  
 And ferynd must for to ryde  
 For long durst he not abyde  
 In aunter of may wol sym  
 That he his suster hath forsyn  
 For yet she had it not be knowe  
 Whos was the child at thyse thowe  
 Marhap goth Canax abyde  
 The which was not delgnerd yet  
 But right sone after that she was  
 Now list & drede a woful cas  
 The foch which may not ben tyd  
 Was at the last knowe & tyd  
 Vnto the kyng how that it stood  
 And when that he it vnderstood  
 Anone in to Melanoly  
 As though it were a frenesie  
 He felle as he which no thyng cause  
 Now mayster ful due is poughte  
 And for he was to hys straunge  
 He wold not his brer chaunge  
 To be twygnt & fawourable  
 To hys but vnmerrable  
 Wyl wene the Walle of Wode & Wroth  
 In to his daughter chamber he goth  
 And in the childe was tace how  
 Wherof he hath his oth swore  
 That she is that ful fow adys  
 And she bygan mercy for to crye

Upon hys saw lincere & pynge  
 And to hys fader thus she sayde  
 Hauke mercy fader thanke I am  
 Thy childe & of thy lincere I am  
 That I myfide poughte it made  
 And in the faders had me Wade  
 Wene that I fader no pryncle wo  
 But now it hath byfalle so  
 Mercy my fader do no Warche  
 And with þe word she led hys speche  
 And felle wounded at his foch  
 As she for sorowde nece mote  
 But his fowrthle cause  
 That myght attempt no ppe  
 Out of her chamber forth he went  
 And ful of wath in his entant  
 And took the counseyl in his brer  
 That he shal not the deth aspre  
 And he which is Melanoly  
 Of pynge hath no lincere  
 Wherof he may his wath trefyne  
 And in this Wyrd wode pynne  
 When at his wifon was vntame  
 A knyght he chesed by his name  
 And toke hym as by Wep of fonde  
 A naked swerd to set on fonde  
 And sayd hym that he shold go  
 And take vnto his daughter so  
 In the maner as he hym bad  
 How she that shap swerde blad  
 Knappe shold & do with al  
 So that she wold were to she shal  
 Forth in message goth the knyght  
 Vnto this woful yong wyght  
 This shap swerde to hys he took  
 Wherof that at her todyne quook  
 For wel she wiste what it ment  
 And that it was to thyse entant  
 That she hys fader shold se  
 And to the knyght she sayde y  
 Now that I wote my faderes Wyrd  
 That I shal in this Wyrd speche  
 I wolde me ther to  
 And as he wol it shal he do  
 But now this thyng may be none  
 othe / I wol a lette vnto my suster

Soo as my feeble hand may wyte  
 With al my wofull hert enyde  
 She took a pynne on honde tho  
 I to wynt to wynt & al the wo  
 As fortoth as hyr self it wote  
 Wnto hyr dedely frend she wote  
 And wote so that hyr fadre graue  
 She myght for no thyng purchace  
 And ouer that as thou shalt hert  
 She wote & sayd in this manere  
 O thou my sorowe & my gladnes  
 O thou my helpe & my seknesse  
 O thou my wanhope & my trust  
 O thou my dysse & al my lust  
 O thou my wele O thou my woo  
 O thou my frend O thou my foe  
 O thou my lone O thou my hate  
 For the more I be dede al gatte  
 Thyll deth maye I not aserue  
 And with al myn holt herte  
 Whyte that me lasteth ony bryth  
 I wol the loue in to my deth  
 But of oo thyng I shal the praye  
 If that my lytal son deye  
 Lett hym be buryed in my graue  
 Besyde me so shalt thou haue  
 Wpon be both remembraunce  
 For thus it stondeth of my greuanne  
 Now at this tyme as thou shalt wite  
 With trewe & with ynke wyte  
 This letter I haue in care cold  
 In my ryght hond my penne I holde  
 And in my left my swerd I kepe  
 And in my harte ther lyth to wepe  
 Thy child & myn whicher so best  
 Now am I come vnto my laste  
 Fare wel for I shal sone dye  
 And thynke how I thy loue abyde  
 The pynel of the swerde to ground  
 She set & with the wynt a wounde  
 Thowgh out hyr hert anone she made  
 And forth with that al pale & fadde  
 She felle doune dede fro ther she stode  
 The child lay bathend in her blood  
 Out rolled fro the modre harte  
 And for the blood was hot & warme

He basted hym about therin  
 I hert was no bot for to wyne  
 For which he can no pte knowe  
 The kyng cam in the same throlle  
 And saide to him that his daughter dyd  
 And how this basty al bledy wyde  
 But al that myght hym not suffyse  
 That he ne had to do iuste  
 Wpon the child & hert hym oute  
 And sette in the forst aboute  
 So in wyde place that it were  
 To cast hym oute of honde there  
 So that som tyme hym may deuoure  
 Where as no man hym shal foure  
 Al that he had was done in dede  
 A who herd euer syng of we  
 Of such a thyng as this was done  
 But he whicher had his wach sone  
 Hath knowe of hure but a lyte  
 But for al that he was to sepe  
 Thowgh his souerayn melancolye  
 To do so gatte a felonye  
 For thy my sone how so it stonde  
 By this case thou myght understand  
 That if thou euer in cause of hure  
 Shalt deme & thou be so alone  
 That thou myghte lye it at thy wyll  
 Lett neuer thowgh thy wach syng  
 Whicher euer kynde shold faue  
 For it syt euer man to hure  
 Reuward to hure & to his myght  
 Myse whos strugthe may no wyght  
 And syth an herte is so streyned  
 That wddow ought to be werymed  
 To hym that may lett a wepe  
 When he mote to nature obey  
 For it is sayd thus ouerall  
 That nedes mote that nedes shal  
 Of that a lyf doth after kynde  
 Whereof he may no bot fynde  
 That nature both set in her laste  
 That may no man myght withdraue  
 And who that wotech hert opene  
 Ful oftyme it hath be seyne  
 That hath byfalle gatte vngreunne  
 Whereof I fynde a remembraunce



He narrat qualiter Tiresias in  
 quodam modo duos serpentes in  
 uenit patris commiscens quos  
 cum Virga percussit. Iam diu ob hoc p  
 naturam impendit ipsum contra natu  
 ram forma Viri in mulierem trans  
 mutauit

Opde after the tyme the  
 Told example & sayd soo  
 How that Whilom Tiresias

As he Was Walkend goth par was  
 Upon an hygh Mountayn he spake  
 Two serpentes in his Wyse nyght  
 And they so as nature hem taught  
 Assembled Were & he tho caught  
 A perle which he bare on honde  
 And thought that he wold fonde  
 To lutan hem & smote hem bothe  
 With of the goddes Wrenn Was he  
 And for he hath dyscourted bynde  
 And Was so to nature Unkynde  
 Conspydelyche he Was transformed  
 That he which erst a mā Was formed  
 In to a Woman Was forshape  
 That Was to hym an angere iape  
 But for that he with angere wrought  
 Bye angere angereche he bought

So thus my sone Oude hath Wrote  
 Whereof thou myght by reason Wote  
 More is a man than such a best  
 So myght it neuer ben honest  
 A man to Wrathen hym to fore  
 Of that another doth the lore  
 Of kynde of which is no malice  
 But only this is a vice  
 And though a man be reasonable  
 Yet after kynde he is mutable  
 To due where he wol or none  
 Thynke thou my sone theraupon  
 And do melancolie avenge  
 For but hath his lust to please  
 As he which wold no lye grieve

Amans  
 My father that I may wel bylene  
 And that ye telle it is spelle

Let every man due as he Wille  
 Be so it be not my lady  
 For I shal not be with ther by  
 But that I with a fair ampo  
 Alone Upon my self it is  
 That with bothe due & kynde  
 I am so bestad that I can fynde  
 No wey by which it may aserue  
 Which stant Upon myn owne lere  
 And toucheth to none other by  
 But only to that which Wyl  
 For Whome but if it be amended  
 My gladdayes ben dyspended  
 That I my self shal not forke  
 The weathe which I now lere  
 For there is none other lere  
 Nostage forth I poe byfere  
 Of weathe if ther ought else is  
 Wherof to argue Some pis

J Ra mouet anim que lingue frena  
 resoluens / Lapa per infames cur  
 rit Vbiq; Bias / Rigarum nutrix quos  
 educat ista loquax / Hoc Venus a la  
 ter inquit habet Angos / Sed pacien  
 ter agens taciturno qui cecit ore / Vin  
 cit & optati carpit amoris iter /

H De tractat Confessor super secun  
 da specie Jte / que Lio dicitur / eo  
 cuius contumelijs innumerosa doctri  
 na occasio tam in amoris causa qm aliter  
 in hpluribus sepius exorta est

o F Wache the second is chaste  
 Which hath the Wynde of tresp  
 To kepe & many a sodeyne blast  
 He sheweth whereof ben agast  
 That they that desyre pres & wite  
 He is that yllke Ungoodherte  
 Which many a lusty hath tynned  
 For ever he hath his mouth tynned  
 So that his lypes ben Unlike  
 And his courage is al to broke  
 That every thynge which he couthe tte

It springeth vp as death a Welle  
Which may no mā of his strakes hide  
But tenneth out on euery syde  
So toplen by the foule saltes  
That chese Wode of his felawes  
For as a Spue kepeth Ale  
Ryght so can chese kepeth a tale  
Al that he Wode he wol dyschese  
And speke or ony man oppose  
As a cyte without a Walle  
Wher men may go out ouertalle  
Without ony respyence  
So with his croked eloquence  
He speket al that he Wode withynne  
Wherof men lese more than Wynne  
For oftyme of his chydryng  
He byngeth to hous such tydyng  
That maketh Wete at beddes hede  
It is the feuer of the bryde  
Which souereth al the post aboute  
Men ought wel such one to doute  
For euer his to be is wdy bent  
And Whome he byt I telle hym went  
If he maye wete I ym with his tonge  
And eke so londe his kille is wonge  
That of the noyse & of the sounes  
Men feren him in al the Towne  
Wel more than they done of thonder  
For that is cause of more wonder  
For with þe Wyndes which he bloweth  
Ful ofte syth he ouerth to Weth  
The Cytes & the polycy  
That I haue herd the peple cry  
And echone sayd in his degre  
Ha Wyllked tonge Wode he he  
Men sayn that the hard bone  
Al though hym self haue none  
A tonge baketh al to pyres  
He hath so many sondry spexes  
Of Byes that I may not wel  
Deserue hym by a thousand del  
But Wene that he to chese falleth  
Ful many a Wonde thyng byfalleth  
For he ne can no thyng forlert  
Now telle my sone of hym answere  
If it bath euer so bepyd

That thou at ony tyme hast chyd  
Tothard thy lue fader nays  
Such chese yet into this day  
He made I neuer god forde  
For er I syng such a wode  
I had luer to be lewed  
For than Wene I al beherwed  
And Worthy to be put a bak  
With al the sorowde upon my bak  
That ony man ordyne couthe  
But I spak neuer yet by mouth  
That into chese myght touch  
And that I durst ryght wel touch  
Upon hyr self as for wyntes  
For I Wode of hyr gentylnes  
That she me Wold wel cause  
That I no such thynges be  
And yf it shold so bepyde  
That I algate must chide  
It myght not be to my lue  
For so yet neuer was I adue  
For al this Wyde Wode to Wynne  
That I durst ony Word begynne  
By which she myght haue be amoued  
And I of chese also reuoued  
But wether yf it myght byr lyke  
The best Wordes Wold I ppe  
Which I couthe in myn lert chese  
And seue hym forth in seide of chese  
For that is helpe to desyre  
And Wold my Wordes ppe  
That myght Weth in chese auale  
With tellyng of my sote tale  
Thus dar I make a forwode  
That neuer into my lads Ward  
Yet spak I Word in such a Wyse  
Wherof chese shold arpe  
Thus say I not that I ful ofte  
He haue Wene I spak most sote  
Paras sayd more than ynough  
But so wel halt no man the ynough  
That he ne baketh other Wyle  
He so wel can no man affyle  
His tonge that somtyme in iape  
Hym may som lyght Word ouersape  
And yet ne meneth he no chese

But then I haue agone hys best  
 Ful oft spake I am by knowe  
 That thou my wyfe is that ye knowe  
 For when my tyme cometh aboute  
 That I dar speke & say al oute  
 My long luse of which the wo  
 That neuer in one aspekte hote  
 Me groweth than al my dyspese  
 I talle & though it be dyspese  
 I speke it forth & nought ne luse  
 And though it be dyspese hys luse  
 I hope & twofold nedhesse  
 That I do not agone the preo  
 For though I talle hys al my thought  
 For wothe bet that I chere nought  
 May make the hys god dyspese  
 And he wol be a mans speche  
 And he not wothe of that he seyth  
 So yenech it me the more fepth  
 And maketh me hardy feth to sepe  
 That I dar bet the better paye  
 My lady which a woman is  
 For though that I talle be & ther is  
 Of due which me groweth fow  
 Hys ought not be wothe ther fow  
 For I withoute noyse or cry  
 My playnt make al bysomys  
 To putten al wothe away  
 Thus dar I say vnto this day  
 Of chaste in earnest or in game  
 My lady that no thyng blame  
 But oftyme it hath be tpe  
 That with my felow I haue chide  
 That no man couthe better chide  
 And that byn at euery tpe  
 When I am to my felow allone  
 For then I made a pryncp mone  
 And euery tpe by & by  
 Which as spake to my lady  
 I thanke & praye in my saluance  
 And dwelle in to my remembrance  
 And than yf that I fynde a lall  
 Of ony word that I myspeake  
 Which was to mocke in ony wyse  
 Anone my wythe I despyse  
 And make a chydynge in myn lre

That ony word me shold aftere  
 Which as I shold haue holden gune  
 And so after I begynne  
 And yf ther was elles ought  
 To speke & I spake it nought  
 And yf I may seke & fynde  
 That ony word be lost & fynde  
 Which I shold more haue spake  
 I wold vpon my self be wothe  
 And chide with my self so  
 That al my wyte is ouer goo  
 For noo man maye his tyme lre  
 Recouer & thus I am therfore  
 So ouer wothe in my thought  
 That I my self chide al to nought  
 Thus for to mocke or for to lre  
 Ful oft I am my self to wyte  
 But al that may me not auayle  
 With chaste though I me tynayle  
 But ouly on stoke & stoke on quile  
 To more that a man & foule  
 My wothe bet which both the werse  
 And so to me nys wothe a lre  
 But corneth vnto myn & vne lre  
 Though that I talle that I bett crede  
 Wold euery chide in such a wyse  
 Of due as I to gose deuse  
 But fider ye haue al lre  
 In this manere told I haue fide  
 Of chaste & of dyspacion  
 Pate me your absolucyon

## Confessor

My sone yf thou dyspese al  
 That chaste doth in speccal  
 To due & to his bet wyng  
 Thou woldst ften his knowledchyng  
 For who that most can speke fayne  
 And lerne to be dounayn  
 Is most accordynge vnto due  
 Fayne speche hath oft broughte aboute  
 Ful many a man as it is knowe  
 Which elles shold haue be tpe  
 And fupled mocke of his wyfe  
 For thy shold thy longe stpe  
 And lre thy witte thy wyfe wse  
 So that thou falle not in chaste



Which is the source of grete dyspatience  
And take in to thy remembrance  
If thou myght grete patience  
Which is the lacke of al offence  
No alen so the old wyse  
For when nought elles may suffyse  
By strengthe ne by mane wyse  
Then patience is ouer syt  
And ouer cometh at the laste  
But he more nence long laste  
Which wol not holde on that he brynke  
Take hede some of that I speke  
My fader of your goodly speche  
And of the wytt which ye me teche  
I thanke you with al myn hole hert  
For that word that me neuer astert  
That I ne shal your wordes holde  
Of patience as ye me tolde  
As ferforth as myn hert thynketh  
And of my weath it me forthynketh  
But fader yf ye forth with al  
Somme good ensample in speccal  
me wolden take in som cronycle  
It shold wel myn hert lyke  
Of patience for to be  
So that I myght in my matre  
The more vnto my loue okepe  
And putten my dysese a wepe

6 De ponit Confessor exemplum de  
pacencia in amore contra hanc  
habenda / Et narrat qualiter Opor So  
cratis ipsum quodam die multis ser  
monibus litigauit / Sed cum ipse absq  
ulla responsione omnia proba pacien  
te: sustulit indignata Opor quidam p  
driam plenam aque quam in manu  
tenebat super caput Viri sui subito effu  
dit dicens Euigila & loquere, qui res  
pondens tunc ait. O Vir iam scio & q  
peritus sum q post tentorium tabiem se  
quuntur Umbros / Et isto modo lris  
contumeliam sua pacencia deuot

m P sone a man to bye hym pce  
Schourer suffer as Socrates  
Ensampler best which is wyse  
And for thou shalt the foth wyse  
Of this ensample that I mene  
Al though it be now tpat sene  
Among the men thylle eygense  
Yet it was upon patience  
So set that hym self to assay  
In thynge which myght hym moste  
mysspay, Despayd & a wylled wyf  
He wedded which in fowle & styf  
Agaynst his ease was contrary  
But he spak euer softe & fayne  
Tyl it byfalle as it is tolde  
In Wynter when the day is colde  
This wyf was fro the well come  
When that a pot with water nome  
She hath & thought it in to be  
And saide to him that then sly spouse  
Was set & loked on a look  
Nygth to the tyme as he which toke  
His ease as for a man of age  
And she began the word to say  
And agayn him what cruel he thought  
And bare on honds that hym ne wayt  
What labour she toke on honds  
And sayth that such an husbonds  
Was to a wyf not worth a stee  
He sayd nother nay ne y  
But tolde hym styll & lette hym chere  
As she which maye hym self not chere  
Bygan within for to swelle  
And that brought in fro the well  
The water pot she brnt abste  
And badde hym speke & he al softe  
Sat styll & no word ansured  
And she was wroth that he so ferd  
And agayn hym yf he he dote  
And al the water on his hede  
She poured out & bad hym wote  
But he which wol not forsake  
His patience than spak  
And sayde to him he fond no fall  
In no thynge which she had do  
For it was Wynter tyme the

And wnder as by wey of kynde  
Whiche stonpe is as men may fynde  
Frest malleth the wyndes for to blow  
And after that wiche in a thew we  
De wyndeth & the water gates  
Wondeth & thus my wyf algates  
Whiche is with trefon wel beseyn  
Dach made me both wynde & wynd  
After the season of the yere  
And than he set hym net the fyre  
And as he myght his clothes dryde  
That he no more no word ne seyd  
Wherof he gat hym soudele wte  
For that hym thought was for the best

I not of thyss ensample yet  
Awydeh with a mano wyf  
To suffer as Socrates dede  
And yf it fal in ony shede  
A man to lye so his galle  
Hym ought among the women alle  
In lours court by Jugement  
The name bett of parent  
To geue ensample to the good  
Of paynta to w that it stood  
That other men it myght knowe

And sone yf thou at ony thwode  
De tempted agens paynta  
Take hede vpon this eydence  
It shal par was the best geue  
My frend so as I hylde  
Of that shal he no maner nede  
For I wol take so good hede  
That er I falle in such assay  
I thynke. esche we yf that I may  
But yf ther he ought elles more  
Wherof I myght take lre  
I pray poss so as I dare  
Now alle that I may be wate  
Somme other tale of this matre  
Sone it is euer good to lre  
Wherof thou myght thy word aserpe  
Er that thou falle in ony pyne  
For who that no counseyl can hyde  
He may not hope of wo lespe  
Whiche shal byfalle or he it wyte  
As I fynde in the bookes wyte

¶ Ic ponit Confessor Exemplum  
de alterius sic intromittat cas  
uendu est / Et narrat quoddam Jupi  
ter cum Junone super quadam questi  
one litigabat / Videlicet utrum vir an  
mulier in amoris concupiscencia feru  
ens ardebat super quo Ciriam eodem  
Judicium constituebant / Et quia ille  
contra Junonem in dicta litis causa  
simaz diffinivit ita ipsorum amorum  
oculorum lumine clauitatis absq  
tione priuauit

y Et cam ther neuer good of seyf  
To seche in al a mano lyf  
Though it begynne on pure game  
Ful ofte it turneth in to grame  
And doth geuaua on som seye  
Wherof the grete clerk Ouyde  
After the laude whiche was tho  
Of Jupiter & of Juno  
Maketh in his bookes menaion  
How they fele at dysseicpon  
In maner as it were a boorde  
As they bygonne for the boorde  
Among hem self in priuete  
And that was vpon this degre  
Whiche of the two more amorous is  
O: man or wyf / & vpon this  
They myght not acorde in to one  
And took a Juge therevpon  
Whiche cleped is Tytspas  
And bad hym deme in the was  
And he withoute anyfement  
Aene Juno gaf Jugement  
The goddesse vpon this ansuere  
Was brothe & wold not forlre  
But took a wey for euermo  
The lycht from both his eyes two  
When Jupiter this hurt hath sene  
Another sene fete ther aene  
He pafe & sucke a quare hym doth  
That for he wyte he sayd soth  
A soth saye he was for euer  
But yet that other had suer  
Haued had the whyng of his eye



Than of his Word the prophete  
But so w so that the soth ment  
Stryke was the cause of that he sent  
So gatte a pyne bodye  
My sone & thou warr ther by  
And hold thy tonge styll choos  
For who that hath his Word dyschoos  
O: he wote what they mene  
He is ful of a nyke his tene  
And lesch ful many tyme gatte  
Wher that he wold his thak purchace  
And ouer this my sone dre  
Of other men yf thou myght lere  
In pryncipe what they haue wrouzt  
Holde counseyll & dyscouer it nought  
For chaste can no counseyll lere  
O: he it wo or he it wele  
And take a tale in to thy mynde  
The Whiche of old ensample I fynde

h Je ponit Confessor Exemplum  
contra illos qui in amaris causa  
alterius consilium truelare presumunt  
Et narrat qualiter quedam auis tunc  
albissima nomine Coruus Consilium  
domine sue Cornide Phelo denudauit /  
Vnde configit non solum ipsam Cor-  
nidem interfecta / sed et Coruum qui an-  
tea tamq̃ nix albus fuit in pictum co-  
lorem pro perpetuo transmutari

p Hebe Whiche maketh f dayes  
lyght / A loue he had Whiche  
ho hyt / Cornide Whiche alone  
hem alle. He pleth but what that he  
falle Of loue ther is nomā f knoweth  
But as fortune hyt haptes thro weth  
So it byfel vpon a chaunce  
A yong knyght to her acquyntaunce  
And had of her what he wold  
But a false byrd Whiche she hath holde  
And kept in chambre of pure yowthe  
Dyscouereth al that euer he couthe  
The byrdes name was as tho

Coruus Whiche was than also  
Wel more wyse than any swan  
And he that sturwe al that he can  
Of his lady to plebeus sage  
And for warr his swerd out bende  
The Whiche Canpe anone & slough  
But after hym was woo prough  
And took ful gatte acquyntaunce  
Wherof in tolen & in remembraunce  
Of hem Whiche shed wycked speche  
Vpon this byrd he tolde his wache  
That ther he was snolle wyse to fore  
Euer afterward alle black therfore  
He was transformed as it sheweth  
And many a man yet hym lesse weth  
And cleyn hym in to this day  
A Raven yet by Whome men may  
Take aquentaunce when he caryth  
That som myghap it spurneth  
We warr therfore & say the lest  
If thou wolt be thy self in tise  
My good sone as I the wite

h Je loquitur super eodem Et nar-  
rat qualiter Laar Nympha de co-  
p Jupiter Iuturnam adulterauit Ju-  
nom Iouis vxori secretum truelant  
Quapropter Jupiter ita commotus lin-  
gua Laaris prius abscisa ipsam vstra-  
m profundum Acteonis eulem p  
perpetuo mancipauit

For in another place I wite  
Of this Nympha Whiche Laar hyght  
For she the pryncipe by nyght  
Hole Juppiter lay by Iuturne  
Hath told god made hyt ouerborne  
Byr tonge he cut & hyt in to helle  
For euer he send there for to dwelle  
As he that was not worthy her  
To len of her a Chambrer  
For she no counseyll couthe lere  
And such a dayes he now fele  
In lous court as it is seyd  
That lere her tonges gone vnder



My sone be thou none of tho  
To iangle & alle talke soo  
And namely that thou ne chyd  
For chere can no counseyl hyde  
For Death said neuer bele  
My fader soth is every dele  
That ye me telly & I wol holde  
The trule which I am holde  
To see the chere as ye me byd  
For wel is hym that neuer chyd  
No wylle me forth yf ther be more  
As touchyng vnto weathers lere

*Demouic est odium quasi scriba cui  
dabit ira / Matrem scripti cordis ad  
antem sui / Non sapabit amor odij que  
frena instaurant / Nec secreta sui intus  
adire sciuit /*

*Hic tractat Confessor de tercia spe  
cie ire que odium dicitur cuius natura  
omni in inimicis ad mentem reductio  
illas vsq; ad tempus vindicta vult sciri  
ba demonis in cordis pappo comme  
motandas inferi*

¶ I weathe yet there is another  
Which is to chere his owne  
broder / And is by name cle  
ped hate / That suffreth not within his  
gate / That there can other lue or pre  
for he wol make no wile  
Of no debate which is byfalle  
Now speke yf thou art one of alle  
That with the vper laste he witholde  
And yet for ought that ye me tolde  
My fader I not vnto it is  
In gooder fere sone I to we geis  
My fader nay but ye me lere  
Now lest my sone & thou halt lere  
Hate is a weath not shewend  
Out of long tyme gadrend  
And duellith in the fere when  
Yt be fere tyme to be woken  
And than he sheweth his tyme

More ferep than the wylde best  
Which wote no thyng what mercy is  
My sone art thou knowen of this  
My gooder fader as I wene  
Now wote I somdele what ye mene  
But I dare saufly make an othe  
My lady was me neuer best  
I wol not swere nether  
That I of hate am gyltles  
For when I to my lady pwe  
Fro day to day & mercy aye  
And she no mercy on me lefth  
But short wordes to me ferep  
Though I my lady lue algate  
The wordes mote I nede hate  
And hold they were al spent  
Or so fere out of londe went  
That I hereafter shold lere not fere  
And yet lue I my lady dwe  
Thus is there hate as ye may see  
Oft wene my lady word & me  
The word I hate & fere I lue  
What so shal me lerep of lue  
But furthermore I wol me shryue  
That I haue hated al my lue  
These iangles which of lere enye  
Ben euer wylde for to lere  
For with lere fals compassment  
Ful often they haue made me shent  
And byndred me ful oftyme  
When they no cause wylde byme  
But onl pde of fere owne thought  
And thus ful ofte haue I thought  
The lere & dranke not of the wyn  
I wold lere happy were such as myn  
For hold so that I be now shryue  
Them ne may I not forpue  
Yt that I see them at debate  
With lue & than myn tate  
The myghten by lere owne deme  
And like hold wyl it shold lere queme  
To byndre a man that luech fere  
And thus I hate lere euermore  
Yt lue on lere wol do his werte  
For that I shal alwey byfere  
Vnto the myghty Cupido

That he so moche wolde doo  
 So as he is of due a god  
 To symple with the same rodd  
 With which I am of due symple  
 So that they myght knowe & wryte  
 Hold hyndryng is a woful pyne  
 To hym that due wold attayne  
 Thus cur on hem I wagne & hope  
 Tyl I may see hem lepe a hope  
 And holan on the same fow  
 Which I do now for aiermore  
 I wold than do my myght  
 So for to stonden in her lyght  
 That they ne sholden haue a weye  
 To that they wolden put a weye  
 I wold hem put oute of the stede  
 Fro due ryght as they me dede  
 With that they speke of me by mouth  
 So wold I do yf that I couth  
 Of hem & this so gode me saue  
 So al the hat that I haue  
 To ward the janglers aierp dele  
 I wold al otheer ferd welle  
 Thus haile I fader sayd my wille  
 Saye forth now for I am stille  
 My sone of that thou hast me sayd  
 I hold me nought fully payd  
 That thou wolt haten ony man  
 To that aworden I ne can  
 Though he haue hyndred to fow  
 But this I telle the therfore  
 Thou myghte wryte my benysson  
 Wel haten the condycyon  
 Of tho janglers as thou me toldest  
 But fethermore yf that thou woldest  
 Hem hyndre in ony otheer wyse  
 Such hat is euer to despyse  
 For thy my sone I wold the wite  
 That thou draue in by frendly hite  
 That thou ne myght not do by hate  
 So myght thou geet due algate  
 And set the my sone in wite  
 For thou shalt fynde it for the best  
 And ouer this so as I dert  
 I wite that thou be ryght wite

Of otheer mene hadt aboute  
 Which aierp wyse man shold denie  
 For hat is cur wryte a wape  
 And as the fether on his bape  
 Wleth when he seeth the fether fader  
 So when he seeth tyme at the last  
 That he may wote an otheer wote  
 What no man wote hym ther fro  
 That hat nyl his fether  
 Gyltyle & fether compayn  
 Per nechele for fole semblaunt  
 Is to ward hym of coumaunt  
 Witholde so that vnder wote  
 The perup wote an hym chote  
 That he shal seme a gude hylde  
 But wote the wel that thou ne durt  
 Al that thou seest a fow thy wite  
 So as the Gygore wryte the lyght  
 The book of Tyme wite so wite  
 Ther maye be fynde ensample in wite

¶ De ponit Confessio: exemplum est  
 tra illos qui cum in sua odia ap-  
 ta vindicare non possint facta diffimu-  
 latione vindictam subditi assurgentur  
 Et narrat q cum Palamides princeps  
 Grecorum in obsidione Troie a quibus-  
 dam suis Emulis proditoribus interfectus  
 fuisset/pater q suus Rex Namplos in  
 patria sua tunc existens huiusmodi ex-  
 uentus artitudinem sciisset grece in  
 sui cordis odium super omnia exerce-  
 rit / Unde configit q cum greci deuicti  
 Troia per altum mare Arfus Greciam  
 nauigio transeantes obscurissimo noctis  
 tempore nimia Ventorum tempestate iac-  
 tabantur Rex Namplos in terra sua  
 contra litus maris ubi maxima sagorū  
 eminebant pericula super acumina mō-  
 cum grandissimos nocturnos fecit ig-  
 nes, quos greci aspicientes salutem vo-  
 tum ibidem inuenit artissime putas-  
 bant Et terram apertissimam diuis-  
 se nauibus magna pars grecorum in-  
 nichilabatur

One after the destruction  
 When twye was at her deyn  
 And slayn was ham? þ king  
 The gergoys which of al this thyng  
 Weyn caush wimen some ageryn  
 Ther map no man his dop wrythfeyn  
 It both ben fien e felt ful of  
 The hard tyme after the sofer  
 Wyf se forth as they fowward went  
 A wye of gret amysse hem sent  
 Juno lre lende her party to lre  
 The fly was deth þ wend gan blyde  
 The fye welken bygan to shonder  
 As though þ wold hold al a fonder  
 From brayn out of the water gates  
 The wryng stonke fel doune algates  
 And al her tache made unbelde  
 That noman myght hym self behelde  
 Ther map man lre shymen eye  
 That stood in aunder for to dye  
 He that lychende sat to stene  
 Map not the for stene lre  
 The ship arose agerpe the wales  
 The lreman hath lre his talles  
 The se on lre on ewer fye  
 Ther nyten what fortune abyde  
 But seten hem al at goddes wyf  
 Wren he wold hem self saue or spyle  
 And thylt tyme felle thus  
 Ther was a lryng which Namplius  
 Was hore e he a fone bad  
 At Twye which the gergoys lad  
 As he that was made pynce of alle  
 Tyl that fortune lre hym felle  
 His name was palampres  
 But though an lre nethele  
 Of somme of hem his deth was caste  
 And he by tynen ouer caste  
 His fader when he herd it alle  
 He frow yf ewer his tyme felle  
 He wold hym lryng yf that he myght  
 And therw his auolde he byght  
 And thus this lryng thurgh parup  
 Lre / Alre wren a wye algate  
 For he was not of such emptye  
 To aumen hym in open wye

The fume which goth wyf wren  
 Malerth knolde how þ þ gergoys wren  
 Dore wren al lre felauship  
 Fye Twye wren the se by fye  
 Namplius wren he this understood  
 And lre he the tye of the fiod  
 And felle the wend blyde to the lre  
 A gret dreynt anone he fonde  
 Of parup lre as thou shalt lre  
 Wren of I alle al this matre  
 This lryng the wren he gan beholde  
 And wye wren that they moan holde  
 Her cours endelng the marche rpyht  
 And made wren the deth rpyht  
 Of gret fye e of blyde  
 Gret fye agerpe the gret wren  
 To shelle wren the hylle byght  
 So that the flete of gret it fye  
 So it fel rpyht as he thought  
 This flete which an lre sought  
 The byght fye felle a fete  
 And they hem dreynt ner e neire  
 And wye wren e understood  
 Do wren that fye was made for good  
 To shelle wren men shold arye  
 And thurward they lre lre  
 And in semblant as men fye is gye  
 And that was proued thylt wye  
 The ship which wren hym self aroche  
 Dwoof al to pears on the roche  
 And so wren an or lre  
 Ther myght no man lre hym selue  
 For they they wren deth escape  
 Withouthen lre lre wren shap  
 Thre they that comen fye to fye  
 Wren the Rokke lre fye  
 But thurgh nyste e they ay  
 The other wren al wren therby  
 And when they began to wye  
 The myght they the fete lre  
 That lre they wren fende fende  
 The fende fende al lre  
 The lre was than fone lre  
 Wren that they lre lre  
 And wren to the fye fye  
 Therw they lre alle y



Iro that day forth When they were  
 Of that they have assayed were  
 My sone I know thou myght auge  
 How fraude stant in many wyse  
 Among hem that gyle thynke  
 There is no scrupyne With his ynke  
 Which half the fraude wyse can  
 That stant in such a maner may  
 For thy the wyse men ne demen  
 That thynges after that they semyen  
 But after that they knowe & fynde  
 The mystrour the wch in his kynde  
 As both at the word withynne  
 And is in soche no thyng withynne  
 And so farth hate for a thowde  
 Tyl a man hath ouerthrowe  
 Shal no man knowe by his chere  
 Which is auant & which is awre  
 For thy my sone thynke on this

Confessor

My fadre so I wol wyse  
 And yf there more of wylde be  
 Now age for charyte  
 As yf your lokes knowe  
 And I the soth shal be knowe

h Je cohibere nequit manum & sic  
 spe eius / Natus hic populus se  
 timendus erit / Sepius in ductum un9  
 & sua gaudia transiret / Cumq; suis  
 thalamus talis amicus adest / Est as  
 mor pleru non vltis allucind9 / Graus  
 dis amicitias impetuosa manus,

h Je tractat Confessor super quare  
 & quinta specie iuxta que impetu  
 ositas & homicidium dicuntur. sed pri  
 mo de impetuositate specialiter intendit  
 cuius natura spm in natus gestan  
 do ad omnes in meationes in vindicta  
 patata paciencia nullatenus observat

P sone thou shalt vnderstande  
 That yet to ward wylde stonde

Of deadly wyse other the  
 And for to alle the names so  
 It is contel & homicide  
 That be to greet on every syde  
 Contale so as the lokes syng  
 Foolhast both to his chamberlains  
 Whos counseyl al vnawpysed  
 Is wryng most despyed  
 Tyl temprete With hym mch  
 Iro mercy they be at vnyte  
 And thus be they the worst of alle  
 Of hem which vnto wylde falle  
 In dede to the & eke in thought  
 For they accompysh theyr wylde nougt  
 But yf ther be sheddyng of blood  
 And thus lyke a best wode  
 They knowen not the good of lyl  
 Be so they haue other swerd as knyght  
 Dyr deadly wylde for to wylde  
 Of pte lyst hem not to speke  
 None other waken they ne sounge  
 But that they haue myght to stronge  
 But wate hym wel in other place  
 When every man knoweth growe  
 But then I twyle it shal hym fyghe  
 To whome no mercy myght auayle  
 But wron han vpon Dymmyng  
 That no pte myght hem pte  
 Now alle my sone / my fader what  
 If thou hast be culpable of that  
 My fadre nay aryst me foude  
 I speke only for the dede  
 Of which I was neuer culpable  
 With no must resonable  
 But this is not to my matre  
 Of stryfe why be sytan be  
 For be he set to stryfe of lous  
 As be hegonne frust about  
 And neethles I am to knowe  
 That as touchend of lous thow be  
 When my wythe ouer wende  
 My lous contel both none ende  
 But euer stant vpon deho  
 To greet dysple of myn estate  
 As for the tyme that it lasteth  
 For when my fortune outcasteth

Yet which is to me so strange  
 And I see the Wol not change  
 Then cast I at the world about  
 And myselfe hold I at home in doubt  
 Dure of my tyme in myne spende  
 And let not to be to be amende  
 What matter for to be empayrd  
 No he that is Wel nys despayrd  
 For I ne may no thanke deserve  
 And cur I due & cur I serve  
 And cur I am a speche nere  
 Thus for I stonde in such a were  
 I am as the sayth oute of here  
 And thus I was my self I were  
 I byng & put oute of pors  
 That I fulfyll in such a wres  
 Am Wery of myn owne tye  
 So that of conell & of strep  
 I am bynde & have ansuerd  
 As is my fader no to have herd  
 Myn her is wonderly bygone  
 Welche counsell Wroth, Wpdr is one  
 Welche both wren in company  
 I amyn Welche stand partre  
 Welche Welche both hope at aord  
 And thus these byngyn by dysorde  
 Wpdr & wren counsell of  
 That myn her hold for  
 And that I hold Wel tyme  
 And put out of manue  
 Or elles hold hym Under for  
 For as they separe that he mote  
 His owne wile have byn honde  
 That that no Wpdr & Understonde  
 Of strep & so they allen this  
 That ouer al Wdr that he is  
 He set the best in company  
 With Wpdring & Wdr fandr  
 And is not in the of that he strep  
 So that in hym there is no strep  
 Thus Wdr wren & Wpdr anydy  
 As Wpdr & wren al day dyspyd  
 Kelen sayth that I holde true  
 To be Wdr there is no tene  
 To strep & Wpdr sayth ageryn  
 That such an her is to Wpdr

Which dar not true tye that he strep  
 Lat hope serve at such a new  
 He strep the Wdr an her tye  
 At gouerned of her Wpdr  
 He hath his tye lye for her  
 And thus myn her is at to her  
 Of such a conell no they make  
 But yet I may not Wel forsake  
 That he nys master of my thought  
 Or that I strep or strep nought  
 Thou dost my fone ageryn the tye  
 But due is of so gude myght  
 His lade may noo man tye  
 So myght thou the better tye  
 And neheles thou shalt be tye  
 That Wpdr hold he gouerned  
 Of wren more than of strep  
 Wdr of a tale Wpdr I tye

Je ponit Colossor Exeplū q̄ ois  
 h Impetiosa Volūtas sit discreto  
 nis moderamine gubernanda. Et nar  
 rat quādā Drōgenes qui motus sui  
 ammiratione subiugauerat Regem a  
 byandrum sub isto facto sibi opponi  
 a plūne informant

a Philosopher Whylome men told  
 That Whylome by dages old  
 And Drōgenes than he byght  
 So old he was that he ne myght  
 To Wdrdes tye any & for the best  
 He hope for to take his rest  
 And duellty at home in such a Wpdr  
 That nys his fone he lye drup  
 Endring by an tye  
 To set a Tonne in such a tye  
 He it myght tye about  
 Wdr of an end was taken out  
 For therein tye he shold  
 And tye hym self as he Wdr  
 And take the tye & see the tye  
 And deme of the planete tye  
 As he Welche counse moche Wdr  
 And thus ful of there he sat  
 To muse in his philosophy

Sool Without company  
So that vpon a morow yde  
A thyng which shold so lyste  
When he was set vnder hym lyt  
Tolde he vpon the sonne vpryght  
Wherof the propriete he seght  
It felle there cam vndyngge ngyht  
Kynge Alexander With a rout  
And as he cast his eye about  
He sawe this Tonne & what it ment  
He wold vnto & thider sent  
A knyght by vhome he myght knowe  
And he hym self that yllke tyme  
A hode & houth ther styll  
This knyght after the kynges wyll  
With spore made his hors to gone  
And to the Tonne he cam anone  
Wher that he found a man of age  
And to hym told the message  
Suche as þe kyng hym had bid  
And ageth within thylke tye  
The Tonne stood & what it was  
And he which vnderstode the me  
Sat styll & spak no word agerne  
The knyght had speke & sayd vnto  
Thou shalt me telle on that I goo  
It is thy kyng which ageth soo  
My kyng quod he that were vnto  
What is he than sayd the knyght  
Is he thy man that say I nought  
Quod he but as I am bythought  
My mannes man to be that he is  
Thou lyest falso choel I se  
The knyght hym said & was vnto  
And to the kyng agerne he goth  
And told hym how this man answered  
The kyng when he this tale herd  
Wad that they shold alle abyde  
For he hym self wold thider ryde  
And when he cam to fow the Tonne  
He hath this tale thus bygonne  
Al lyt he sepe what man art thou  
Quod he such one as thou seest now  
The kyng which had wordes wyse  
His age wold not aspyse  
But sayth fadre I the praye

That thou wolt me the cause saye  
How that I am thy mans man  
Wytte kyng quod he that I am  
Yt thou wylt / no sepe the kyng  
Quod he this is the felle thyng  
Wytte I first waken vnderstode  
And lyste that was a good  
The wyse which of my body mouth  
Woe wroth that the god wroth  
I haue wrothed out more  
As hym that stant vnder the son  
Of wroth the felle is  
So that he may not do amys  
And thus he wyse of amound  
Wylt is my man & my fownd  
And euer last he & euer that  
And wylt is thy pryncpal  
And the lyste of the wyse  
So that thou wylt not yet  
Take a day rest of thy laboure  
But for to be a Conquerour  
Of wroth good which may not last  
Thou lyest euer a lyt felle  
When thou no wroth hast to fowne  
Thus thy wyse is cause of fowne  
And is thy lyste to wroth thou fowne  
Wherof thou lyest thand fowne  
The kyng of þe thus answered  
Was no thyng wroth but wroth he herd  
The knyght wroth which he sayd  
With goodly wroth thus he prayd  
That he hym wold alle his name  
I am quod he thylke felle  
Which man Dyogenes calle  
The was þe kyng wroth glad with alle  
For he had herd of þe fow  
What man he was so that therfor  
He sayd O wyse Dyogenes  
Held that thy gude wyse he fow  
For thou shalt of my wroth fow  
What wroth good that þe wolt name  
Quod he than lyste out of my fowne  
And lyste it fowne in to my Tonne  
For thou fowne me thylke fow  
Which lyste not in thy wroth to fow  
None other good of the me wroth



The Spyn Whome cury collyer dyed  
 So thus he was enformed by them  
 Wherof my son thou myght lete  
 How that thy wyfe shal not be leued  
 Wher it is of no wyte wround  
 And thou hast sayd thy self on this  
 How them thy wyfe thy mayster is  
 Though which thy lorde thought  
 Whym/ In cury of conuict to liggene  
 So that it is genty to dree  
 That it no longer be  
 For that is of a wonder kynde  
 And hath his wyte ofte lende  
 That they for mannes reason fulle  
 But when that it is so byfalle  
 That wyfe shal the mayge lede  
 In hure muse it is to dree  
 Wherof I fynde ensample byge  
 Which is shewyng for to wyte

¶ In amoris causa ponit Confes  
 for Exemplum centum illos qui  
 in sua dampna nimis ardeantibus  
 impetuositate ipsos multum offendit  
 Et narrat qualiter Pyramus cum ipse  
 Tisbe amicum suum in hoc inter eosde  
 deputatus tempore adventus sui promp  
 tam non inuenit animo impetuoso se ip  
 sum per totum ostiis gladio mortali  
 et transfodit qui postea infra herue se  
 pue amans cum ipsam sic mortuum  
 inuenisset etiam et illa in sui ipsius mor  
 tem impetuoso festinans eiusdem gladi  
 o cuspide sui cordis intima per mediū  
 penetravit

¶ Note a tale & tale wyse  
 The Cyt which Demetrius  
 Enchased hath with Waller about  
 Of Wallys folk with many a wote  
 Was indubited for a tyme  
 Among the which the lorde wert  
 A lorde of other nobles & genty  
 Duckrag the lorde of a tyme  
 So myghty genty as it was fyne

There was no thyng lew byfalle  
 But wote to wote & wote to wote  
 This one lorde hath in speyal  
 A sone a lusty bacheler  
 In al the towne was none his pyer  
 That othe had a doughter els  
 In al the towne that for to sette  
 Men wote none so fayne as she  
 And felle so that it shold be  
 This fayne doughter nye this sone  
 As they to geter than wone  
 Cuppe hath so the thynges shap  
 That they ne myght the hand escape  
 That his spe on hem ne cast  
 And so it felle at the last  
 To folwe his lorde & selde  
 Which neuer man myghte eschewe  
 And that was hure as it is shap  
 Which hath hure lorde ouerthap  
 That they by alle weyes seke  
 How that they myght wyne a speche  
 Her woful pyne for to lisse  
 Who lueth wel it maye not mysse  
 And namely when ther be two  
 Of one accord so to it goo  
 But if that they som weye fynde  
 For lue is euer of such a kynde  
 And hath his folk so wel assayed  
 That so to so that it be assayed  
 Ther may no man the purpos let  
 And thus byfalle hem in woo set  
 An hool byon the wal to make  
 Though which they haue hure couisel  
 take/ At al tyme when they myght  
 This fayne Mayde Tysbe byght  
 And be welcome she lured hote  
 Was Pyramus by name hote  
 So long her lesson they warden  
 Tyl at the laste they accorden  
 On nyghts tyme for to wende  
 Alone out from the towne end  
 Wite was a weller under a tre  
 And who so cam first he or she  
 He shold ther styll abyde  
 So it felle by nyghts tyme  
 This mayde which despyed was

At pryncely the soft pace  
 Both thurgh y large to the unknown  
 Tyl that she cam within a throw  
 Where that she tyld for to dwell  
 And thyll unhappy fesshe well  
 Which was also the foull nyght  
 With she amynge a loun sygh  
 In the fild to take his pay  
 In haste & flecth so allay  
 So as fortune shold falle  
 For her & let her wimpr fall  
 Nylt to the wel byn the bage  
 This wylde kest in his wye  
 A kest which he found ther out  
 Hath slayn & his bldy snolde  
 Why he hath eten what he wold  
 To drynke of the sturmes cold  
 Come into the well where he fond  
 The wimpr which out of her bond  
 Was falle & he hath to drake  
 He bled about & al for gnawe  
 And he straught hym for to drynke  
 Wron the fesshe wellco drynke  
 And after that out of the plague  
 He turneth to the wode agayne  
 And Tylt durst not wemle  
 But as a byrd which were in melle  
 Which in a bush he kepte her chyl  
 So tylt that she not awse  
 Wnto her self & playneth ap  
 And fell wyle that she then say  
 This Pyramus cam after sone  
 Wnto the well & by the mone  
 He fonde her wimpr bldy then  
 Cam neuer yet to mannes eye  
 Tpyng ne to mannes sygh  
 Menaylle which so fow a sygh  
 At mans lere as it the wde  
 To hym which in the same stede  
 With many a woful complaynyng  
 Bygan his lantre for to wryng  
 He & which wemeth spertly  
 That she & wde and fowly  
 His swerd al naked out he berye  
 In his fool hast & thus he syde  
 I am cause of thy felony

So it is wof that I dy  
 And she is wof by cause of me  
 And wif that wof byn his line  
 He felle the goddes alle  
 Wnto the hune is gay to alle  
 And payd sy it was done so  
 That he may not be but as the  
 Hune in this wold that of her gunt  
 He myght her hune in other place  
 For her wold he not obte  
 He sayd as it shal lere  
 The wmet of his swerd to grounde  
 He set & to his lere a wound  
 He made by to the hard hyle  
 And this wylt & hym self syde  
 With his fool hast & thus he nam  
 For she within a wyle cam  
 Where he laye wde byn a loun  
 So woful yet was neuer yet  
 As Tylt was when she byn syde  
 He myght not out wde on byn  
 Spoke for her lere stede  
 That of her lere no pryncely stede  
 But wde (wof byn wde) she felle  
 Tylt after wde it so byn  
 That she out of her tounes wde  
 With many a woful pryncely hyle  
 Dye et al byn amonge the wde  
 Wron her lere & at the lere  
 He caught lere & sayd thus  
 O thou which chyd art lere  
 Goddese of lere & thou Cuppe  
 Which lere cause haste for to gunt  
 I wote nolle wde that he lere  
 Of thyll unhappy that now I fene  
 Only lere me my lere & me  
 This Pyramus which I lere  
 Wde byn what hath he lere  
 For he lere lere hath lere & lere  
 And wde pene & I lere alle  
 Alas wde to me wde so  
 Yet set our lere lere on lere  
 And made so lere lere lere  
 Wde that he now lere lere  
 But thus our fesshe lere lere  
 With out lere is al despente

Whiche thing may neuer be amended  
 For as for me this wol I sepe  
 That me is liuer for to dye  
 Than haue after this sorrowful day  
 And wish this word then as he say  
 Dyt due in armes emboweth  
 Dyt othe with a she purchaseth  
 That now she wepe & now she lye  
 Tyl at the last as she it wylt  
 So gath a sorrowe is to her full  
 Whiche our goth hys wytes alle  
 And she which myght not aftere  
 The swetes point aginst hys lye  
 She sit & felle doune then upon  
 Wit of that she was dore anone  
 And thus on a swerd she dente  
 Thep then founde dore lpygnde  
 Now if my sone last herd this tale  
 Whom of hym othe hale  
 Thou be not cause in thy foolhast  
 And here that thou thy wylt ne cast  
 Down thy thought in auenture  
 Wherof thy lyues forseture  
 Maye felle & if thou haue so thought  
 Tell thy tale & hys it nought  
 My father then dues spee  
 My consyence I wol not hys  
 Dore that for hys of pure wo  
 I haue ful oft be moued so  
 That my wyllere if I myght  
 A thousand tymes I goyd pleyght  
 I had stum in a day  
 And therof I me shewe may  
 Though hys fully me ne shold  
 My wylt to dye was gnow  
 So am I of my wylt culpable  
 And if she be not mercyable  
 Whiche may me true lye & lye  
 But that her lye not with me dely  
 I wote by whos counseyl it is  
 And hym wote I long tyme on this  
 And yet I wote & cur that  
 Wham & dystoy in expectal  
 The gold of nyne kynges londes  
 He shold hym haue fro myn londes  
 In my power if that he were

But yet hym stant at no few  
 For nought if cur I couthe manda  
 He is the hynderer of my gna  
 Tyl he be dore I may not spede  
 So more I neede taken lye  
 And shap hold that he were alye  
 If I thereto may fynde a weye  
 My sone telle me for thy  
 Whiche is that mortal enemy  
 That thou manast to be dore  
 My father it is such a queste  
 That where I come he is to fore  
 And doth so that my cause is lye  
 What is his name he is daunger  
 Whiche is my lady counseyl  
 For I was neuer yet so shyge  
 To come in a place nyght  
 When as she was by nyght or day  
 That daunger ne was wry ap  
 With whom for speche ne for mede  
 Yet myght I neuer of hys speche  
 For cur this fynde I soth  
 Al that my lady sayth or doth  
 To me daunger shal make an ende  
 And if maketh al my world mysweide  
 And cur I aske lye but he  
 May be wel cleped Sauns pye  
 For as the more I to hym lye  
 The lesse he wol my tale allowe  
 He hath my lady so englewed  
 She wol not that he be wme wed  
 For cur he longeth on her seyl  
 And is soo prup of counseyl  
 That cur when I haue ought lye  
 I fynde daunger in her seide  
 And myn answere of hym I haue  
 But for no mercy that I cause  
 Of mercy neuer a point I had  
 And thus daunger my fortune lad  
 That worse myght I neuer be  
 And thus hys wme daunger & me  
 I cur were tyl he dye  
 But myght I be of such maystere  
 That I daunger myght ouercome  
 With that were al my ioy come  
 Thus wote I fonde for noo synne



Ne yet for al the World to Wynne  
 If that I myght fynde a sleight  
 To laye al my state in weyght  
 I wold hym for the countre deserue  
 So that he come ayne ward neuer  
 Therfore I wyll be a wold fure  
 That he were on som wyse slayn  
 For whyle he stant in thyll place  
 He gett I not my lady grace  
 Thus hat I dedely thyll byr  
 And wold he stood in none cstrye  
 In place where my lady is  
 For yf he doo I wol wel this  
 That outhur he shal dye or I  
 Within a whyle & not for thy  
 On my lady ful of I muse  
 Do w that she may for felt cause  
 For yf that I dye in such a plyght  
 Me thyngketh she myght not be quyt  
 That she ne were an homycide  
 And yf it shold so becom  
 No god forde it shold be  
 By double wey it is ppe  
 For I with al my wyll & wyt  
 Haue prue & euer ferued yet  
 For when I shold in such a wyse  
 In a warding of my troupe  
 We dede me thyngketh it were routhe  
 And furthermore I alle the trouthe  
 Se that euer both he & I named  
 Were worthy than to be flamed  
 And of wson to be opiled  
 When with one word she myt an helid  
 A man & sufferth hym for to deye  
 A who sa we euer such a weye  
 A who sa we euer such a dystresse  
 Without ppe or gentylnesse  
 Without mercy or womanlike  
 That wol so quyte a man his mete  
 Whiche hath euer be to due to we  
 My good fadre yf yf we  
 Upon my tale alle me now  
 And I wol septe & helpe now  
 My sone attempte thy courage  
 For wath & let thyng bett assuage  
 For who so wol hym Underfonge

He may his geare abyde long  
 Or he of due he waspued  
 And eke also but yf it be wepued  
 That myght mocht thyng byfalle  
 That shold make a man to falle  
 For due that euer after ward  
 He durst he be thyrd ward  
 In hard wyces men gone so fast  
 And er they clymbe ouer them of  
 And men seyn of day that men wylth  
 And who so wylth alle be wylth  
 Ful of a he more the wylth bynke  
 Wylth it is to flite than synke  
 Wylth it is upon the byrd chylde  
 Than yf he fel & ouerthwylde  
 To wile & styllid in the myr  
 To ast wate in the myr  
 Wylth it is than burne by of the folle  
 The man which is malpous  
 And foolhast ful of a he fulketh  
 And sildy is a syn hee hym malketh  
 For thy litar is to suffer a throlle  
 Than to be wylde & ouer the wile  
 Suffaunce hath euer be the best  
 To wylth hym that sildy nst  
 And thus yf thou wylth hee sildy  
 My sone suffer as I the wile  
 What may the moue ayne the cat  
 And for thyll cause I alle that  
 Who may to due make a weye  
 That he ne hath hym self the weye  
 Loue owerd woe & euer shall  
 And who that fygth most of alle  
 What list conquer of his empyre  
 For this they tellen that syn wile  
 Wille is to stryue & haue the wile  
 To hasten is nought wylth a lere  
 Thyng that a man may not achue  
 That may not wel be done at eue  
 At more abyde tyll the mowre  
 He hast not thyne o wne sone we  
 My sone & take this in thy wile  
 He hath not lere that wel abith  
 Ensample that it fulketh thus  
 Thou myght wel take of Pannus  
 When he in hast his swerd out brought

And on the roght hem self slough  
 For due of Tyde pynnyly  
 For he hys Wymples fond bddp  
 And woude a better had her stagh  
 When as hym ought he ryght figh  
 For he was sauf ryght & fye  
 Out for he wold not abyce  
 This mischance felle for thy he warr  
 My sone as I the wome dar  
 Do now no thyng in such a woe  
 For sufferance is the wel of pre  
 Though thou to dures court purfwe  
 Put se it wel that thou este we  
 That thou the court not overcast  
 For so thou myght thy tyme wast  
 What pf thyne hap theris shap  
 It may not helpe for to rap  
 For for attmper thy courage  
 Foolfast doth none amauntage  
 What pf it fitt a man behnde  
 In cause of lue & that I fynde  
 By elde examples thou shalt see  
 Touchend of lue in this maner

¶ De punit Confessor Exemplum  
 contra illos qui in amoris causa  
 nimia festinatione concupiscentes tar  
 dius expediunt. Et narrat qualiter pro  
 eo qd Phebus quidam Virginem pul  
 chrissimam nomine Daphnem nimia  
 amoris auiditione insequebatur / Ja  
 cuo Cupido est Phebi sagitta aurea ig  
 nita ardensque valnerunt / Et contra  
 est Daphne quidam sagitta plumbea  
 que frigidiissima fuit solutus priorea  
 uit / Et sic quanto magis Phebus ar  
 dens in amorem daphnem persequit  
 ur quanto magis frigida pbe conu  
 ptescentiam dedignabatur

a Mayden Wyden ther Was one  
 Which daphne hys & such Was  
 none. Of bower than as it Was  
 sayd / Phe? his lue hath on hit laid

And thereupon to her he sought  
 In his foolfast & so he sought  
 That he with hym no wste had  
 For ever vpon hys due he gaudy  
 And he sayd ever vnto hym nay  
 So it byfelle vpon a day  
 Cuppe which hath every chaunce  
 Of lue vnder his gouernaunce  
 So we pbeus hasten hym so sore  
 And for hym shold haste the more  
 And yet not speden at the last  
 A dart thorough oute his hert he cast  
 Which was of gold & of a fyre  
 That made hym many fold desyre  
 Of lue more than he orde  
 To Daphne che in the same stede  
 A dart of leed he cast & smote  
 Which was of cold & no thyng hote  
 And thus Phebus in lue brunneth  
 And in hast aboute burneth  
 To lue pf that he myght Wynne  
 Thus Was he auct to begynne  
 For ever a wey fro hym he flied  
 So that he neuer his lue sped  
 And for to make hym ful byleue  
 That no foolfast myght actue  
 To geet lue in such degre  
 This Daphne in to a laurel tre  
 Was turned which is ever grene  
 In to lue as yet it may be fene  
 That se that dulle a mayden seyle  
 And pbeus faplen of his wyll  
 By such examples as they stonde  
 My sone thou myght vnderstonde  
 To hasten lue is thyng in thyng  
 When that fortune is ther ager  
 To take wter a man may lue  
 Good is & elles he moe lue  
 For when a mannes hapen faplen  
 Ther is no hast may auaylen  
 My fader graunt mercy of this  
 Out wyle I see my lady is  
 No tre but hold her offne forme  
 Ther may no man so informe  
 To wter dnt port fortune wende  
 That I vnto my lues ende

Ne Wold Ipe hinc cuerno  
 My sone Ipe it is so  
 I say no more: but in this me  
 I wold hald it with Iphus was  
 Nought only Ipe Iuce chauncer  
 But Ipe euery gouernaunce  
 Which falleth vnto mannes dede  
 Foolhast is euer for to dede  
 And that a man good counseyl take  
 Et he his purpose vnder take  
 For counseyl put foolhast alwey  
 No good fadre I go w purp  
 That for to wyffe the more  
 Somme good ensample Ipe the Ipe  
 Ipe Wold me telle of that is Ipe  
 That I the Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And the Ipe Ipe of counseyl Ipe  
 My sone that thou Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Thy Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Of old ensamples as they telle  
 Now vnderstand what I shal telle

¶ Ixonit Confessor Exemplum  
 contra istos qui nimio furor at-  
 tansi vindictam in sue vltima q̄ deat  
 consequi affectant. Et narrat qualiter  
 Athemas et Demepson Reges cum  
 ipsi a bello Troiano ad propria rētes  
 assent. Et alius ibidem pacifice tractati  
 non fuissent congregati aliunde pug-  
 natum exaratu regiones suas non  
 solum vastare incendio sed et omni in ei-  
 usdem habitantes a minimo usq̄ ad ma-  
 iorem in perpetuam vindictę memoriā  
 gladio interficere feruore iracundię pro-  
 posuerunt. Sed Rex Nestor qui senex  
 et sapiens fuit tractat⁹ inter ipsos re-  
 ges et eorum regna iuncta pax huius-  
 modi impetuositate in mīcus pacifica-  
 uit/

¶ Den noble Troy was belym  
 And ouercome & some ager  
 The gogore turned fro f siege

The Iynges sonde Ipe o Ipe Iynges  
 In many place as men sepe  
 That Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Among the which Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 To Demepson & Athemas  
 That Ipe Iynges Ipe Ipe  
 And both Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Iynges Wold not Ipe Ipe  
 So that they more algate Ipe  
 To Ipe Ipe in other place  
 For Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Wherof they Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And eche of Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 To Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 To Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 To Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 That they Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ne Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ne Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Which Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 So that no Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 But Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 In Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 When Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Among Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Of Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Of Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 As Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 And Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 To Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Thus Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 Of Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 But Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 The Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 As Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 So that anone Ipe Ipe Ipe  
 That was a Ipe Ipe Ipe



The dedes he to geder come  
 This Demerphes & Anthemas  
 Her purposen tolden as it was  
 They ston al styde & stude  
 Was none but Nestor answerte  
 He had hem yf they wold wyne  
 They holden see or they begynne  
 Her ende & set her fyre entent  
 That they hem after ne want  
 And aghen hem this questyon  
 To what spual conclusyon  
 They wolden feyne knynges there  
 If that no peple in lunde were  
 And seyth it were a wonder word  
 To hem a knyng bycomen an herd  
 Where no luf is but only lyste  
 Under the bygaunce of his lyste  
 For who that is of man no knyng  
 The remanant is as no thyng  
 He seyth eke yf he the purposen holds  
 To see the peple as they tbo wolde  
 When they it myght not wste  
 At gret it shold be aby ful fort  
 To see the wyte lyste wone  
 Where bypome duell poy a mane sone  
 And for that cause he had hem tere  
 And stonde of the manars gret  
 Where is to wyne by faye speche  
 He seyth than such a vengeaunce seche  
 For when a man is moost aboute  
 Hym neyth moost to gete hym lue  
 When Nestor hath this tale sayd  
 Arne hym was no word withsayd  
 It thought hem al he sayd wel  
 And thus fortune her drete wret  
 For were turneth in to pree  
 But forth they wend neithers  
 Out when the Countreys lerd hem  
 And to the lere knynges he lern  
 Of such a wyte as they lad  
 Was none so lold that hym ne had  
 And for to seche pree & arneth  
 They sende & weyd forth wryth  
 So that the knynges hem aghen  
 And every mannes lert is esey  
 At was forget & not recorde

And thus they hem to geder accorded  
 The knynges were agne wayned  
 And pree was take & wach weyued  
 And al thorough counseyl which was  
 goode/ Of hym that wson vnderstood  
 By this ensample sone atampre  
 They lert & lere no wyl dystemper  
 They wete & do no thyng by myght  
 Which may be do by lue & ryght  
 Foolhast is cause of moche wo  
 For thy my sone do not so  
 And as touchend of Rompcepe  
 Which toucheth vnto lues spece  
 Fulste it falleth vnaupseyd  
 Thurgh wil which is not wel assayed  
 When wyl & wson hem alwey  
 And that foolhast is in the wey  
 Whereof hath falle gret vengeaunce  
 For thy take in to remembraunce  
 To lue in such a maner wyl  
 That thou defene no iurpe  
 For wel I wote thou myght not lett  
 That thou ne shalt thy lert sett  
 To lue where thou wost or none  
 But yf thy wyl be ouergone  
 So that it come in to malice  
 There wote noman of thy lert  
 What perple that there maye byfalle  
 Whereof a tale amanges alle  
 Which is gret pte for to lert  
 I thanke for to tellyn lert  
 That thou such moche myt wyl  
 When y the tale hast vnderstode

Die ponit Confessor Exemplum co  
 tra illos ob sue concupiscentie desideriu  
 homicide efficiuntur Et narrat qualiter  
 Clamestus Dux Regis Agamemnonis  
 cum ipse a bello Troiano domi redisset  
 confilio Egisti quem adulteru uxoris  
 sui sponsum suum in cubili dormientis  
 sub noctis silencio trucidabat cuius mor  
 tem filius eius Horreus tunc iunioris  
 etatis postea diis admonitus crudelissi  
 ma severitate vindicauit

If wot at thyll noble toun  
 Whos fame first yet of renown  
 And euer shal to mannes ere  
 The hyge laste long there  
 Er that the garkes it myght Wynne  
 While Priamus Was kyng withynne  
 Out of the garkes that lye about  
 Agamenon lad at the wout  
 This thyng is knowen ourtal  
 Out yet I thynke in speccal  
 To telle my mater thereupon  
 In what Wyse Agamenon  
 Throug chaunce which may not be  
 Weined. Of due vnto Was deuyed  
 An old sawe is to that is seke  
 In place where he may be nyke  
 He maketh the fere lef both  
 Of due & thus fulost it goth  
 Thet Wyse Agamenon batayllyth  
 To Wynne Troy & it assayllyth  
 From home & Was long tyme there  
 Egeus drough his quene new  
 And With the lyster which he had  
 This lady at his Wyll he lad  
 Elmyser Was her ryght name  
 She Was therof greatly to blame  
 To due there it may not lasee  
 But fel to meschys at the laste  
 For when this worthy noble knyght  
 Fro Troy cam the fyre nyght  
 That he at home a fed lase  
 Egeus long or it Was daye  
 And this Elmyser had hym assent  
 And Weren bothe of one essent  
 By trefon slough hym in his bed  
 But mordre which may not ben led  
 Sprong out to euerp mans ere  
 Whereof the lond Was ful of fere  
 Agamenon bathy this quene  
 A Sone/ & that Was after scue  
 But yet as than he Was of youthe  
 A bafe which no trefon couthe  
 And as god Wold it fel hym thus  
 A worthy knyght Taltakus  
 This yong child had in keepyng  
 And when he herd of this tydyng

Of this trefon of this mystere  
 He gan within hym self to drede  
 In aunter of this sale Egster  
 Upon hym come as he it Wylde  
 To take mordre of this malper  
 This child which he bath to noper  
 And for that cause in al last  
 Out of the lond he gan hym baste  
 And to f king of grece he goth strauyt  
 And hym this yong lad brought  
 And payd hym for his fadre sake  
 That he this child Wold vnderake  
 And kept hym tyl he be of age  
 So as he Was of his bygnage  
 And told hym ourtal the cas  
 Do that his fadre mordre Was  
 And to Egeus as men seye  
 Was kyng to Rome the lond oseye  
 And when Idonemus the kyng  
 Bath vnderstondyng of this thyng  
 Which that this knyght hym had tolde  
 He made sorowe many folde  
 And took the child vnto his Warte  
 And sayd he Wold hym keep & Warte  
 Tyl that he Wren of such a myght  
 To handle a swerd & be a knyght  
 To lenger hym at his owne Wyll  
 And thus Dorester duellith stille  
 Sucke Was the childes ryght name  
 Which after Wrought moche shame  
 In kengeaunce of his fadre with  
 The tyme of yere ouer goth  
 That he Was man of bice & lenger  
 Of Wyt of manhood & of strengthe  
 A fayr persone amongre alle  
 And he gan to clepe & calle  
 As he which come Was to man  
 Vnto the kyng of grece than  
 Purpnd that he Wold hym make  
 A knyght & power with hym take  
 For lenger Wold he not bylue  
 He sayth but pynth the kyng of due  
 To gone & elyme his byrtage  
 And lenger hym of thyll outtage  
 Which Was vnto his fadre do  
 The kyng assenteth wel thereto

With grete honour & knyt hym mas  
 keth/ And grete power With hym he  
 taketh/ And ga his iourney for to cast  
 So that Doctores at the last  
 He leue he taketh & forth he goth  
 He he that Was in herte wroth  
 His frent pleynt to he mene  
 Wnto the Cyte of Athens  
 He goth hym forth & Was wayward  
 So then he Was nought waryard  
 The duk & the that Wren Wylf  
 They profen hym to his scruple  
 And he them thanketh of theyr profen  
 And sayd hym self he wol gone offer  
 Wnto the goddess for his spece  
 And al men prue hym wde  
 So goth he Wnto the Temple forth  
 Of iustice that he mocht Wreth  
 His sacrifice & his offring  
 He made & after his agnyng  
 He Was answered yf that he wold  
 His esche than wouer he shold  
 Wpon his moder do vengeaunce  
 So cruel that the remembraunce  
 Therof myght curt abyde  
 He he that Was an Dompceye  
 And of her owne lode Mondye  
 Doctores Which of thet offere  
 Was no thyng glad as than he prayd  
 Wnto the goddess then & sayd  
 That they the Jugement deuyse  
 He to she shal take the iuge  
 And thereupon he had answer  
 That he hys paynes shold of her  
 Out of her burst his owne honde  
 And for ensample of al londes  
 With hore she shold he to dwelle  
 Tyl honde had her bones gnawe  
 Withoute ony sepulture  
 This Was a woful aventure  
 And Wren Doctores both al herd  
 How that the goddess haue answered  
 With such the strengthe Which he had  
 The duk & his wder he had  
 And to a cyte forth they gone  
 The Which Was clud Cephene

Wnt as Ophius Was led & spu  
 Which profen hym Withoute hym  
 His kete & al that he may do  
 He he that Was ryght glad therw  
 To geue his mortal enemy  
 And wde hym cartayne cause why  
 How that Egypte in marpage  
 His daughter Whydome of ful age  
 Forlap & after wardy forfode  
 Wnt he Doctores moder toke

Men seyne old synne newe shame  
 Thus more & more awse the blame  
 Myne Egypt on euery spe  
 Doctores With his hoost to ryde  
 Wgan & Ophius With hym went  
 I to the Egypte shal hym wnt  
 They ryden forth Wnto Myne  
 Then lay Cymestre thyll quene  
 The Which Doctores moder is  
 And Wren she herd alle of this  
 The gates Wren fast shet  
 And they Wren of her entre lett  
 Anone this Cyte Was Withoute  
 Wleyn & beseged al about  
 And curt it among assaile  
 For day to nyght & so trouayle  
 Tyl at last they it wonne  
 Tho Was there ynough lagonne  
 Doctores dyd his modre calle  
 Anone to fore the lorde alle  
 And eke to fore the peple also  
 To her & wld his tale tho  
 And sayd O cruel best Unkynde  
 How myghtest thou thyn herte fynde  
 For ony lust of lures draught  
 That thou acordst to the slaught  
 Of hym Which Was thyne owne lode  
 Thy tason stant of such wrode  
 Thou myght thy Werkes not forsake  
 So moche I for my fader sake  
 Wengraunce Wpon thy body do  
 He I commanded am therw  
 Wnkynde for thou hast it wought  
 Wnkynde for it shal be lought  
 The sone shal the modre she  
 For that Whydome thou saydest y



That thou shouldest nay haue sayd  
 And he with þe his honden bath sayde  
 Wpon his moder burst anone  
 And went out from the barre done  
 Her paynes bothe e cast a way  
 A myddes in the cart way  
 And after took the dede corpe  
 And her it he dealede a way with þis  
 Wnto the bound e to the Raum  
 She was none other wyse gorum  
 Egypus which was clere when  
 Tydnges come to his ere  
 Dold that Myrcnes was bydyn  
 But what was more herd he not feryn  
 With gret manace e mochel loss  
 He troughe power e made an host  
 And cam in the tuscous of the Toun  
 But at the streghth of this tuseyn  
 Darestes wylt it by a feryn  
 And of his men a gret partye  
 He made abussment abyde  
 To wayte on hym in such a tyde  
 That he myght her fond escape  
 And in this wyse as he hath shap  
 The thyng byfel so that Egypus  
 Was take as he hym self it wyfte  
 And was forth brougt his hodes bode  
 And when men haue a taryour folde  
 And the that were with hym take  
 Which of wryen were ouertake  
 To geder in one stender falk  
 But falk Egypus about hym alke  
 Was damed in dyuers pyne  
 The worst that men couthe caryne  
 And soo after by the laide  
 He was into the gyfet deade  
 Where he about all other songeth  
 As to a taryour it bylongeth  
 The same of þer styft bynges  
 About falk e bar tydnges  
 And made it couthe in al londes  
 How that Darestes with his honden  
 Clymester his owne moder slough  
 Somme feryn he dede wel enough  
 And somme feryn he dyde amys  
 pures oppnyon ther is

That she is dede they speken alle  
 But perynly hold it is byfalle  
 The maier in so tyde the we  
 In foch they myght noman knowe  
 But they that were at the dede  
 And comonlyche at cury nede  
 The worst spech is wiffest herd  
 And leued tyt it be answeryd  
 The kynges e the londes gret  
 Begonne Darestes for to thynke  
 To putyn hym out of his wyne  
 He is not worthy for to wyne  
 The child which slough his moder soe  
 They sayde e thereupon also  
 The londes of comon assent  
 The tyme sett of parliament  
 And to Alenspe kyng e herd  
 To gedercome of one amyd  
 To knowe how the fette was  
 So that Darestes in this cas  
 They senden after e they come  
 Kyng Menclay the wordes nome  
 And ageth hym of this maier  
 And he that at it myght her  
 Answerd e told his tale at large  
 And how the goddes in his charge  
 Commaundyd hym in such a wyse  
 His owne fond to do iuste  
 With this tale a duk awys  
 Which was a worthy knyght of lye  
 His name was Monestaus  
 And sayd into the londes thus  
 The worst which Darestes dede  
 It was thyng of the goddes lye  
 And no thyng of his cunel  
 And yf thou were of ony tyme  
 In al this place such a knyght  
 That wol feryn it was no tyght  
 I wol it with my lode poun  
 And thereupon he cast his goun  
 And eke this noble duk Alenspe  
 Put many another styde he feryde  
 He had wel defened wiche  
 Feryt for the cause of spouse wiche  
 And after brougt in such a wyse  
 That at the wiche it ought agryde

When that she for so foul a bryn  
Was of her owne bad Mordyn  
Thy spyn of sylle & bryn  
But there was noman answere  
It ought hym alle to sayd sylle  
There is noman wyllyng it wylle  
When they upon the wyllyng musyn  
Donesse alle they wyllyng  
So that with gude solompyns  
He was into his dymyns  
Reapyn & crownyn kynyn  
And tho byfel a wonder thynyn  
Egona when she it wylle  
Whiche was the daughter of Ege  
And fustyn on the moder spyn  
To the donesse at thepyn spyn  
When she herd to his broder spyn  
For purfowle which he led  
That he had syn aplyd  
She toke her owne lyp beglyd  
Anone & finge her self tho  
It hath & that he curtno  
To marder wylly that wol assente  
He may not fayne to repente  
This fuls Egona was one  
Whiche to marder Agamone  
Pauke her oord & her assente  
So that by goddes Jugement  
Though none other man it wolde  
She toke her iure as she sholde  
And as she to another wrought  
Wengraunyn upon her self she thought  
And hath of her vnhapp wylle  
A marder with a marder quylle  
Such is of marder the vngreunyn

For thy my sone in remembrance  
Of this ensample take good heed  
For who that thynketh his due spede  
With marder he that with wyllyng shal  
me/hym self & alle his due shame

My fader of this auentur  
Whiche I have told I go w assure  
My sone that is for to be  
But only for I wold be  
What is to done & what to lue  
And ouer this by your lue

That I me wold alle I pur  
If there be lesul ony bryn  
Without synne a man to the  
my sone in fondyn wylle  
What man that is of Taryge  
Of marder or elles Robbery  
Attyn the iuge shal not be  
But he shal steen of purfowle  
And doth gude spyn of that he wold  
For who that laue hath syn honde  
And sparyth for to do justyn  
For mercy doth not his offyn  
That he his mercy so he wylle  
When for one sheweth which he sparyth  
A thousand good may he gryneth  
Whiche such mercy as who f bilyueth  
To please god he is deapyn  
O: elles marder wyllyng he wylle  
The laue stood as he wylle  
Do what a kynges word is for  
In synne that he shal defende  
His peple & make an ende  
Of such as wolden hem deuour  
So thus my sone to secoure  
The laue & comyn ryght to wyne  
A man may lue without synne  
And shew a gude abynesse  
So for to kepe ryght wylle  
And ouer this for this contr  
In tyme of wylle a man is for  
Hym self his honys & alle his honde  
Defende with his owne honde  
And slayne of that he maye no let  
After the laue which is set

Now fadre than I you byseche  
Of hym that dedely wylle seche  
In wylle cause & shewen wylle  
If such an hompyn is good

Confessor

My sone upon thy questyon  
The trouthe of myn opynyon  
Also herforth as my wylle arde  
And as the pleyn laue arde  
I wold the alle in eyden  
To rule with thy confynce

I 2

Quod erat ipse deus neal hoc hominada  
creatum / Colat: e humano sanguine sp  
git humum / Colat: sic est hominis  
auro: seu hō fusus / Victa iacet pietas  
e furor: Verget opus / Angelus in ter:  
in pay digut e Ultima Cisti: Verba so  
nent pacem quam m: guerra fugat

Hic sequitur contra motore guer:  
re que non solum hominadi sed vniuer  
se mundi desolacionis mater existit

De hyge god of his iustice  
That yllie foule horrible byr  
Of Dompce he hath forsake

By moyses as it was seide  
Wh n goddes sone also was seide  
He sente his Angel downe therfore  
Whome the shepherdes arde syng  
Wees to the men of Belwyllynge  
In erthe among vs here  
So for to speke in this matre  
Afar the laue of charge  
There shal no dayly weete be  
And eke nature it hath defende  
And in hyr laue wee comended  
Which is the chyr of mannes welthe  
Of mannes lye of mannes helthe  
But deadly weete hath this couyne  
Of pestilence e of famyne  
Of pouerte e of al woo  
Wherof this world we blame so  
Which now the weete hath vnderfote  
Tyl god hym self therof do wote  
For al thyng which god hath wrouzt  
In erthe weete it byngeth to nought  
The churche is bent the prest is slayn  
The wyf the mayde is eke forlorn  
The lawe is lord e god vnserued  
I not what mede he hath deserued  
That such weetes leueth inne  
If that he do it for to wynn  
Fyrst to accompt his grete cost  
Forth with the folk that he hath lost  
As to the worldes wrenyng  
There shal he synde no wynnynge

And yf he do it to purchase  
The brum mede of such a grete  
I can not speke nethelss  
E yst hath commaunded: due e pen  
And who that woueth the werte  
I twode his mood is ful dyuerse  
And sythen that we fynde  
The weetes in her othe kynde  
Wen towarde god: of no deserte  
And eke they byngyn in pouerte  
Of worldes good it is merueyle  
Among the men what it maye eyle  
That they be a prece ne conne sei  
I twode synne he the sei  
And euery mede of synne is deth  
So wote I neuer how it geth  
But we that he of one hynde  
Among our self this world: I haue  
That better it were prece to chese  
Than so by double weete lise  
I not yf that it now so stonde  
But this a man may vnderstonde  
Who that these old lures wote  
That one is Couetyse which leueth  
And brought the fyrst weetes inne  
At grete yf that I shal begynne  
There was it proued how it stood  
To perse which was ful of good  
They madyen weete in especial  
And soo they dyden ouerall  
Wher grete rycheesse was in hand  
So that they left no thyng stond  
On weete but only Archade

Nota q grati omnem auram detul  
labant fertilis sed tantum Archadia  
pro eo q pauper et stertis fuit pacis  
dimiserunt

For then they no weetes made  
By cause it was barren e werte  
Wherof they myght not werte  
And thus werte was forlorn  
He y nought had: nought: hath he  
But yet it is a wonder thyng  
When that a ryche wouthe kynde



O: other had What so he be  
 Wol age & claspine propriete  
 In thyng which he hath no right  
 That only of his grette myght  
 For this may every man wel wyte  
 That lothe kynge & lakke wyte  
 Expressely stonde there agene  
 That he more nedes somewhat seyn  
 At thought, there be no wson pene  
 Which seke cause is for to wyne  
 For yet that his wyl oppressed  
 Wym couetise hym both wressed  
 And al wson put a wep  
 He can wel fynde such a wep  
 To wete where as euer he lyeth  
 Whereof that he the word entreth  
 That many a man of hym cōpleyneth  
 But yet al wep somme cause he seyneth  
 And of his wrongful dett hath demed  
 That al is wel that cure hym seined  
 So he may wyne pough  
 For as the trewe man to the plough  
 Only to the gawgnage entredeth  
 Right so the weepour dyspandeth  
 His tyme & hath no conscience  
 And in this point for curdener  
 Of hem that such wettes make  
 Thou myght a grette ensample take  
 How they hve tynnyng waulen  
 Of that they wrongful wettes wsen  
 And they stonde of one acord  
 The soudpout forth with the word  
 The pour man forth with the word  
 As of courage they ben lyke  
 To make wettes & to pple  
 For lute & for none other stype  
 Whereof a proppr tale I wete  
 As it whyleme byfell in wete

It declauit per Exemplum cō:  
 6 tra istos panapros seu alios quos  
 aung illiata guerre motu: Et nar:  
 tat de quodam Pirata in partib9 mari  
 nis spoliator/qui cum captus fuisset.  
 & in iudiciū coram Rege Alexans

dro productus & de latrocinio accusat9  
 dixit/O Alexandre tu quia cum pau  
 cis socijs spoliatorum causa naues tantū  
 expleo. ego latrocinio tuor. tu autē  
 quia cum infinita bellatorum multitu  
 dine vniuersam terram subiugando  
 spoliasti. Imperator dixit/Ita q̄ sta  
 tus tuus a statu meo differt/ sed eodē  
 animo condicionem paralem habemus  
 Alexander teo eius audaciam in res  
 pensione comprobans pnes se familiā  
 arm retinuit/ Et sic bellicosus bellato:  
 ri complacuit

¶ hym at this erthe dead  
 o Wym he the world so ouerlad  
 Thurgh wettes as it fortunad  
 is/ Kyng Alphonse I wete this  
 How in a marche where he lay  
 It felle par chaunce vpon a day  
 A Rouer of the see was nom:  
 Which many a man had overcome  
 And slayn & take for good a waye  
 This wylour as the folke saye  
 A famous man in sondry seide  
 Was of the worldes which he wete  
 This personer afore the kyng  
 Was brought & thenspon this thyng  
 In audyence was he accused  
 And he his wete hath nought waulen  
 And praid the kyng to done hym right  
 And seyd/ Sye yf I were of myght  
 I haue an lret lyke vnto thyng  
 For yf thy power were myn  
 My wyle is moost in especyal  
 To ryste & to grette ouerall  
 The large worldes good aboute  
 But for I lide a pourte rout  
 And am as who sayth at meschynf  
 The name of wylour & of thref  
 I be/ & thou which Rouer grette  
 Maye lide & take thy lyte  
 And dost right as I wold doo  
 Thy name is nothyng clerd so  
 But thou art named Emperour  
 Our wetes ben of one colour  
 And in effect of one deserte

But thy Ryckesse & my puerth  
 They be not taken even lyke  
 And nethelisse he that is ryche  
 This day to morowe he may by puerth  
 And in contrary also recover  
 A puer man to grete ryche  
 Men syn for thy ryght wysenes  
 We prayd aye in the balaunce  
 The kyng his hardy contraunce  
 Betwixte & his wordes wyse  
 And sayd vnto hym in this wyse  
 Thyne answere I haue vnderstonde  
 Wherof my wyl is that thou stonde  
 In my seruice & styll abide  
 And forth with al the same tyde  
 He hath hym arme of lye withholde  
 The more & for he shal holde  
 He made hym knyght & gaf hym lend  
 Which after ward was of his hond  
 An ordynary knyght in many a fiede  
 And grete prowesse of armes dede  
 As the Cronycle it warden  
 And in this wyse they accorden  
 The which of one and yeyon  
 We sett vpon destruction  
 Suche Capytayne suche warden  
 But for to see what issue  
 The kyng befall yth at the laste  
 In his grete wondre what man caste  
 Her he vt vpon suche wrong to Wynne  
 Where no fere may be inne  
 And doth dysce on every syde  
 But when reson is pnt a syde  
 And wylle governeth the courage  
 The fauour with that shal damage  
 And suffreth no thyng in the weye  
 Wherof that he may take his prey  
 Is not more set vpon raigne  
 Than yll man which his couyne  
 Hath set in suche maner wyse  
 For al the world ne man suffreth  
 To wyl which is not resonable  
 Wherof ensample concordable  
 Lyke to this poynt of which I mene  
 Was vpon Alexander sene  
 Which had set al his entent

# Like Tercius

So as fortune with hym went  
 That the a son myght hym not gouerne  
 Out of his wylle he was so sterne  
 That al the world he ouertan  
 And what hym lyf he took & gan  
 In iude the supertour  
 When that he was ful conquerour  
 And had his wylful purpose wonne  
 Of al this erthe vnder the sonne  
 This kyng homeward to Moordene  
 When that he cam to Babiloyne  
 And vnder moost in his empyre  
 As he which was lord & syr  
 In honour for to be rewarded  
 Moost sodenly he was decayed  
 And with strong porson enuyned  
 And as he hath the world mystimed  
 Not as he shold with his wyl  
 Not as he shold it was acquyt  
 Thus was he slayn of whome slough  
 And he which ryche was ynough  
 This day to morowe had nought  
 And in such wyse as he was brought  
 In dyschaunce of worldes ptes  
 His wete he fonde than endles  
 In which for aier dyscomfete  
 He was so no wyl for what proufete  
 Of wete it is lye for to ryde  
 For courtysse & worldes pryde  
 To see the worldes men aboute  
 As lyses which gone ther oute  
 For on lyf which a son can  
 Ought wel to knowe that a man  
 He shold thorough no tyrannye  
 Lyke to these ether lyses dy  
 Tyl kynde wold for hym sende  
 I not so wyl it myght amende  
 Which taketh a wey for aymore  
 The lyf that he may not wete  
 For thy my sone in al weye  
 We wel auyded I the pryde  
 Of slaught or that thou be culpable  
 Without cause resonable  
 My kynde vnderstonde it is  
 That I haue sayd but ouer this  
 I pray you telle me nay or y

To passe ouer the gate for  
 To weete & see a Samaritan  
 To that the lattu bone men  
 To preche & suffer for the feyth  
 That I haue herd the gospel seyth  
 But for to see that he I nought  
 Crist with his owne deith hath bought  
 Al other men & made hem free  
 In tolne of purgyn charge  
 And after that he taught hym selue  
 With he was dede these other t'elue  
 Of his apostles went about  
 The holy feyth to preche out  
 Wherof the deith in sondry place  
 They suffer & so god of his grace  
 The feyth of Crist hath made arys  
 Out of theyr world in ocher wyse  
 Wher we haue bought in the crucifix  
 It had yet stonde in balauce  
 And that may prouen in the dede  
 For what man the Cronicles t'ede  
 First that holy church hath wepued  
 To preche & hath the swerd wepued  
 Wherof the weetes he begonne  
 A gret part of that was wonne  
 Of Cristes feyth stant now myssent  
 God doo thew amendment  
 So as he wrote what is the best  
 But sone of thou wylt lye in rest  
 Of consens Wel assayed  
 Et that thou slye he Wel auged  
 For man as t'ellen do the clerkes  
 Hath god about al erthely werkes  
 Ordyned to be principal  
 And eke of soule in speccal  
 He is made lyche to the godhede  
 So spt it wel to taken hede  
 And for to lye on euery syde  
 Et that thou fallye in sompeyde  
 Which synne is now so general  
 That it Wel ny stant ducal  
 In holy church & elles wher  
 But al the whyle it is so ther  
 The world more nede farr ampe  
 For wher the world of p'p'te is  
 Though countreys of worldes good

Defouled with shedyng of blood  
 The remnant of folk about  
 Onneche stonden in ony doute  
 To weete eche other & to slye  
 So is it al not worth a slye  
 The charge wherof we prechen  
 For we do no thyng as we t'echen  
 And thus the blynde consens  
 Of prece hath lste thyll consens  
 Which crist baon the erthe taught  
 Now may me see moorde & manstauzt  
 Eyth as is by dayes olde  
 Whan may the synnes bought & sold  
 In gret afoze Cristes feyth  
 I t'ede as the Cronicle feyth  
 Touchend of this mat'r thus  
 In thylk tyme how p'leus  
 His owne broder Phocas stough  
 But he had gold ynough  
 To them his synne was dyspensyd  
 With gold wherof it was compensyd  
 Achast? which with Venus was  
 Her pryncesse assopled in that cas  
 Al were there no repentaunce  
 And as the folkes make remembraunce  
 It t'elth of Medes also  
 Of that she stough her soncs t'wo  
 Egas in the same plyt  
 Hath made hys of hys synne quyt  
 The sonc eke of Amphipomus  
 Whos ryght name Almeus was  
 His moder stough Eryphile  
 But Achyls the prest & he  
 So as the folkes it wroden  
 For certayne somme of gold accorden  
 That thylk horryble synful dede  
 Assopled was & thus for mede  
 Of worldes goode it fallyth ofte  
 That sompeyde is set adfste  
 Her in this l'p but after this  
 Ther shal he knowe how that it is  
 Of hem that suche thynges wreche  
 And how also that holy church  
 Let suche synnes passe quyt  
 How they wol hem acquyte  
 Of dedly weetes that they make



For who that Wold ensample take  
 The lawe & hiche is naturall  
 By weye of kynde the weth wel  
 That homycide in no degre  
 Whiche wereth ayne charyte  
 Among men shold not duelle  
 For asfar that the folkes alle  
 To seke in al the world ryde  
 Men shal not fynde one his lyde  
 No best that wyl take his prey  
 And spth kynde hath such a weye  
 Than it is wondre of a man  
 Whiche kynde hath & rson can  
 That he wol eyther more or lasse  
 His kynde & rson ouerpasse  
 And see that is to hym semblable  
 So is the man not resonable  
 He kynde & that is net honeste  
 When he is worse than a best

Nota secundum Solinum contra ho-  
 micidium de natura cuiusdam aui fa-  
 ciam ad similitudinem humanam ha-  
 sentis qui cum de preda sua hominem  
 iuxta fluvium occidit. Vident q in a-  
 qua simile sibi occisum statim pro delo-  
 re moritur

Mong the folkes Which I finde  
 a Solin<sup>9</sup> spaketh of a wode kinde  
 And seith of foules th<sup>is</sup> is on  
 Whiche hath a face of blood & bone  
 Whiche to a man in ressemblance  
 And yf it falle hym so par chaunce  
 As he Whiche is a foule of prey  
 That he a man fynde in his way  
 He Wold hym see yf that he may  
 But after Ward the same day  
 When he hath eten al his felle  
 And that shal he bespe a welle  
 In Whiche he wol depnte take  
 In Whiche visage he seeth the make  
 That he hath slayne anone he thynketh  
 Of his mysdoe & it forthynketh

So greatly that for purt fowles  
 He lyeth not tyl on the morowe  
 By this ensample it may wel se be  
 That men shal homycide eschewe  
 For ever is mercy good to take  
 Out yf the lawe it hath forsaie  
 And that Justice is th<sup>er</sup> agaynt  
 Ynt oostyme I have herd sygne  
 Amonges that werres hadden  
 That they somwhyte for cause laden  
 By mercy When they myght have slayn  
 Wherof that they were asfar fayne  
 And sone yf that thou wolt wode  
 The vertu of mysericorde  
 Thou sege never thyll place  
 Where it was used last grace  
 For every lawe & every kynde  
 The mannes wyt to mercy kynde  
 And namely the worthy knyghtes  
 When they stonde moost spyghtes  
 And ben most myghty for to greve  
 Th<sup>er</sup> sholden thenne most wileve  
 Hym Whome they myghten overthowe  
 As by ensample may men knowe

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum de  
 pietate contra homicidium/ Et narrat  
 qualiter Achilles una cum Thersibol  
 filio suo contra Regem Mese qui tunc  
 Thener vocabatur bellum inierunt/ Et  
 cum Achilles dictum Regem in bello  
 prostratum occidere voluisset/ Thersibol  
 pietate motus ipsum Elpeo cooptiens  
 veniam pro Rege a patre postulavit. p  
 quo facto ipse Rex adhuc vivens Ther-  
 sibalum Regni sui heredem libere volu-  
 tate constituit

¶ E may not faylen of his mede  
 That hath mercy for this I wi-  
 de. In a Cronycle I fynd thus  
 When Achilles with Telapbus  
 Dis sone to Ward Troye went  
 It fel hem as they come th<sup>er</sup>  
 Ayne Thucer the kyng of Mese

To make battes & for to leste  
 Doe lend as they that wolde wene  
 And Thruar put out of his wene  
 Thus the marches they assaile  
 Out Thruar pas to hem bataple  
 They foughen on lothe spere faste  
 But so happeth at the laste  
 This waych galle Achilles  
 The kyng among al othe ches  
 As he that was cruel & felle  
 With swerd on hond on hym he felle  
 And smote hym with a dethes wounde  
 That he bathard fel to grounde  
 Achilles vpon hym alight  
 And wold anon as he wold myght  
 Haue slayn hym in the place  
 But Thyrphalus his fadre graue  
 For hym besought & for pye  
 Prayd that he wold lye hym be  
 And cast his sheld bytene hem two  
 Achilles ag:th hym why so  
 And Thyrphalus his cause tolde  
 And seyth that he is moche holde  
 For whylome Thruar in a fere  
 Gatte graue & socour to hym dede  
 And sayth that he hym wold acquyte  
 And prayd his fadre to respite  
 Achilles tho withdrough his hond  
 But al the power of the lond  
 When y they sawe hyr kyng thus take  
 They fere & hath the fere forsake  
 The galle vnto the chas felle  
 And for the moost part alle  
 Of that countre the lorde grete  
 They took & wonne a grete lere  
 And anon after this spectore  
 The kyng whiche had memory  
 Woon the grete mercy thought  
 Whiche thylaphus toward hym wrouyt  
 And in presence of al the lorde  
 He took hym fure by the honde  
 And in this wyse he gan to sepe  
 My sone I moche by double wepe  
 Loue & desyre hym encrece  
 Gyle for thy fadre Achilles  
 Whylome ful many a day or this

When I shold fere ampe  
 Rescoue vnd in my quare  
 And kepe al myn estate in he  
 Wold so ther felle nold dystaune  
 Among vs yet remembraunce  
 I haue of mercy whiche he dede  
 Than & thou nold in this fere  
 Of gentenes & of fraunchesse  
 Hast do mercy the same I gesse  
 So wol I not that ony tyme  
 We lost of that thou hast do byme  
 For so w so thi fortune felle  
 Yet stant my trust abouen alle  
 For the mercy whiche I nold fynde  
 That thou wolt after this be kynde  
 And for that such is myn espre  
 And for my sone & for myn lere  
 I the wraue & al my lond  
 I geue & lese in to thy honde  
 And in this wyse they accorde  
 The cause was myfpercorde  
 The lorde do her obfai:nce  
 To Thylaphus & purueaunce  
 Was made so that he was crowned  
 And thus was mercy requerdoned  
 Whiche he to Thruar dyde to fore  
 Loo this ensample is made ther fore  
 That thou myght take remembraunce  
 My sone & when thou seest a chaunce  
 Of othe mens passyon  
 Take pye & compassyon  
 And let no thyng to the be lef  
 Whiche to another man is greif  
 And after this yf thou desyre  
 To stonde aune the byt of Ite  
 Counseyl the wiche pacynce  
 And take in to thy consence  
 Mercy to be thy gournour  
 So shalt thou fynde no manour  
 Whtof thy lere shal debate  
 With homycorde ne with hate  
 For chere or melancolye  
 Thou shalt be softe in compayn  
 Withouth contrail or foolhoft  
 For ell esmyght thou lere wast  
 Thy tyme or that thou haue thy wyle

Liber Tertius

Of due for the Wedder stille  
Men pryse & blame the amptes  
My fadre I wol do your listes  
And of this point y haue me taught  
Toward my self the bettir saught  
I thanke & praye while that I lyue  
But for as moche as I am shyne  
Of wythe & al his circumstaunce  
Yeue that y lyf to my penaunce  
And age forther of my lyf  
Yf other wyse I be gytyf  
Of ony thyng that toucheth synne  
My soue or he departe a synne  
I shal behynde no thyngge lene  
A mane

My good fadre with your due  
Than age forth what you lyfse  
For I haue in you such tryste  
As y that be my soule hile  
That ye fro me nothyng wol hile  
For I shal take you the trouthe  
My soue art thou culpable of schuthe  
In ony point which to hym lengereth  
My fadre of the pointes me lengereth  
To wyte playnly what they mene  
So that I maye me shryue clene  
Now berke I shal p pointes deuyse  
And vnderstonde wel myn appryse  
For shryfte stant of no lalue  
To hym that wol hym not vertue  
To lue of vices the folpe  
For Wynd is word but the maystrye  
Ye that a man hym self defende  
Of thyng which is not to comende  
Wherof Ien fewe now a daye  
And netheles so as I may  
make vnto thy memorye knowe  
The pointes of schuthe y shal knowe

Explicit Liber Tertius

Inapit liber quartus

Deit occidia fou nutuam  
aeth/Tempt & in cunctis tar  
da q lenda bonis / Que fieri  
pssent hodie transfert pger in croe /  
Futuro q pmo hostia claudis equo  
Potenti taro negat emolumen cupi  
do/Sed vno in aera ludit amore vni  
Je in quarto libro hquidur con  
6 fessor de spediabus Aardie/qua  
tum primam conditionem vni/cuius  
condicionem ptractans Amandi sus  
per hoc consequenter opponit

Don the spore to  
proude/ After the  
cause ofmanes de  
a/The first point  
of schuthe I make  
Lachasse and is the  
chref of alle

And hath this property of kynde  
To leuen of thyng behynde  
Of that he myght do now he  
He taryth al the long yre  
And euermore he sayth to mon we  
And so he wol his tyme knowe  
And wyllith after god me sende  
Than when he cometh to haue an ende  
Than is he forthest to begynne  
Thus bringeth he many meschies Inu  
condam tyl that he be meschued  
And may not than be redred



And right so neither more ne lesse  
 It stande of due & of lackesse  
 Somtyme he sheweth on a daye  
 That he neuer after gets may  
 Nowe some as of this ylle thyng  
 If thou hast any knowlechyng  
 That thou to due hast done or this  
 Telle on. my goodly fader pis  
 As of lacke I am beliover  
 That I may stande vpon his worde  
 As I that am clad of his sute  
 For when I thought my pursute  
 To make & thereto set a daye  
 To speke vnto the fader may  
 Lackesse had abyde yet  
 And here on hand it was no wyl  
 He tyme for to speke as tho  
 Thus with his tales to & fro  
 My tyme in taryng he drough  
 Whan ther was tyme good ynough  
 He sayd another tyme is better  
 Thou shalt nowe seeke for a letter  
 And for mas wyte more pleyne  
 Than thou by mouth darst seyn  
 Thus heue I let tyme slepe  
 For sleuth & slept not my tyme  
 So that lacke with his wyte  
 Full of a hart made my wyl so nyte  
 That what I thought speke or to  
 With taryng he held me so  
 Yet when I wold & myght nought  
 I not what thyng is in my thought  
 Or it was true or it was faine  
 What true in earnest & in game  
 I wote ther is no long tyme passed  
 What yet is not the due lassed  
 Which I vnto my lady haue  
 For though my tonge is slow to traue  
 At all tyme as I haue lere  
 Myn hert stande euer in one stee  
 And eye behynde gaze  
 The which I may not yet embowre  
 And god wote it is manlyte myn  
 For this I wote right wel aye  
 My gaze cometh so fast aboute  
 That is the faulte which I doubt

More than of al the remouant  
 Which is to due aperiuaunt  
 And thus as touchend of lackesse  
 As I haue tolde I me confesse  
 To poore my fader & byfete  
 That furthermore he wold me tete  
 And yf ther be of this matre  
 Som goodly tale for to lere  
 Wold I may do lackesse a wye  
 That he it wold telle I praye  
 To wyse the my sonne & wye  
 Among the tales which I wye  
 An old ensample therapon  
 Nowe heke & I wold telle on

¶ Je ponit Confessor Exemplum  
 contra Iros qui in amoris causa  
 tardantes delinquant/ Et narrat quod  
 ait Dido Regina Cartaginiis Eneam  
 ab Inandris Troie fugitiuum in amo  
 rem suum gausa suscepit/ qui cum pos  
 sita in partu Italia a Cartagine bella  
 turum se transtulit / nimiam qz ibidem  
 moram faciens tempus additio sui ad  
 Didonem ultra modum tardauit ipsa  
 intellexit gaudia concussa sui cordis  
 intima gladio transfodit

a Gerne lackesse in lues mas  
 I fende howe wherby Eneas  
 Whome Anchyses to sonne had  
 With quene nature which he lad  
 Fro Troie aryuech at Cartage  
 Weren for a while his fethergaye  
 He wold & leryd so  
 With hys which was quene tho  
 Of the Cete his acquerysaunce  
 He was whos name in remembrance  
 Is yet & Dido she was wote  
 Which lured Eneas so wote  
 Woren the wordes which he sayd  
 That al hys hert on hym she layd  
 And dyd al hys what he wold  
 But after that as it he shold

Iwo then he goth to Jherke  
 By thep & there his arguynge  
 Hath take & shew hym for to ryde  
 Out the which may not longe abyde  
 The hote wyne of lures thowke  
 Anone with in a heale thowke  
 A letter into hys knyght both wyte  
 And dyc hym playnly for to wyte  
 If he made ony taryng  
 To dreche of his ayne compynge  
 That she ne myght hym fele & see  
 She hold stonde in such degre  
 As whymne stood a swan to fere  
 Of that she had hys make lere  
 For so we a fether in to lere taryng  
 She hool & bath hys self slayn  
 As kyng Menander in a lay  
 The soch bath fonde Alre she lay  
 Spraulend; With lre wynges cleere  
 As she which hold than dore  
 For lue of hym which was lre make  
 And so that I do for thy sake  
 This queene sayde wel I wote  
 Lo to Ence thus she wote  
 With many another word of edpynnt  
 But he which had his thoughtes fount  
 To warde lue & ful of sloute  
 His tyme let & that was wuthe  
 For she which louth hym to fere  
 Despayth ever more & more  
 And when she sawe hym taryng so  
 Hys lere was so ful of wo  
 That compleynend manyfolde  
 She bath hys owne tale wode  
 Wnto her self & thus she spack  
 A who fonde ever such a lack  
 Of sloute in ony worthy knyght  
 Now wote I wel my dth is dyght  
 Thurgh hym which hold haue to my  
 lre / But for to styndyng al this styf  
 Thus when she spake none other lere  
 Knyght cum into her lere wote  
 A naked swerd anone she thurst  
 And thus she gat hys self wite  
 In remembrance of al wille  
 Wntof my sone thou myght knowe ?

Thou taryng lue the wite  
 In lue must so for to wite  
 And that hath dyde for thought  
 Whose dth shal ever be thought  
 And curmure of I shal fide  
 In this maner another speche  
 In a taryng I fynde wyte  
 A tale which is good to wite

Dic huncat super eodem qualiter  
 Penelope Odysseum mandum suum in  
 ebisione Tunc ducius mandum ob  
 ipsius ibidem tardacionem epistola sua  
 uarguit

a T Taryng lue lue wite  
 Wntof the sege among p wite  
 Of lre & worthy knyghtes wite  
 r / Alre longe tyme styde lre  
 In thylle tyme a man may se  
 Thou goodly that Penelope  
 Which was to hym his tale wite  
 Of his lacke was playnt  
 Wntof to Taryng lue lue  
 Hys wite by lere thus speche  
 My worthy lue & lre also  
 It is & bath lre wite  
 That lere a woman is adre  
 It maketh a man in his pouse  
 The more hardy for to wite  
 In lre that she wode to lre  
 To such thurst as his wite wite  
 Wite that lre lre wite wite  
 And of my self I talle this  
 For it so long passed is  
 Wite talle that p from lre wite  
 That wite nre cury man is wite  
 To come lere I am wite p lre  
 And lre lre of lre about  
 Which lue can / my lue fide  
 Wite cury pouse & me lre  
 And somme make cury maner  
 That p lre myght come in place  
 Wite that lre myght lre wite  
 Lere is no lre me shold lue  
 That lre ne wite wite lre  
 And somme talle me lre

That he be true & fowme hym  
 That certaynly he be fowme  
 To have a nelle & love me  
 Out hys as our that it is  
 I thanke unto the goddes alle  
 As yet for ought that is befall  
 May no man to my chylde be  
 Out nethers it is to drede  
 That lackesse in conynauance  
 Forane myghte Werke such a chaunce  
 Which nomany after that amende  
 So thus the lady complemend  
 A letter unto her lord hath Wrote  
 And prayde hym that he Wold Wrote  
 And Wende how that she was at his  
 And that he tarye not in this  
 Out that he Wold his love occupy  
 To her agensward & not Wrote  
 Out come hym self in al haste  
 That he none other waye Wold  
 Soe that he Wrote & folde his trouthe  
 Withoute let of ony shute  
 And he Wrote & love hym  
 To Wrote when the grette spere  
 Was lye / this letter was conuoyde  
 And he Wrote Writdom both punyde  
 Of al that to wryte he Wrote  
 With gentyl lere it Underfongest  
 And Wrote he both it ouer and  
 In part he was wryte Jule glad  
 And eke in part he was depesed  
 Out but his lere both though lere  
 With pure pynnyng  
 That for none occupyon  
 Which he gon take on other spere  
 He may not flye his lere aspre  
 For that he Wrote hym had enformed  
 Wrote he both hym self conformed  
 With al the Wyl of his conuoyde  
 To have & take the Wrote  
 Home Ward Wrote lere that he may  
 Soe that hym Wrote one day  
 A thousand yere tyl he may see  
 The Wrote of Penelope  
 Which he Wrote most of alle  
 And Wrote the lere was so befall

That Wrote was destroyed & burnt  
 He made no delayment  
 Out goth hym some in al hysse  
 Wrote that he send to for his lere  
 His Wrote Wrote in good estate  
 And thus was lere the Wrote  
 Of lere & shute was occupyde  
 Which Wrote grette lere it is Wrote  
 And Wrote many a cause honest

Nota ad huc de quodam Astrologo  
 super eodem qui quondam op<sup>9</sup> ingeni  
 osum quasi ad complementum septen  
 nius produens huius momenti tardas  
 donec omnem sui operis diligenciam pe  
 nitius frustrant,

For of the grette clerk Grossest  
 I Wrote how Wrote that he Wrote  
 Wrote clergy an lere of lere  
 To make & forge it for to take  
 Of such lere as he Wrote  
 And lere Wrote lere  
 He lere but for the lackesse  
 Of half a mynute of an lere  
 For lere that he lere labour  
 He lere al that he had do  
 And other Wrote it lere so  
 In lere cause Wrote is lere  
 That he Wrote Under the Wrote  
 Wrote lere ful of lere a lere  
 Which lere yf that he had Wrote  
 His lere lere lere lere lere

Nota ad huc contra tardacionem de  
 Virginibus sciatis que nimiam moras  
 facientes intantem sponso ad nupcias  
 cum ipso non introierunt

Out shute may no profyt Wrote  
 Out he may lere in his lere  
 How lere Wrote come to the lere  
 Wrote he no good lere myght  
 And that was lere Wrote lere



Whynt of the maydens spue  
 When thyllt hrd cam for to lyue  
 For that her oyd was a wyf  
 To light her lampe in the wyf  
 Her skathe brought it so about  
 Fro hym that they be set out  
 What of my sone that thou knowest  
 No farther as I the alle day  
 For due must be a wayd  
 And yf thou be not wel affayd  
 In due to este we skathe  
 My sone for to take twythe  
 Thou myght not of thy self be able  
 To wyne due or make it stable  
 As though thou myghte hie achue  
 My fader that I may wel lue  
 But me was neuer assigned place  
 Wher yf to geue ony grace  
 He me was no such tyme appoynted  
 For than I wold I were vniopnted  
 Of cury tyme that I haue  
 If I ne shold lye & faue  
 Myn outt lye & eke my stede  
 If my lady it had lye  
 But she is otherwyse auyd  
 Than graut such tyme asyde  
 And netheles of my lacke  
 Ther hath be no default I gesse  
 Of tyme lest yf that I myght  
 Out yf her lyketh not alyght  
 Upon no lute which I fynde & cast  
 For ay the more I aye fast  
 The lesse her lyketh for to lye  
 So for to speke of this natyue  
 I seke that I may not fynde  
 I lost & euer I am behynde  
 And wote not what it may amount  
 But fader vpon myn accompt  
 Which yf ben set to crampe  
 Of scrift after the dyspyne  
 Say what your lye counseyl is  
 My sounne my counseyl is this  
 How so it stonde of tyme a goo  
 Doo forth thy lye sounne soo  
 That no lacke in the be founde  
 For skathe is myghte to confounde

The speed of cury mane werke  
 For many a wyf as sayth the clerke  
 Ther songen vpon skathe lye  
 Of such as maketh man myghte  
 To playne & alle of that I wyl  
 And therupon yf that the lye  
 To knowe of skathe cause men  
 In speyal pte curymen  
 Ther is a wyf ful gennable  
 To hym which is therof culpable  
 And stand of al vnto lye  
 Her after as I shal declarye

Qui nichil attemptat nichil operabit  
 et q. mud. / Munus amicum vir sibi  
 cum impit / Est modus in vitiis sibi  
 qui parat amon / Verba uisere sua  
 fauet illis amon

Hic sequitur Confessor de quodam  
 specie Aridie qui pusillanimitas die  
 in est cuius Imaginatio formido non  
 virtutes aggredi non vicia fugere au  
 det / sic q. Verusq. vici tam actus q. ch  
 amptadine primum non ostendit

Guchend of skath in his tyme  
 i Ther is yet pusillanimitas  
 Which is to lye in this language  
 He that hath lye of counge  
 And dar not mane werke begyne  
 So may he not be wof wyne  
 For why that dar nought vnderstande  
 By right he shal no pte finde  
 Out of this wyf the nation  
 Dar no thyng set in amon  
 Hym lacketh both wof & tye  
 Wherof he shold his cause speke  
 He wot no maner vnderstande  
 For cur he hath wof vpon lye  
 At his pte that he shal lye  
 Hym shal the wof be in the lye  
 And of Imaginacion  
 He maketh his confacion

And fynestly cause of paine death  
And next he sayeth at nede  
Tyl at le last that he with death  
He hath the soue which no man helde  
The which is claped lark of herte  
Though cury growe aboute hym sterte  
He wol not ones sturphis foot  
So that by woful lute he moue  
That wol not aunter for to Wynne

And soo forth some of the begynne  
To speke of hure & his lempre  
That he troweth in such a wylle  
That lallan hert than lute best  
They speke of hure & right for fere  
They woful dombe & dare not tere  
Without foune as doth the lute  
Which hath no claper for to chyme  
And right so they as for the tyme  
Of hure & dore without speche  
Of hure & dore no thyng byche  
And thus they lute & Wynne nought  
For thy my fere of thou art ought  
Cupidite as touchend of this southe  
Wher the thews & alle me trouthe

My fere I am at helme  
That I have lute one of the lute  
As for to tute in dore mas  
My lute is yet & cury was  
And though the world hold to lute  
So fereful that I dar not speke  
Of what purpose that I have nome  
Woful I toward my lute come  
That lute it passe & ouer goo  
My fere do no more soo  
For after that a man pursueth  
So lute so fortune he wote  
That oft & much he lute chainer  
To lute which maketh contynuaunce  
To woful hure & to lute  
As by example I that the lute

Hic in amoris causa loquitur contra  
passiones / Et dicit qd Amans per  
tinet ad hunc ordinem non ad hunc  
ordinem puto sui amoris apparet

enim lucius prosequatur / Et ponit ex  
seffor Explem qualiter Pigmacion /  
pro eo qd peras contempnit quondam  
imaginem eburneam cuius pulchritudo  
dine concupiscencia illaqueatus esset  
in carnem & sanguinem ad latro suum  
transformatam senect

I fere thou whilome ther was one  
Whose name was Pigmacione  
Which was a lusty man of yowthe  
The Werke of entayle he couthe  
About al other men as tho  
And though fortune set hym so  
He to Whome hure that troweth  
He made an image of entayle  
Lute to a Woman in semblaunce  
Of fere & of contynuaunce  
So fere was never fere  
Right as alquees aratur  
He smeth for of puer Wher  
He hath hert woful of such deler  
He was woful on the lute  
And woful upon hert lute eke  
Wherof that he hym self lute  
For with a goodly lute he smeth  
So that thurgh puer impresson  
Of his owne Imagination  
With al the lute of his counge  
His hure upon this fair image  
He set & hert of hure he puer  
That he no woful apenward fere  
The long day what thyng he wote  
This image in the same lute  
Was cury by and all me  
He wote hert fere & puer hert eke  
And put into hert mouthe the cupe  
And when the lute was lute hert  
He hath hert in to his Chamber nome  
And after when the nyght was come  
He lute hert in his lute al naked  
He was for lute & was for woful  
He lute hert woful lute eke  
And woful that they woful  
And oft he woful in hert eke  
And oft he arme no woful & hert

He sayd as he wold hyr embrace  
 And euer among he averteth quare  
 No thought he wylt what he ment  
 And thus hym self he gan torment  
 With such dysfese of lours pyne  
 That noman myght hym more pyne  
 But so he it wete of his pnaunce  
 He made such contynuaunce  
 For day to nyght & prayd so long  
 That his prayer is vnderfonge  
 Whiche Venus of hyr grace herd  
 By nyght & wylt that he wylt herd  
 And it lay in his naked arme  
 The cold ymage he felt warme  
 Of flesch & bone & ful of lye  
 So thus he was a lusey wylt  
 Whiche otersaunt was at his wylt  
 And yf he wold haue hold hym styll  
 And no thyng spoke he shold haue  
 fapled/But for he both his word was  
 uapled/And durst speke his lous he  
 spedde/And at that he wold abedde  
 For as they went than a wo  
 A man childe he wene he was  
 They ga to which that byght  
 Paphus as the wylt yet ful ryl  
 A carayne yls which paphos  
 Men clepe & of this name are  
 By this ensample thou myst fynde  
 That wende may worche alone fynde  
 For thy my sone yf that thou spaw  
 To speke lye is at thy faw  
 For swethe byngeth yune at wo  
 And ouer this to lous also  
 The god of lous is fauourable  
 To hem that he of lous stable  
 And many a wondre both byfalle  
 Wylt to speke amanges alle  
 Yf that yf lye to taken lye  
 Wylt of a solempne tale I wylt  
 Whiche I shal telle in remembraunce  
 Upon the sort of lous chaunce

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem  
 qualiter Rex Egidius Regi sue Thela

cuse pugnanti mirabatur / q si filiam  
 parat infans occideretur - que tamen  
 postea cum filiam eduxit. His dea par  
 tis tunc pascens. Filiam nomine filij  
 Ipsi appellat / ipsam q more masculu  
 educat admonuit / quam pater filia  
 credens ipsam in mantogium filie  
 iustam principis etiam solita copulauit  
 Sed cum Ipsi debitum sui coniugij  
 vnde solueret non habuit deo in sui ad  
 iudicium interpretabat / qui super hoc  
 in fecti femineum genus in masculinu  
 ob affectum natum Ipsi per omnia  
 transmutauit

De hunc Regis Regis a Regis  
 Spak Vnde Thelach his lye  
 Which than was lye chylde  
 And he wylt it shold not be lye  
 That yf he had a daughter lye  
 That it ne shold be for lye  
 And slayn wylt of the lye was  
 So it byfelle upon this mo  
 When he destroyed shold be  
 Also by nyght in paphos  
 Whiche of chylde yf the goddys  
 Cam for to lye in that dysfesse  
 Yf that this lye was at smat  
 And had a daughter forth wylt at  
 Whiche the goddys in al lye  
 Wad lye & that they shold lye  
 It wylt a sone & thus Ipsi  
 They named hym & wylt this  
 The lye was made for to wylt  
 And thus in chamber wylt the quene  
 The Ipsi was forth wylt the  
 And chylde and amyd so  
 Nyght as a lye sone shold  
 Yf after as fawne it wylt  
 When it was of a lye yet age  
 Lye was byfalle in marriage  
 A dukes daughter for to lye  
 Whiche Daunt byfelle & of a lye  
 This chylde lye lye & lye  
 Whiche of one age lye lye



Good that within tyme of yere  
 To geve as they say play fere  
 Appoynte a lye upon a nyght  
 Nature which doth every thynght  
 Open her lalle for to muse  
 Conspireth hem so that the  
 Thyng which is in was at Unknowe  
 Wherof Cuppe the selfe knowe  
 Take ppe for the gude due  
 And let to let lye due  
 So that he lalle may be used  
 And they upon her lalle caused  
 For due lalle no thyng more  
 Than thyng which stand ayent f. lye  
 Of that nature in lye lalle set  
 For the Cuppe lalle so lalle  
 His gude upon this aventure  
 That he aventure to nature  
 Why that he lalle the tyme lalle  
 That eche of hem lalle other lalle  
 Transfomerth lalle in to a may  
 Wherof the lalle due he lalle  
 Of lalle poynt the lalle his lalle  
 And the lalle lalle a mery lalle  
 Which was to lalle none offere  
 And thus to lalle an offere  
 It lalle lalle is lalle lalle  
 To lalle that he lalle lalle  
 With lalle lalle to lalle  
 Thyng which is to lalle due  
 Wherof my lalle in this lalle  
 Thou myght lalle lalle lalle  
 That lalle the gude lalle  
 Thou myght lalle to lalle  
 Of lalle p. that lalle lalle  
 I dar lalle lalle lalle  
 As lalle as my lalle lalle  
 My lalle as for lalle of lalle  
 What so as I lalle lalle  
 There is none other lalle  
 Wherof the lalle lalle  
 To lalle due of his lalle  
 Which I lalle lalle  
 What lalle so as is lalle  
 In lalle of lalle lalle  
 What thyng lalle to the lalle

Your fatherhood I wol ppe  
 If the lalle lalle lalle  
 Touchend into this ppe  
 Any lalle of this offere  
 That lalle one in lalle  
 Which lalle lalle his lalle  
 So that he can not lalle  
 In thyng which to lalle is lalle  
 Wherof lalle lalle lalle  
 And lalle that lalle lalle  
 When that his lalle lalle  
 He may lalle lalle lalle

Mentibus oblita alienis labitur ille  
 Qui probat acidia non meminisse sui  
 Sic amor incautus qui non memora-  
 tur ad home / Perdit q. offendit quod  
 cupitur nequit.

Die tractat Confessor de Vicio obli-  
 monis quā mater eius Acidia ad olo  
 Virtutum memorias nec non q. in amo-  
 ris causa inmemorem constituit

O lalle Acidie in his offere  
 That is of lalle another lalle  
 Which lalle is lalle lalle  
 That may not in his lalle lalle  
 Of lalle which lalle lalle  
 So lalle his lalle lalle  
 For in the lalle of his lalle  
 No more his lalle than his lalle  
 Lalle lalle of lalle lalle  
 Wherof he lalle his lalle  
 And than lalle lalle lalle  
 Thus is his lalle lalle  
 Lalle of lalle lalle lalle  
 And lalle lalle lalle lalle  
 To lalle of lalle lalle lalle  
 Thus many a lalle lalle lalle  
 Talle on lalle lalle lalle  
 Of lalle that lalle lalle lalle  
 He lalle lalle lalle lalle  
 That lalle I am my lalle lalle  
 And lalle lalle lalle lalle

Then cast I many a newe saile  
 And al the world to me vp so daine  
 And so recorde I my lesson  
 And wyte in my memorial  
 That I to her take shal  
 For when I come there she is  
 I haue it al forgotte I wote  
 Of that I thought for to take  
 I can not than vnnethes spele  
 That I wende alther best haue wote  
 So fere of her I am adred  
 For as a man that sodenly  
 A goost byhelde so fare I  
 So that for fere I can not gette  
 My wyte but I my self forgette  
 That I wote neuer what I am  
 Ne whether I shal ne when I am  
 But muse as he that were amased  
 Epke to the booke in which is cased  
 The letter & may no thyng be wad  
 Soo hen my wyte ouer sad  
 That what as euer I thougt haue spokke  
 It is oute fro myn hert stoken  
 And stonde as who sayth dombe & deaf  
 That al nye worth an Iuy keef  
 Of that I wende wel haue sayd  
 And at last I make abaynde  
 Cast by myn herte & like about  
 Kright as a man that at were in doute  
 And wote not where he shal bycome  
 Thus am I oft al ouercome  
 There as I wende best for to stonde  
 But after when I vnderstonde  
 And am in other place alone  
 I make many a woful mone  
 Unto my self & speke soo  
 A fool where was thyng hert tho  
 When thou thy worthy lady syght  
 Were thou aserd than of her eye  
 For of her hond there is no drede  
 So wel I knowe her womanlyte  
 That in her is no more outlunge  
 Then in a child of thre yere age  
 Why hast thou drede of so good one  
 Whome al vertu with legons  
 That in her is no bypolnce

But goodlyfere & innocens  
 Withoutt spote of ony blame  
 A nyte hert for for shame  
 A coward hert of due vntred  
 Whereof art thou so fere aserd  
 That thy tong thou suffrest frese  
 And wolt thy goodly wordes lese  
 When thou hast fonde tyme & spone  
 How sholdst thou deserue grace  
 When thou thy self dost age none  
 But al thou hast forgotte anon  
 And thus despuis in lures here  
 But helpe I fynde none the more  
 But stamble vpon myn owne eyre  
 And make an allynge of my pyne  
 For euer when I thynk among  
 Thou al is on my self along  
 I say O fool of al foolers  
 Thou farest as byttere the stoles  
 That wold syte & goth to growde  
 It was ne neuer it shal be founde  
 Byttere forgettynesse & drede  
 That man sholdy ony cause speke  
 And thus myn hely fader drede  
 Toward my self as y may be  
 I pleyne of my forgettynesse  
 But eke al the bysnesse  
 That may be take of mans thought  
 My hert taketh & is thurgh sought  
 To thynken euer vpon that wote  
 Withoutt stuthe I pou byt  
 For what so falle or wel or wo  
 That thought forgette I neuer mo  
 Where so I laugh or where so I baw  
 Nought half a mynute of an oare  
 Ne myght I lette oute of my mynde  
 But yf I thought vpon that herte  
 Therof ne shal no stuthe lette  
 Iyl dede oute of this world me sette  
 Al though I had on such a tynge  
 No myghte though his enchaunteynge  
 Somtyme in Ethyops made  
 When that he Charlys Redde hade  
 Which tynge hant of obhuzen  
 The name andy was by wofon  
 That when on a fygure it lade

Anone his hie he so forpate  
 And that he had it neuer knowe  
 And so it fel that yllie thowte  
 When Charles had it on his honde  
 No knowledgyng of hym the fond  
 Out of was clene out of me morye  
 No man may tre in his stonye  
 And thus he went quye alyeys  
 That neuer after shall day  
 He thought that ther was such one  
 At was forpate & ouer gone  
 Out in goodly felye so may not I  
 For he is ouer fast by  
 So that myn lorde houcheth  
 That for no thyng I shalthe boucheth  
 I may forpate let he of ne lath  
 For ouerall wylle as he goth  
 myn lorde forwylth byt aboute  
 Thus may I say withoute doute  
 For let for wylth for ouyt for nouyt  
 He passeth neuer fro my thought  
 Out when I am there as he is  
 myn lorde as I you sepe in this  
 Somtyme of byt is so fow aduad  
 And somtyme is ouerghad  
 And out of mule & out of spore  
 For when I see her goodly fow  
 And thyngs down byt byt pypa  
 No though I were in paradyse  
 I am so muffed in the syght  
 To speke vnto her I ne myght  
 No for the tyme though I wette  
 For I ne may my lye unfold  
 To fynde one word of that I mene  
 Out al is it forpate clene  
 And though I stonde ther a myle  
 Al is forpate for the wylth  
 A tynge I loue & wordes none  
 And thus I stonde & thyngs adne  
 Of thyng that lath of a nought  
 Out what I had a fow thought  
 To speke when I come there  
 It is forpate as nought ne wete  
 And stonde amafed & afford  
 That of no thyng which I loue not  
 I can not than a not syng

Out al is out of knowledgyng  
 Thus what for ioy & what for drede  
 Al is forpate at the nede  
 So that my fader of this stouth  
 I haue you sayd the pleyth trowth  
 Ye may it as ye lye wylth  
 For thus stant my forpateynesse  
 And the my pusillanmye  
 Saye now forth what ye lye to me  
 For I wol only do by you  
 my sone I haue wel herd you thou  
 Hast sayd & thou must amende  
 For loue his gnat wol not sende  
 To that man which dare aye none  
 For this we knowen euerycone  
 A mans thought withoute speche  
 God wote & yet men byseche  
 His wyl is for withoute ledyng  
 He dothe his gnat but in felle stedyng  
 And what man that forpate hym selue  
 Among a thousand he not wylue  
 That wol hym take in remembrance  
 But let hym felle & take his challe  
 For thy pul by a lye lye  
 my sone & let no thyng after  
 Of loue fro thy lye lye  
 For touchyng of forpateynesse  
 Which many a loue hath let lye  
 A tale of gnat ensample I fynde  
 Wherof it is ppe for to lye  
 In the maner as it is wylth

Sic in amoris causa contra obliuio-  
 ses ponit Confessor: Exemplum / quas  
 licet Demophon versus bellum Troia-  
 num itinerando a Philis de Rodope re-  
 gina non tantum in hospitium sed etiam  
 in amorem gaudio magno susceptus e-  
 qui postea ab ipsa Troie descendens re-  
 diturum infra certum tempus fidissi-  
 me se compromissit / sed quia humilior  
 di promissiones diem statim oblitus e-  
 Philis obliuionem Demepontis las-  
 timis primo deplangens tandem cor-  
 dula collo suo circumligata se mortuus  
 suspendit

Philis ob  
 779



Png demophon when he by ship  
 To Troye hard with felouship  
 Seplynd goth upon his keye  
 It hapneth hym at Rodope  
 As Eolus hym had blowe  
 To land & used for a throwe  
 And felle that yllke tyme thus  
 That the daughter of Ergurgius  
 Whiche quene was of the countre  
 Was sojourned in the Cyt  
 Within a Castel in the stronde  
 When Demophon cam vp to the bonde  
 Phylles she hight & of yong age  
 And both of stature & of bysage  
 She had al that hyr best bestemeth  
 Of Demophon ryght wel her queneeth  
 When he was come she made hym chere  
 And he that was of such manere  
 A lusty knyght ne myght ascrete  
 That he ne set en hyr his lerte  
 So that within a day or twoo  
 He thought how aier that he go  
 He wold assaye the fortune  
 And gan with this quene comune  
 With goodly wordes in her ere  
 And for to put hyr out of fere  
 He swore & hath his trouthe pnyght  
 To be for aier hyr owne knyght  
 And thus with hyr he styll chode  
 Ther he hylde his shyp en anker wod  
 And had ynough of tyme & space  
 To speke of lue & felle quere  
 This lady herd al that he sayde  
 How he swore & how he prayde  
 Whiche was an enchauntment  
 To her that was an innocent  
 And though it were trouthe & fegh  
 She treuth al that aier he seyth  
 And as her fortune sholde  
 She graunteth hym al that he wolde  
 Thus was he for the tyme in ioye  
 Tyl that he shold go to Troye  
 But so she made mockel sorowe  
 And he his trouthe leyde to lowe  
 To come & yf that he lye may  
 Ageyne within a moneth day

And thereupon they besten bothe  
 But were hym lef or were hym both  
 To shyp he goth & forth he went  
 To Troye as was his first ent  
 The dayes gone the monethes passed  
 Her lue enceseth & his lasset  
 For hym she lost slepe & mete  
 And he his tyme hath al forgette  
 So that this woful yong quene  
 Whiche wote not what it myght mene  
 A letter send & prayde hym come  
 And sayd that she was overcome  
 With strengthe of lue in such a wyse  
 That she not long may suffre  
 To lye out of his purfyn  
 And put upon his consyn  
 The trouthe whiche he hath best  
 Wherof she dweth hym so hot  
 She sayth yf that he lenger lette  
 Of such a day as she hym sette  
 She shold sterue in his shoute  
 Whiche were a shame vnto his trouthe  
 This letter is forth vpon hyr soute  
 Wherof somdele comfort on honde  
 She took as she that wold abyde  
 And wayte vpon that yllke tyme  
 Whiche she hath in her letter fynde  
 But now is ppe for to wyte  
 As he dyde erst/so he forgaite  
 His tyme effene & forsaite  
 But she whiche myght not do so  
 The tyme a wayeth enuemo  
 And cast hyr eye vpon the see  
 Somtyme nay somtyme y  
 Somtyme he cam somtyme nought  
 Thus she dysputeth in her thought  
 And wote not what she thynke may  
 But fastend al the long day  
 She was in to the deth nyght  
 And tho she hath to set by lycht  
 In a landerne on hyr alse  
 vpon a tower when she goth of  
 In hope that in his comynge  
 He shold see the lycht burnynge  
 Wherof he myght his lyeue tynge  
 To come when she was by nyght

Out al for nought she was depured  
 For Venus hath hyr hope depured  
 And shewed hyr vpon the ship  
 How that the day was fast by  
 So that loching a lye she thought  
 The dayes light she myght knowe  
 Tho she beheld the see at large  
 And when she saw ther was no bar:  
 ge/He shipp as far as she may henne  
 Doune fro the towre she gan to wene  
 In to an hether al hyr one  
 With many a woder woful moue  
 She made that no lye it wist  
 As she which al her ioye myst  
 That now she souneth now she play  
 neth/ And her face she dysterneth  
 With ayes which as of a welles  
 The sturmes from her eyes falle  
 So as she myght a cur in one  
 She cryed vpon Democryon  
 And sayd Alas thou shouldest wight  
 Ther was neuer such a knyght  
 That so thorough his vngentynesse  
 Of slouth & of forgetfulnesse  
 Against his trouthe breketh his steuene  
 And tho hyr eye by to the truee  
 She cast a sayde O thou vngent  
 Her shold thou for thy slouthes fynde  
 If that the lyf to come & see  
 A ladyd for lye of the  
 So as I shal my sedue spyle  
 Whome if it had be thy wyfe  
 Thou myghtest haue wel ynough  
 With that vpon a grene lough  
 A fount of felch which then she had  
 She sayd & so her self she sad  
 That she alowd hyr whyte swete  
 Wit der/ a lunge hyr self there  
 Wherof the goddes were amoned  
 And Democryon was reuowed  
 That of the goddes prouidence  
 Was shapen such an eyence  
 Euer afterwarde aye the shewe  
 That Phyllis in the same thre we  
 Was shapen in to a noce tre  
 That al man it myght se

And afterwarde Phyllis Phyllis  
 This tre was clyped in the yerd  
 And yet for Democryon to shame  
 In to this dape it bereth the name  
 This woful chaunce & how it ferde  
 Anone as Democryon it ferde  
 And euer man it had in speche  
 His sorowe was not tho to ferche  
 He gan his slouth for to banne  
 But it was al to late thanne  
 So thus my sone myght thou wite  
 Aye this vpon thou it is wite  
 For no man may the harmes gesse  
 That fallen thurgh forgetfulnesse  
 Wherof that I thy shreft haue herd  
 But yet of slouth thou it hath herd  
 In other wyse I thanke opose  
 If thou haue gylt as I suppose

Dum plantare licet cultor qui nece  
 git ortum / Si desint fructus imputat  
 ipse sibi / Praeterea ista dies bona nec  
 Valebit illa secunda. Hoc caret exemplo  
 lentus amore suo /

Hic tractat Confessor de Vicio nec  
 ligencie cuius condicio Acidiam am  
 plectens omnes artes sciencie tam in  
 amoris causa quam aliter ignominiosa  
 praetermittens / cum nullum poterat emi  
 nera remedium sui ministerij diligenci  
 am & post facto in vacuum attemptas  
 et presumit

Collyped of slouthes explair  
 Ther is yet one his secretair  
 And he is clyped Negligence  
 Which wol not like his eydence  
 Wherof he may be wate to fore  
 But when he hath his cause lere  
 Than is he wyse after the hond  
 When helpe may no maner fond  
 Than at fyrst wold he spnde  
 Thus euer more he stant behynde  
 When he the thyng may not amende  
 Than is he wate / and seyth at the ende

A Wold god I had knowe  
 Wherof knaped with a moude  
 He goth / for when the grette stede  
 He stole than he taketh hede  
 And maketh the stable dow fast  
 Thyns euer he pleyth an after cast  
 Of al that he shal saye or do  
 He hath a maner eke also  
 hym lyst not lerne to be wyse  
 For he sett of no vertu pryse  
 But as hym lyketh for the whyle  
 So sayeth he ful ofte gyle  
 When that he wenech seketh to stonde  
 And thus thou myght wel vnderstode  
 my sone yf thou art such in loue  
 Thou myght not come at thyn aboute  
 Of that thou woldest wel achue.

Amano

My holly fadre as I lue  
 I may wel with sauf consyence  
 Excuse me of neglygence  
 To warden lue in al wise  
 For though I be none of the wyse  
 So truly I am amorous  
 That I am euer curpous  
 Of hem that can best enforme  
 To knowen e wygn al the forme  
 What falleth vnto loue / craft  
 But yet ne fond I nought the hest  
 Which myght vnto the blade acorde  
 For neuer herd I man recorde  
 What thyng it is that myght anaple  
 To wyne lue withoute fayle  
 Yet so ferforth couthe I neuer fynde  
 Man that by wison ne by kynde  
 Me couthe telle such an arte  
 That he ne fayled of a parte  
 And as to ward myn owne wyl  
 Contrarye I couthe neuer yet  
 To fynde ony sekynesse  
 That me myght other more or lesse  
 Of lue make me for to spede  
 For leueth wel withouten drede  
 That yf ther were such a weye  
 As certaynly as I shal seye  
 I had it lerned long ago

But I wote wel there is none so  
 And nethelss it may wel be  
 I am soo rade in my degre  
 And eke my wylletten soo dul  
 That I ne may nought to the ful  
 Atteyne vnto so hygh a lue  
 But this I dar seye ouermore  
 Al though my wyl be not strong  
 It is not on my wyl along  
 For that is lesyng a day  
 To lerne al that I lern may  
 Thou that I myght lue wyne  
 But yet I am as to begynne  
 If I wold make an ende  
 And for I not thou it shal wende  
 That is to me my moost sorowe  
 But I dar take god to towre  
 As afar myn entandment  
 None other wyse neccygent  
 Than I you save haue I not be  
 For thy pur synt charp  
 Telle me my fadre what goth semeth  
 Confessor

In good feyth sone wel me quemech  
 That thou thy self hast thus acquere  
 Toward this wyse in which noo wyse  
 Ahyt may for in an hour  
 He lost al that he may laboure  
 The long yere soo that man seyne  
 What euer he doth it is in wyne  
 For thorough the stouth of neccyge  
 There was neuer such a seynt  
 Ne vertue which was so dely  
 That nys destroyed e lost therby  
 Ensample that it hath be soo  
 In toles I fynde wyse also

Hic contra Viciū negligencie  
 ponit Confessor Exemplum Et nar-  
 rat q̄ cum Pater filius solis curum  
 patris sui per arm Regem debuerat ad  
 monitus a patre Et equos ne traherent  
 equa manu diligēter uterentur ipse cōsi-  
 lū prius sua negligēcia putāns equos



cuncta nimio haste errare permisit / In  
de non solum incendio autem inflam  
mauit / sed & ipsum de cuncta cadentem  
in quoddam fluvium demergi ad inter  
itum causauit

Deus Which is þ fone hode  
p That shyneth vpon erthe hode  
And causeth euery spure hel  
the / He had a sone in al his welthe  
Which pleten hight & he despyth  
And with his modre he conspyth  
The Which was cleped Clement  
For helpe & counseyl so that he  
His fader cart lere myght  
vpon the fayer daye lycht  
And for this thyng they both prayde  
vnto the fader & he sayde  
He wold wel but forth with al  
The pynne he had in speccal  
vnto his sone in al wyse  
That he hym shold wel augse  
And take it as by the eye of lere  
The fust was that he his hore to fore  
He pylt & after that he told  
That he the regnes fust hold  
And also that he he ryght wote  
In what maner he ledeþ his chare  
That he myghte not his gart  
But by oungment al gart  
He shold lere a sylter weye  
That he to lere ne to here  
His cart dyue at ony thowte  
For drete lere he shold he ouerthowte  
And thus by pletus ordynance  
Toke pleten in to gouernaunce  
The sonnes cart Which he lade  
vnt he such vpon glode had  
Of that he was set vpon hight  
That he his owne estate ne lycht  
Thowgh neglygence & toke none lere  
So myght he wel not lere spece  
For he the hore withouten lere  
The cart lere aboute draue  
Whe as hym lycht woult lere

That at the last soderly  
For he no wylde wold knowe  
This fere cart he dreue to lere  
And fere al the wold aboute  
Wherof they were al in doute  
And to the god for helpe prayde  
Of such vnapes as lere  
pletus whiche sawe the neglygence  
Hole pleten hight his defence  
His chare lere dyue out of the weye  
Ordyneth that he fel a weye  
Out of the cart in to the fode  
And drete lere to no lere it stood  
With hym that was so neglygent  
That he the hight fere ment  
For that he wold goo to lere  
He was anone doune ouerthowte  
In hight estate it is a lere  
To goo to lere & in fere  
It garteth for to goo to hight  
Wherof a tale in perye

Exemplum super eodem de Ieharo  
filio Didali in carcere minotauri eyis  
antici / cui Dedalus ut inde euclaret a  
las componens firmat inuinit / ne  
nimis alit propter solis ardorem asen  
deret quod Ieharus sua ngligencia post  
ponens cum alius sublimatus fuisset  
subito ad terram corruens expirauit

3 fynde how whylome Dedalus  
Which had a sone / and Ieha  
rus / He lycht & though hym  
thought lere / In such perye they we  
re lere / With minotaurus that aboute  
The myghten nollet lere oute  
So they bygonnen for to lere  
Do they the perye myght estate  
This Dedalus Which he his youthe  
Was taught & many crafts wote  
Of fethers & of other thynges  
Both made to lere dyuers whynge

For hym & for his sone also  
 To whome he gaf in charge tho  
 And bad hym thynke thereupon  
 How that his kynges he set on  
 With wey & yf he wold his flyght  
 To hyghte al sodeynly he myght  
 Make it to melta with the sonne  
 And thus they haue hys flyght begone  
 Out of the prysen fayr & softe  
 And they were both alofte  
 This Iehanys gan to mounthe  
 And of the good counsyle none accepte  
 He set which his fadre taught  
 Tyl that the sonne his kynges caught  
 Wherof it melt & from the hyght  
 Withouthen helpe of ony flyght  
 He felte to his destructyon  
 And lyche to that condempyon  
 There fallen oostymes felle  
 For lack of gouernaunce in wel  
 Als wel in lue as other weye  
 Now good fadre I go w praye  
 If ther be more in the matere  
 Of southen that I myght it here  
 My sone & for thy dylgenc  
 Which eueri mane conyngence  
 By reason shold wyle & here  
 And yf that the lyst to take here  
 I wol the tellen abowen alle  
 In whome no vertu may be falle  
 Which yueth vnto the bywe wyl  
 And is of southen the swetest

Abys labor lingue vir inutilis  
 oia plectens / Nescio quid parens vita  
 Tale bit ei • Non amor in tali misero si  
 get immo laboris / Qui facit opem cla  
 mat habere suos /

Hic loquitur Confessor super illa spe  
 cie que Oium dicitur / cuius condicio  
 in virtutum cultum nullius occupaci  
 onis diligenciam admittens / cuiusaim  
 g expedientem caus non attingit

Mong these other of southen  
 a kynde / which al labour set bes  
 kynde. And batth al besynes  
 Ther is yet one which Icelnes  
 Is cleped and is the norpe  
 In mans kynde of euery byp  
 Which sech th cases many folde  
 In wynter doth he nought for colde  
 In somer may he nought for hete  
 Soo whether that he feele or swete  
 Or he be in or he be out  
 He wol ben ydel al aboute  
 But yf he plye ought at the dyce  
 For who that euer taketh fees  
 And thynketh worship to serue  
 Ther is no lord whome he wol serue  
 And for to duelle in his scrupel  
 But for it were in such a wyse  
 Of that he sech parauenture  
 That by lordship & by auenture  
 He may the more stonde styll  
 And vse his ycelnesse at wyll  
 For he ne wol no tynnyll talke  
 To ryde for his lady sake  
 But lyueth vpon al his wyll  
 And as a catt wold ete fysshes  
 Withouthen wetynge of his chere  
 So wold he do but nethelres  
 He sayleth of that he haue wolde

Confessor

My sone yf thou of such a molte  
 Art made telle me pleyne thy shyft  
 Amano

My fadre god I prue a pytt  
 That to ward lue as he may wytt  
 Al ydel was I neuer yett  
 Ne neuer shal wyple I may goo  
 Now sone telle me than so  
 What hast thou done of besyship  
 To lue & to the ladyship  
 Of hyr which thy lady is  
 My fadre euer yet or this  
 In euery place in euery stede  
 What so my lady hath me bide  
 With al myn hert obedynt  
 I haue therin be dyligent

And yf so be that she had nought  
 What thyng in to my thought  
 Cometh fyrst of that I may suffre  
 I to be & profer my scrupel  
 Somtyme in chamber somtyme in halle  
 Ryght so as I see the tymes falle  
 And when she goth to here masse  
 That tyme that not me ouerpasse  
 That I ne approche hyr ladybede  
 In aunter yf I may hyr lede  
 Unto the chapel and ageyne  
 Than is not al my wey in weyne  
 Somtyme I may the letter save  
 When I that may not fele hyr bave  
 May lede hyr clothed in myn arme  
 But afterward it doth me harme  
 Of pure Imagynacion  
 For than there a colacion  
 I make unto my felow of othe  
 And say O lord how she is softe  
 How she is round. how she is smal  
 How wold god I hadde hyr al  
 Withoute daunger at my wyll  
 And than I speke & sitte ful stille  
 Of that I see my best thought  
 Is turned ydel in to nought  
 But for al that lete I ne may  
 When I see tyme another day  
 That I ne do my besynes  
 Unto my ladyes worthynes  
 For I therto my wytt affayre  
 To see the tyme & allayre  
 What is to done & what is to lene  
 And so when tyme is by hyr leue  
 What thyng she bydde me do I doo  
 And where she bydde me go I goo  
 And when hyr lyst to clype I come  
 Thus hath she full yche overcome  
 Myn ydelnesse tyl that I serue  
 Soo that I moore hyr nedes serue  
 For as man leyn nedes hath no lawe  
 Thus moore I nedely to her deawe  
 I serue I to be I like I to be  
 Myn eye foloweth hyr aboute  
 What so she wol so wol I  
 When she wol get I anke her by

And when she stodeeth than wol I stode  
 But when she taketh hir werk on hode  
 Of weyng or of brouderye  
 Than can I not but muse & pry  
 Upon hyr fyngers long & smale  
 And now I thynke & now I tale  
 And now I synge & now I speke  
 And now my contenaunce I preke  
 And yf it falle as for a tyme  
 Her lyfeth nought abyde hyne  
 But occupyth hyr on other thynges  
 Than make I other tarynges  
 To dryue forth the long day  
 For me is both to departe a way  
 And than I am so simple of port  
 That for to fayne somme dysport  
 I play wyth hyr lytel hounde  
 Now on the hed now on the grounde  
 Now with the byrdes in the cage  
 For there is none so lytel rage  
 He yet so simple a Chambrere  
 That I ne make hem alle chere  
 And al for they shold speke welde  
 Thus may ye see my best while  
 That goth not ydel aboute  
 And yet her lyst to ryden oute  
 Of pilgrimage or other stede  
 I come thus though I be not bide  
 And take hyr in myn arme also  
 And set hyr in hyr sadel softe  
 And so forth lede hyr by the byrdel  
 For that I wold not ben ydel  
 And yf her lyst to ryde in chare  
 And that I may therof be ware  
 Anone I shawe me for to ryde  
 Ryght euen by the charrs syde  
 And as I may I speke among  
 And otherwyle I synge a songe  
 Whiche Ourde in his booke made  
 And sayd O what sowthe glade  
 O what woful prosperite  
 Belongeth to the propre  
 Of lye who so wol hym serue  
 And yet ther feo may no man serue  
 That he ne moore his lorde obeye  
 And thus I ryde forth my weye



Andy am ryght hely onerall  
With herte & With my body al  
No I haue sayd yow to for  
My good fadre alle me therfore  
Of yelnee yf I haue gylt

My sone but yf thou alle wylt  
Ought elles than I may now be  
Thou shalt haue no pnaunce be  
And needles a man may see  
Dow now a daye that ther be  
ful many of such herte shewe  
That wol not lisen hem to be knowe  
What thyng that lue is yf at the last  
That be With strength hem ouercast  
That maulgre hem they more chere  
And done al ydelshipp aweye  
To seue wel & lyplyche  
But sone than art thou none of such  
For lue that the wel cause  
But other wyse yf thou refuse  
To lue thou myght so far was  
Ben yel as somtyme was  
A kynges doughter vnaupsed  
Yf that Cuppe hys hath chastysed  
Wher of thou shalt a tale be  
Acordaunt vnto this matre

*Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum  
Iteos qui in amoris occupationem omit  
tentes grauioris infortunii casus expec  
tant / Et narrat de quadam Armenie  
Regis filia que huiusmodi condicionis  
in principio iuuentutis ociosa persistens  
mirabili postea visione castigata in a  
moris obsequium per ceteris diligenti  
or efficiatur /*

*¶ Armenye I rede thus  
O Ther Was a kyng which be  
rupus / Was hote & he a lusty  
mayde. To doughter had & as men saide  
Her name Was Rosiphele  
Which tho Was of grette renome  
For she Was bothe wyse & feyre  
And shold be hys fader he pr*

But she had one default of shewe  
Towardes lue & that Was mouth  
For so wel couthe noman sepe  
Which myght be set in the weye  
Of lues occupacion  
Though none immaginacion  
That scold wold she not knowe  
And thus she Was one of the shewe  
As of such herte bespynesse  
Yf when Venus the goddesse  
Which lues court hath for to trule  
Dart brought her in to litar trule  
Forth With Cuppe & his myght  
For they menaple howe such a wyght  
Which tho Was in her lusty age  
Despyth nouthet maryage  
He yet the lue of pnamours  
Which euer hath ben the comon cours  
Among hem that lusty were  
So Was it shewed after them  
For he that hys herte sheweth  
With fery dart which he throweth  
Cuppe which of lue is god  
In chastysenge hath made a wode  
To depe a weye her Wantonnesse  
Soe that Within a whyle I gesse  
She had on such a chaunce spored  
That al her mood Was ouertorned  
Which fyrste she had of shewe maner  
For this it fel as thou shalt be  
When come Was the month of may  
She wold walke vpon a day  
And that Was on the sonne aryst  
Of Women but a felde it wylt  
And forthe she Went pryncely  
Onto the park Was fast by  
At soft Walkend vpon the gras  
Yf she cam ther the laide Was  
Though which ther can a grette tuer  
It thought hys fadre & sayd her  
I wol abyde vnder the shawe  
And hadde hys Women to Withdraue  
And ther she stood alone styll  
To thynke what Was in her wylle  
She sawe the swete floure spryng  
She herd gladd fowls syng

She saide lyster in her hende  
 The bus the too the best the hende  
 The maid go with the female  
 And so began there a quarrel  
 Yet wene loue & hert olde hert  
 For which she coude not asert  
 And as she cast hert eye aboute  
 She saide clad in one such a coult  
 Of laders wether they come ryde  
 A long vnder the wode spee  
 On fayer ambulant hors they set  
 That wete al wher fat & gret  
 And they echone ryde on spee  
 The faderes wete of such a pryde  
 With perles & gold so wel begone,  
 So reche saide she nauer none  
 In hertale & in copes reche  
 They wete clothed al aspre  
 Departed euen of wher & herte  
 With al luster that she line we  
 They wete embrowdered oustal  
 Dett lodges wete long & smal  
 The haunde faye vpon hert face  
 None etchely thyng it may deface  
 Cooones on thert hertes they lere  
 As ech of hem a quene wete  
 That al the gold of Cusius halle  
 The list coronal of hem alle  
 Myt not haue thought after the worth  
 Thus come they rynd forth  
 The kynges daughter that saide & herte  
 For putte abasshe drewe hert aspre  
 And held hert choos vnder abough  
 And let hem styll ryde ynough  
 For as hert thought in hert auper  
 To hem that wete of such a pryde  
 She was not wothp to aye them  
 For when they come & what they wete  
 Out leuer than this wordes good  
 She wold haue wylt hold it stood  
 And put hert herte a lert out  
 And as she loked hert aboute  
 She saide comend vnder the londe  
 A woman vpon an hors behynde  
 The hors on which she wode was black  
 Al lene & galled vpon the back

And hald as he wete enched  
 Weter of the woman was annoyd  
 Thus was the hors in foyr plyght  
 Out for al that a sterte lpght  
 Amptres in the front she lode  
 Her fader she was wouter had  
 In which the woful woman sat  
 And netheres ther was with that  
 A reche bydel for the nones  
 Of gold & puerous stones  
 Her cot was somdel to lere  
 Aboute her myddel dwatys scote  
 Of hors haltere & wel mo  
 Ther lungen that tyme tho  
 Thus when she cam the lady nyght  
 Thanne she took lert herte & lpght  
 This woman was faye of vylage  
 Fustre luster pong & andre of age  
 And so this lady thert she stood  
 Bethought hert wel & vnderstood  
 To this which come rynd tho  
 Tydnyges couthe talle of tho  
 Which as she saide to fere ryde  
 And put hert forth & pamp hert abide  
 And sayd O suster let me lere  
 What lert they that rynd nolt lere  
 And lert so reche lert arraged  
 This woman that so cam esmayed  
 Answerde with ful softe speche  
 And sayd Madame I shal pou arch  
 These ar of tho that whylome wete  
 Seruantes to loue & trouthe lere  
 Ther as they had thert lertre sett  
 Fart wel for I may nolt lert  
 Madame I go to my scrup  
 So must I holt in al wylt  
 For thy madame pue me lere  
 I may not long with you lere  
 A good suster yet I pue  
 Telle why ye be so lertre  
 And with these haltere thus begone  
 Madame whylome I was one  
 That to my fader had a lertre  
 But I was lertre & for no thyng  
 Me lert not to lere lertre  
 And that I nolt ful fere lertre

For I Whytme no lue had  
 My hore is now feble & bad  
 And al to tene is myn array  
 And eury ytt this frellle may  
 These lusty ladyes rpe about  
 And I must nedre selle her routh  
 In this maner as ye now see  
 And trusse her holtme forth With me  
 And am but her hore knaue  
 None other offyce I ne haue  
 Hem thynketh I am Worthye no more  
 For I Was shewe in lours lere  
 When I Was able for to lere  
 And wold not the talke her  
 Of hem that couthe lue tere  
 Now telle me than I you bysiche  
 Where fore that rpe byrdel smyth  
 With that a wey her chere she smyth  
 And gan to wepe & thus she told  
 This rpe byrdel which ye behold  
 So rpe byrdel myn hore lere  
 Madame afore as I Was tere  
 When I Was in my lusty lye  
 There selle in to myn lere a lye  
 Of lue which me ouercome  
 So that therof lere I nome  
 And thought I wold lue a knyght  
 That last wel a fowt knyght  
 For it no lenger myght last  
 So myght my lye Was at the last  
 But now alas to late Ware  
 That I ne had hym loured are  
 For deth cam so hafe byme  
 Er I therof had ony tyme  
 That it ne myght lere actrued  
 But for al that I am telled  
 Of that my Wyll Was good therof  
 That lue suffreth it be soo  
 That I that such a byrdel Were  
 Now haue ye lere al myn ansuer  
 To god madame I powe lere  
 And warneth al for my sake  
 Of lue that they be nought ydel  
 And byd hem thynke byrdel  
 And with that word al fowntly  
 She passeth as it Were a lye

Al clene oute of the lady syght  
 And tho for fere her lere asyght  
 And sayd to her selfe Alas  
 I am rpe byrdel in the same case  
 But and I lere after this dape  
 I that amende it yf that I maye  
 And thus someward this lady Went  
 And chaunged al her fere entent  
 Within her lere & gan to lere  
 That she no holtme wold lere  
 So fere her myght thou take her  
 How I lere is for to lere  
 Namelyche of lue as I haue lere  
 For thou myght vnderstand & lere  
 Among the gentyl nacyon  
 Lue is an corrupcion  
 Which for to lere his lustre saue  
 Shold eury gentyl lere haue  
 For as that lady Was chastyte  
 Rpe so the knyght may be auyte  
 Which ydel is & wold not lere  
 To lunge he may ytt mas lere  
 A gretter peyne than she had  
 When she aboute with her lad  
 The hore holtme & for thy  
 Good is to be Ware ther by  
 But for to lere aboute alle  
 These maydene thou so it falle  
 Thy shold take ensample of this  
 Which I haue told forsothe it is  
 My lady Venus Whome I seale  
 What Women wold her thank defende  
 She may not thynke lue esche  
 Of pammorre but she moche selle  
 Cuppde la We ande nethelke  
 Men lere such lue lere in lere  
 That it nys euer byrdel aspye  
 Of Jangeluge & of falo enye  
 Ful ofte medled with dysche  
 But thynke lue is wel at ease  
 Which sett is byrdel marpore  
 For that dore shewen the dysage  
 In alle places openly  
 A gret memoralle it is for thy  
 How that a mayde wold lere  
 That she lere tyme ne lere



To laste Vnde thellis felle  
Wherof the lye is al honeste  
May may mouer lesse of good  
Out so wyse a man yet neuer stood  
Whiche may mouer tyme for  
So may a mayden wel therfor  
Ensample take of that she seingeth  
Dyt lye & dng in that she chaungeth  
Dyt lye vpon hys lustico gane  
To maryage as it is fene  
For thus a yere two or thre  
Wys left on that she we dore be  
Whyle she the charge myght be  
Of chidren which the world forlorn  
Ne may but if it sholde fayne  
Out mayden that in her spousage  
Wold tarie when she take may  
She shal yet chaunge an other day  
We let when that her leueste were  
Wherof a tale vnto then ere  
Whiche is culpable vpon this dre  
I shewe alle of that I were

De ponit Exemplum super eode  
Et narrat de filia Iepet que cum  
e sui patris voto in holocaustum deo oc  
cidi & offerri debuit ipsa pro eo quod  
Virgo fuit & prolem ad augmentacione  
populi dei nondum genuisset. xl. dierū  
spacium ut cum suis sororibus Virgi  
nibus suam destrueret Virginitatem pri  
usquam mortetur in exemplum alio  
rum a patre postulauit

Among the Jewes as me told  
Then was whylome by dore  
old. A noble due which Iepet  
lyght/ And felle he shold go to fyght  
Ageyn Amos the cruel kyng  
And for to speke vpon this thyng  
Within his lye he made a bolde  
To god & sayd O hadst thou  
Wol graunte vnto my men bytome

I shal in toline of thy memore  
The first lye that I may see  
Or man or woman where it be  
Anone as I come home ageyn  
To the which art god fourtyne  
Shen in thy name & sacryfe  
And thus with his chynatrye  
He goth hym forth where he sholde  
When he had wonne what he wold  
And ouercam his fomen alle  
May noman knowe that shal felle  
This duk a lusty doughter had  
And fume which the world spred  
Hath brought vnto this ladyes er  
Wold that her fadre hath do there  
She wayeth vpon his compynge  
With daunsyng & with carolynge  
No she that wold be to fere  
At other & so she was therfor  
In masphat at her fadres gate  
The first & when he cometh ther ate  
And sa we his doughter he to beapde  
His clothes & wepnd he sayde

O myghty god amonge so fere  
Nowe I not in what manere  
This woldes ioy may be pleyne  
I had at that I couthe seyne  
Agene my fomen by thy grace  
So when I am to ward this place  
Then was no gladder man than I  
But now my lord al sodenly  
My ioy is turned in to sorowde  
For I my doughter shal to morowe  
To helpe & barne in thy scrup  
To buyng of thy sacryfe  
Throug myn auocse so as it is  
The mayden when she wyte of this  
And sa we the sorow hys fadre made  
So as she maye with wondes glade  
Comforted hym & bad hym holde  
His couenunt as he was holdde  
Towardes god as he heght  
But nethels hys lye aslyght  
Of that she sa we hys dith comend  
And than vnto the ground kneled  
To fere hys fadre she is felle

For I Whylome no lue had  
My hore is now fild & bad  
And al to tere is myn array  
And every yre this fresshe may  
These lusty ladyes ryde aboute  
And I must nedre selle her touth  
In this maner as y now see  
And trusse her haltes forth With me  
And am but her hore knaue  
None other offyce I ne haue  
Wem thynketh I am Worthy no more  
For I Was shewe in lues hore  
When I Was able for to lere  
And Wold not the tales lere  
Of hem that couthe lue treche  
Now telle me than I yon bysiche  
Wher fore that ryche byrdel senicth  
With that a wey her clere she swereth  
And gan to wepe & thus she told  
This ryche byrdel which y beholde  
So ryche vpon myn hore lere  
Madame afore on I Was dede  
When I Was in my lusty lye  
There felle in to myn lere a streyf  
Of lue which me ouercome  
So that therof lere I nome  
And thought I Wold lue a knyght  
That last wel a founteynght  
For it no longer myght last  
So nyght my lye Was at the last  
But no Wallas to late Ware  
That I ne had hym lued aye  
For deth cam so hase hyme  
Er I therw had ony tyme  
That it ne myght ben achued  
But for al that I am reueud  
Of that my Wyke Wad good therw  
That lue sufferth it be soo  
That I that such a byrdel Wem  
Now haue y lerd al myn ansuere  
To god madame I poss lere take  
And warneth al for my sake  
Of lue that they be nought yel  
And hpd hem thynke vpon my byrdel  
And Wyl that Wold al sodenly  
She passeth as it Wem a shep

Al clene oute of the lady syght  
And tho for fer her drit asyght  
And sayd to her selfe Alas  
I am ryght in the same case  
But and I lue after this dape  
I shal amende it yf that I maye  
And thus homeward this lady Went  
And chaunged al her fresshe wynt  
Within her lere & gan to lere  
That she no haltes Wold lere  
Lo sone her myght thou take hore  
Howe lues is for to derte  
Namelyche of lue as I haue Wryte  
For thou myght vnderfonde & Wryte  
Among the gentyl nacyon  
Lue is an occupacion  
Which for to lere his lustre saue  
Shold every gentyl lere haue  
For as that lady Was chastyfyd  
Ryght so the knyght may be auyfied  
Which yel is & Wold not seme  
To longe he may yre mas defene  
A gretter pyne than he had  
When she aboute With her lad  
The hore haltes & for thy  
Good is to be Ware ther by  
But for to lere aboute alle  
These maydens hou so it felle  
Tay shold take ensample of this  
Which I haue told forsothe it is  
My lady Venus Whome I ferre  
What Wommen Wold lere thanke defene  
She may not thylk lue eschewe  
Of pammor re but she mote selle  
Cnyddes la We andy nethelwe  
May lere such lue felle in pte  
That it nys euer vpon aspye  
Of Jangeluge & of fute enye  
ful of medled With dysfye  
But thylk lue is Wel at ease  
Which felle is vpon maypore  
For that dore shewen the dysage  
In alle places openly  
A gret memorie it is for the  
Howe that a mayde Wold lere  
That she lere tyme ne lere

To laste vnto thyllis kiste  
Wherof the due is al honeste  
May may wouenesse of good  
But so wyse a may yet neuer stood  
Whiche may mouer tyme for  
So may a mayden wel therfor  
Ensample take of that she stanngeth  
Hyt due a dog on that she chaungeth  
Hyt lere vpon hys lustes gane  
To marpage as it is fine  
In thus a pryncesse in the  
wyldeste/er. That she weddede be  
Whyle she the charge myghte be  
Of children whiche the world forlorn  
He may but yf it shold be sayde  
But mayden that in her spousale  
Wold tarye when she take may  
She shal yet chaunce an other day  
We let wryte that her lufest were  
Wherof a tale vnto theyr er  
Whiche is culpable vpon this dede  
I thynke wylle of that I wote

De ponit Exemplum super eodem  
Et narrat de filia Ihera que cum  
ex sui patris voto in solacium deo oc  
cidi & offerri debent ipsa pro eo quod  
virgo fuit & prolem ad augmentationem  
regni dei nondum genuisset. pl. dicitur  
spacium Et cum suis socialibus virgi  
nibus suam delectat virginum in pri  
usquam mortetur in exemplum alios  
cum a patre postulauit

Among the Yellies as me told  
There was whylome by dany  
eld. A noble due which I per  
hyght/ And felle he shold go to fyghe  
Ageyne Among the cruel lyng  
And for to speke vpon this thyng  
Within his hert he made a bowe  
To god & sayd O lord yf thou  
Wol graunte vnto my men vpryng

I shal in toline of thy memoyre  
The first tye that I may see  
Or man or woman wete it be  
Anone as I come home ageyne  
To the whiche art god fourtyne  
Ston in thy name & sacryfe  
And thus with his chynalyre  
He goth hym forth wete yf he shold  
Wete he had donne what he wold  
And ouertan his fomen alle  
May noman knowe that shal falle  
This dult a lusty doughter had  
And fume whiche she wold spady  
Hath brought vnto this ladys er  
Wold that her fader hath do there  
His wylle vpon his comynge  
With daunsyng & with carolng  
As she that wold be to fer  
Al other & so she was therfor  
In maspat at her faders gate  
The first & wete he cometh ther ate  
And saide his doughter he to sayde  
His clothes & wepnd he sayde

O myghty god amonge so lere  
Now wote I not in what manere  
This woldes iore may be pleyne  
I had at that I coude seyne  
Agene my fomen by thy grace  
So when I am to wete this place  
There was no gladder man than I  
But now my lord al ferdent  
My iore is turned in to sorowde  
For I my doughter shal to morowe  
To helle & burne in thy scowpe  
To buyng of thy sacryfe  
Thowgh myn auowde so as it is

The mayden when she wote of this  
And saide the sorowd her fader made  
So as she maye with wordes glade  
Comforted hym & bad hym folde  
His couenunt as he was shold  
To warden gods as he shold  
But neithers hert lert asyght  
Of that she saide her deth comend  
And than vnto the ground kneled  
To for her fader she is falle



And sayeth so as it is falle  
 Upon this point that she shal dye  
 Of one thing first she wolde hym pray  
 That forty dayes of respyt  
 He wolde hyr graunt upon this pray  
 That she the while may bewep  
 Hyr maydenhode which she leys  
 So long hath had & not lost  
 Wherof her yowthe is let  
 That she no children hath forth drawe  
 In marriage after the lawe  
 So that the peple is not enuied  
 But that it myght be aliad  
 That she for hym hath let so  
 She wolde by his leue go  
 With other maydens to amplene  
 And after ward vnto the pyne  
 Of deeth she wolde come agayne  
 The fader herd his daughter say  
 And thereupon of one assent  
 The maydens were anone assent  
 That sholden with this mayden wende  
 So for to spele vnto this ende  
 They gone the dounce & the dalles  
 With wepyng & woful talis  
 And euery with hyr maydenhode  
 Compleyneth vpon this nede  
 That she no childer had bot  
 Wherof she hath hyr yowthe let  
 Which neuer she recouen may  
 For so fel that hyr last day  
 Was come in which she shold take  
 Her deeth which she may not forsake  
 So thus she deyde a woful mayde  
 For this cause which I sayde  
 As thou hast vnderstonde aboue  
 My fader as toward the loue  
 Of maydens for to telle trouthe  
 Ye haue this vnto of southe  
 Me thynketh wonder wel declared  
 That ye the women haue not spard  
 Of hym that tary so behynde  
 But yet it falleth in my mynde  
 Toward the men how that ye speke  
 Of hym that wol no tynayl felle  
 In cause of loue vpon desert

To speke in wordes so conuert  
 I not what tynayl that ye ment  
 My fone & after my entent  
 I wol the telle how that I thought  
 How whicher men her lours thought  
 Though gyt tynayl in strange lours  
 Wher I tary thought with her lours  
 Of armis many a worthy tary  
 In sondry places as may man tary

Quem probat armamentum probitas  
 Venus apparet & out in / Tormentum probat  
 nroba nrobat illa vnum / Venus  
 signaco insignia nrobat amono Nam  
 pigr ad vnum tardine ipse Venit

Hic denitur quod in amoris causa  
 militie probitas ad armamentum laboris  
 exercitum nullatenus trepidat

That every but of punnyng  
 To first forth drawe wel I  
 fynde / But nether e yet ouer  
 this / Desir doth so that it is  
 The wether had in many place  
 For the who so felle lours grow  
 Wher that these worthy women are  
 He maye not than hym selfe spare  
 Open his tynayl for to fone  
 Wherof that he may thank desir  
 These men of armis ther as they be  
 Somtyme ouer the gate he  
 So that by londs & eke by theyp  
 He mote tynayl for worthy  
 And make many hosty wodes  
 Somtyme in prynces somtyme in Rodes  
 And somtyme in to Tartary  
 So that these humbles on hym are  
 Waylant Waylant / Wher he goth  
 And he reueth hym gold & chesse  
 So that his name myght spryng  
 And to his lady ewe bringe  
 Somme tynayl of his worthynesse  
 So that she myght of his prouesse

Of that the lady was worthy  
 The letter unto his love wrote  
 And daunger put out of her mood  
 When al may wouiden good  
 And that the wote wel for her sake  
 That is no trauayle wold forsake  
 My some of this trauayle I mene  
 Now I put the for it that is true  
 If thou art yet in this as  
 my foder it andy ever was  
 For as me thyngeth truly  
 That every man doth more than I  
 And of this point I yf so is  
 That I haue ought done in this  
 It is so good of account  
 As who sayth it may not amounde  
 To Wyne of love his lusty pite  
 For this I tell you in myght  
 That me were better let love Wyne  
 Than Drage & al that is thereynne  
 And for to see the brethen alle  
 I not what good ther myght falle  
 No moche blood though ther were shed  
 This kynde I so began that Crist had  
 That no man other shold see  
 What shold I Wyne ouer the see  
 If I my lady left at home  
 What passe they the salt fume  
 To whome Crist had shold pynche  
 To al the world & his seyth ache  
 What now they maken in her nest  
 And witen as I myght best  
 In al the subtenes of calyx  
 Thus they defenden to the spere  
 And speken hem self al amptore  
 To see & fyghe they be byde  
 Hem whom they shold as I holde (rich)  
 Conuerden unto Cristes kyth  
 Out her of hane I geve meynple  
 How they wold me byd trauayle  
 A Gamysyn yf I see that  
 I see the soule forth with al  
 And that was neuer Cristes be  
 Out wold he shew I sage nomore

Die allegat Amans in sui excusati

onem quodam Achilles apud Troiam  
 propter amorem Polyxenii arma sua  
 per aliquod tempus dimisit

But I wol speke vpon my myght  
 And to Cuppe I make a pite  
 That who as ever pite defende  
 Of Armes I wol be true  
 As though I shold hem to the hepe  
 As wel wold I take hepe  
 When it were tyme to abyde  
 As for to trauayle & for to ryde  
 For thou as ever a man laboure  
 Cuppe hath ever his howe  
 For I haue herd alle also  
 Achilles left his armes soo  
 Bothe of hym self & of his men  
 At Troy fro Polyxenii  
 Upon hyr love when he felle  
 That for no chaunce that he felle  
 Among the grettes by or doune  
 He wold nought aye the toun  
 When armed for the love of her  
 And so me thyngeth leue sy  
 A man of armes may hym wyl  
 Somtyme in hope for the last  
 If he may fynde a wep nerre  
 What shold I than go so fere  
 In stannge londes many a myle  
 To ryde & lest at home the wylde  
 My love it were a short tyme  
 To Wyne that a lefe wylde  
 But yf my lady byd wold  
 That I for her love shold  
 Trauayle me thyngeth truly  
 I myght flee thorough out the say  
 And so thorough out the depe see  
 For al ne sett I not a see  
 What thyng that I myght elles gete  
 What helpe a man to haue met  
 When drynll lakketh on the wood  
 What helpe ony mane wold  
 To see thou I trauayle fast  
 When as me fyllith at the last  
 That thyng which I trauayle for

O in good tyme Were he low  
 That myght atayne such a nede  
 But wote ys I myght speke  
 With ony maner besynesse  
 Of Woordes tynagel than I gesse  
 That shold me none pailshyp  
 Depart from hys ladyshyp  
 But this I see on dayes now  
 The blynde god I wote not how  
 Supper Which of due is bidden  
 He set the thynges in dyscord  
 That they that due left attande  
 Ful oft he wold hem geue & sende  
 Moost of his grace & thus I fynde  
 That he that shold goo behynde  
 Goth many a tyme fer to fow  
 So wote I not ryght wel therfore  
 On whider boord that I shal fyre  
 Thus can I nought my self counseyle  
 But al I set on aventure  
 And am as who sepes oute of cure  
 For ought that I can sepe or do  
 For evermo I fynde it so  
 The more besynes that I lay  
 The more that I lene & pay  
 With good Wordes & With softe  
 The more I am refusede oft  
 With besynes & maye not repyne  
 And in good feth that is geue synne  
 For I may sepe of dede & thought  
 That pail man haue I be nought  
 For how as ever that I be slayde  
 Yet evermore I haue assayed  
 But though my besynes last  
 It is but pail at the last  
 When the effect is pailnesse  
 I not what thyng is besynesse  
 Saye what auayleth at the dede  
 Which belpeth no thyng at nede  
 For the fortune of every faine  
 What of his ende leue a name  
 And for ought that is yet befall  
 An pail man I wote me calle  
 And of my entremement  
 But vpon your amendement  
 My holy fader as you semeth

myn wylow & my cause tyme  
 Myn sone I haue byde the maten  
 Of that thou haste the fyrmyt hem  
 And for to speke of hert faine  
 Me semeth that thou shalt not am  
 But only that thou myght not speke  
 And therof sone I wote the wite  
 A lyte & haste not to faste  
 Thy dyne ben every day to mite  
 Thou nyst what chafte shall beget  
 Better is to waite vpon the tyme  
 Than wile agaynst the sturmes stronge  
 For though so he wyl strake long  
 Yet make the mucherpon  
 Of brunt and thy wyldepon  
 He be not yet of one acord  
 But I dar make this word  
 To Venus whose paret that I am  
 That speke that I shal am  
 To her as she me had the lye  
 Wherof thou els be gylty  
 Thou myght knowe thy consyence  
 Epeuse & of grete dysconce  
 Which thou to her hast so depende  
 Thou oughtest wel to be commended  
 But ys so he that ther ought faye  
 Of that thou shaltest be tynagel  
 In armes for to be absent  
 And for thou makest an argument  
 Of that thou sayest her chafte  
 How achilles thurgh strength of his  
 His armes left for a thow he  
 Thou shalt an other tale knowe  
 Which is contrary as thou shalt see  
 For this a man maye fynde thyng  
 When that knyghtthode that be worthy  
 Lust may nought thanne be preferred  
 The hed more than be fustale  
 And stelde & spere on hand take  
 Which thyng that make hem ofte glad  
 When they worthy knyghtes be made  
 Wherof so as it cometh to hand  
 A tale thou shalt vnderstand  
 How that a knyght shalde armes fynde  
 And for the wyle his case schilde



Die dicit q' amicus electissimus  
interfuit mihis arma sua perficit de  
let/ Et post exemplum de Olype cum  
ipse a ludo Troiano properat amorem  
Pamphili traheret domi veluisset/ Na  
plus inter Pamphilo cum ludo sit  
monibus allucatus est/ q' Olype thoro  
sue coniugio mihis latere Armonum  
Vas cum alijs Troia magnanimus  
salutet

Don Inghede Jure thus  
Doth whymme the kyng Na  
plus/ The fater of Pamphilo  
Cam for to pryke Olype  
With offer Gygys the also  
That he wold say to Troye goo  
Wher that myght shold be  
Anone hym Pamphilo  
Dio wylt whome that he durst hode  
Edgelypke wold not say hode  
Out he shold than a wonder wyle  
Dow that he shold say hode  
So that he myght durst hode  
At home q' wold his hode at wyle  
Wherf eke at the monthe dyg  
Out offen led thern that he say  
Wyn he lode up/ he gan to fure  
On to the fete q' lode q' fure  
As he whiche fureth to the wood  
He took a pough wile that it stood  
Wherf anone in fete of Olype  
He led to polim gure fure  
And wile gure led the hode he fure  
Out Namplius whiche the cause knew  
Agene the fureth whiche he fureth  
Another fureth anone wryne  
And fure that tyme Olype had  
A chide to fure q' namplius wold  
Dow may that chide take shode  
And set hym upon the wold  
Wher that he fater led the pough  
In chide fureth whiche he the wough  
In in fure wyle he thought offay  
Dow it Olype shode wyle  
If that he wile wold or none

The Inghede for the chide forth gone  
Thamocous anone was fure  
To fure the pough q' wile fure  
Wher that he fater shode depue  
Out wile he fure his chide Olype  
He wold the pough out of the wile  
And Namplius the fure to fure  
And hode hode in a iape wile  
O Olype thou art aspyde  
What is at this thou wile fure  
For oplype it is now fure  
Thou thou fure fure at this thynge  
Whiche is gure fure to a fure  
Wile that for fure of ony fure  
Thou wyle a quart of fure  
Of armes thyle fure fure  
And durst at home for fure fure  
For fure it wile fure to wile  
Thou fure whiche fure is fure  
For the fure fure fure fure  
And eke thou shalt fure fure  
Therf other fure fure fure  
Of fure whiche fure the fure  
To fure the fure he fure wile  
And gure the fure fure fure  
Whiche fure he to the fure fure  
Wile for the fure fure of the fure  
That thou for fure of ony fure  
Shalt so the fure fure fure  
And fure of fure the fure fure  
Whiche is the fure of the fure  
And ought fure to be fure  
Out he whiche fure his fure fure  
Upon his wyle wile he this fure  
Nought one wile fure fure fure  
Out fure fure fure fure fure  
And wile fure fure fure fure  
Dio fure that at the fure  
Of fure for fure fure  
He fure q' he fure fure fure  
To fure wile fure fure he fure  
That he fure not fure  
Thou fure it fure a fure fure  
The fure of fure to fure fure  
Thou may no fure fure fure  
Out fure fure fure fure

And that she wedd hath ourne  
For it shal be in al wyse  
A knyght to be of hyge empyre  
And put al drede asyde  
For in this wyse I haue brede sepe

He sepe to dyen as a knyght  
Than for to lyue in al his myght  
And to be named of his name  
To thus vpon the worldes fame  
Knyghthode hath ever yet lastet  
Whiche with no cowardys is set

¶ De narrat super eodem qualiter La  
adomia Regio Prothesalai Regis  
Volens ipsum a bello Troiano secum re  
tineat fatam sibi mortem in portu trois  
pronunciauit. sed ipse miliciam voca  
uit et oia affectans Troiam adiit. Vbi  
sue mortis precio perpetue laudis Troi  
nicam ademit

Adhuc super eodem qualiter Rex  
Saul non obstanti qd per Samuelem  
a Philistinis suscitatum et committum  
risponsum qd ipse in bello moreretur.  
accepisset hostes tamen suos aggredens  
milicie famam cunctis huius diei bla  
dimentis perposuit

The Worthy King Prothesalay  
On his passage wither he lay  
To ward Troye thylk hyge  
Sle which was his olde hyge  
Laadomyr his lusty wyf  
Whiche for his loue was prysyd  
As sle which al hyr lere he had  
Upon a thyng which she drad  
A letter for to make hym dulle  
Fro Troye send hym thus to telle  
How she hath ayed of the wyse  
Toucheend of hym in such a wyse  
That they haue done to vnderstande  
To ward other hou so it stonde  
The desyre it hath so shap  
That he shal not the deth escape  
In case that he aryue at Troye  
For thyng as to theyr woldes ioye  
With al hyr lere she hym prayde  
And many another cause alleyd  
That he with hyr at home abyde  
But he hath cast hyr letter a syde  
As he which the no maner lere  
Took of hyr wommans drede  
And forth he goth as nought ne wene  
To Troye & was the first there  
Whiche lounde & took arruayle  
For hym was leuer in the battayle

¶ I King Saul also I fynde  
When samuel out of his lunde  
Though I & philistines hath  
And In Samuyl was ourd  
Long tyme after that he was dede  
The King Saul hym agerth wte  
If he shal goo fyght as none  
And Samuyl hym sayd anone  
The first day of the battayle  
Thou shalt be slayn without fayle  
And Jonathas thy sone also  
But thou as ever it falle so  
This worthy knyght of his awange  
Hath vnder take the vpage  
And wold nought his knyghthode let  
For no pryde he wold let  
Wherof that he his sone & he  
Upon the Mount of Gelboe  
Assembled with his armyes  
For they knyghthode of such a pryde  
By old dayes thence he layn  
That they none other thyng wolden  
And thus the fader for wyllyng  
Forth with his sone of felawshyp  
Though lust of armes wene dede  
As men may in the lyght wte  
That who knyghthode is yet in mynde  
And shal he to the worldes ende

¶ Je loquait p mltis in suis pti  
mndis ad audiam pntem dicit /  
Et narrat qualiter Cero Centaurus  
Achilem qui sum ad infanciam in mō  
am Polion educavit de audis efficit  
utur pntem edocuit / p cum ipse de  
nationibus insisteret foveo & Tigri  
de huiusmodi animadū resistencia &  
nulla alia fugitivus agitant. et sic A  
chilles in iuventute animatus famosis  
sine milite pntem postmodum ad  
optant

¶ Ad for to hūm outmane  
At both & that he overmore  
That of lynchpode p pntesse  
Je grounded upon hardpasse  
Of hym & that he wol vntemle  
And who that wold enample take  
Upon the forme of lynchpode lalle  
Don that Achilles was forth walke  
With Cero which Centaurus hym  
Of manys wonder he is myghte  
For it stood thet tyme thus  
That this Cero this Centaurus  
Wich a large wylde wylde  
Wich was upon a Leoness  
The leopard and the Tyger also  
With hyl / hyl / hyl / and doo  
Dach his dachpog as the hylle  
Of Polion upon the hyl  
Wher was than moche speche  
That both Cero this child to arch  
What tyme he was off wylde pnt agt  
Wherfor to make his cōunge  
The more hardy by othet wep  
In the fowt the to hunt & plye  
What tyme Achilles walle wold  
Centaurus had that he ne wold  
After no best make his chace  
Which wold flay out of his place  
As had too best & Tyger  
With which he may no wete spnt  
That who that wold hym wylstowce  
That wold he with his dart on hand  
Upon the Tyger and the Lyon

¶ Purcher & take his bypog  
As to a lynchpode is acordant  
And thynpon a cōmunt  
This Cero with Achilles set  
That every day without lett  
He wold seke a quel best  
Or he on wonden at the best  
So that he myght a wylde bypog  
Of blood upon his some cōpog  
Thus that of Cero hym taught  
Achilles suke on best caught  
That he no more a spon dead  
Wich he his dart on hand had  
Than of a spon wete an asse  
And that best made hym for to passe  
At other lynchpode of his wete  
Wich it am to the gret nede  
As it was a farwardy wete knowe

Confessor

¶ So thus my sone thou myght knowe  
That the cōunge of hardpasse  
Je of lynchpode the pntesse  
Which is to be suffraunt  
Aloun at the timent  
That into hure court pursur  
But who that wold no such esch we  
Upon lynchpode & not timent  
I net what hure hym wold anaple  
But every labour aveth whp  
Of somme wold wret of that I  
Enamples couthe telle enough  
Of hym that toward hure dough  
Of old days as they wold  
My sone therof he I wold  
My sone it wold be resonable  
In place which is honoumble  
If that a man his best sett  
That than he for no stuthe lett  
To do what longeth to manpde  
For yf thou wolt the holes wete  
Of launet & othet mo  
That myght thou see so w it was the  
Of armes for they wold atayne  
To hure which is withouten pnt  
May not be gret of wntesse  
And that I take to wntesse



An old Cronycle in spectal  
The which in to memorial  
Do wyte for his lures sake  
How that a knyght shal undertake

Hic dicit q miles p[er]u[er]s[us] amoris  
amplexu dignitatis efficiatur euentus  
bellicos victoriosus amplectere debet/et  
narrat qualiter Hercules et achilleus  
prop[er] Deianiram Calidonic Regis  
filiam singulare duellum ad inuicem  
meruerunt. cuius victor Hercules gisan  
tic armorum metatis amorem Virgi  
nie laudabiliter conquestaunt

Her was a kyng Wich Oene  
6 Was hote & he Under pro  
Held Calpdonye in his empire  
And had a daughter Depanxe  
Men wyte in thys tyme none  
So fayre a wyght as she was one  
And as she was a lusty wyght  
Knyght so was than a noble knyght  
To whome mercurye fader was  
This knyght the two pylers of bms  
The which yet a man may fynde  
Set vp in the deserte of Inde  
That was the worthy Hercules  
Whos name shal he endles  
For the meruayles which wrought  
This Hercules the lue sought  
Of Depanxe & of this thyng  
Wnto hys fadre which was kyng  
He spak touchend of marpage  
The kyng knowend his hys sygnage  
And dead also his myghtes sterne  
To hym ne durst his daughter werne  
And netheles this he hym seide  
How Achylus or he first pryde  
To wedden hys and in word  
Thy stood as it was of word  
But for al that this he hym gaunt  
That which of hem that other dalteth  
In armes hym she shold take

And that the kyng hath undertake  
This Achylus was a gyaunt  
A subtel man a dragaunt  
Which thowgh Magye & sorcery  
Couthe al the world of Turchye  
And when he this tale herde  
Held that upon that the kyng ansurd  
With Hercules he must fyght  
He trusteth nought upon his strenght  
Al onky when it cometh to nede  
But that which vopeth al nede  
And euery noble lere steryth  
The lue that no lye forketh  
For his lady whome he despyth  
With hardysse his lere feryth  
And send hym word without fayr  
That he wol take the batayle  
Thy fetyr a day they choson fetyr  
The knyghtes courted Under sheld  
To gyde come al tyme fetyr  
And ech one is with other met  
It fel they foughten bothe on foot  
Ther was no stone ther was no wote  
Which myght latten hem the wete  
But al was vopd & take a wete  
Thy smyten stokes but a felle  
For Hercules which wold shelle  
His gytte strengthe as for the nones  
He feryt vpon hym al at ones  
And caught hym in his armes stronge  
This gyaunt wote he may not longe  
Endure Under so hard londes  
And thowt he wold oute of his hores  
Wy slepyth in som maner escape  
And as he couthe hym self forscape  
In tylenesse of an adder he slepyth  
Oute of his hond & forth he slepyth  
And eft as he that fyght wote  
He cometh hym in to a hole  
And gan to lylle in such a soune  
As though f world shold al go doune  
The ground he spurneth & he touneth  
His large hounes he ouercometh  
And cast hym hem & them aboute  
But he which stantof hym no doubt  
A wopeth wel when that he can

And hym by bothe names nam  
 And at at ones he hym cast  
 Upon the grounde: & hit hym fast  
 That he ne myght with no strength  
 Out of his hand gett on dryght  
 Tyl he was outworn & yold  
 And Hercules both what he wolde  
 The kyng hym gaunte to fustyle  
 His arming at his owne wyll  
 And she for whom he had serued  
 Hye thought he had wel deserved  
 And thus with gatre & fere of armes  
 He was hys to lyege in armes  
 As he which hath hys deir abought  
 For otherlyste shold he nought

Nota de pantofole Ama-onie Re-  
 gina que Hectoris amore colligata con-  
 tra Picrum Achillis filium apud Tro-  
 iam arma ferre etiam specialiter non  
 recusauit

And ouer this yf thou wylt hee  
 Upon lengthe of this matter  
 Thou shalt see & armes ben acqwynted  
 A man may see bothe wyte & pynted  
 So ferforth what pantofole  
 Which was the quene of Jemyn  
 The lye of Hector afor to lye  
 And for honour of armes she  
 To Troy cam with spere & sheld  
 And woe hys self in to the felde  
 With maydens armed al about  
 In wtowes of the Towne al about  
 Which with the galle was bylde

Nota qualiter Polypheme? propter  
 milicie famam a finibus terre in defens-  
 sionem Troie Amone tres puellas a  
 Regno Amazonie quolibet anno peti-  
 piendos sibi et fratribus suis impet-  
 tum ea de causa habere promittit

Two paphagonye & as men from  
 Which stant upon the borders end  
 That tyme it spyled she to wende  
 Polyphemus which was kyng  
 To Troy & come upon this thyng  
 In helpe of the noble Towne  
 And at was that for the renown  
 Of Washyp & of Woldes fame  
 Of which he wold haue a name  
 And so he dede & forth with all  
 He was of lye in speyal  
 A faye Trybut for aytmo  
 For it felle thell tyme soo  
 Picrus the son of Achilles  
 The Washyp quene among the ptes  
 With dedely swerd sought out & fond  
 And slough hys with his owne hond  
 Wherof this kyng of Paphagonye  
 Pantofole and to Amazonie  
 Wher she was quene with hym lad  
 With such maydens as she had  
 Of hem that were left aloue  
 For in this shyp tyl they arpue  
 Wher that the body was bygynne  
 With wyllyng & the women saue  
 And for the goodnes of this dede  
 They gaunte hym a lusty mede  
 That euery yere as for tynage  
 To hym & to his herbage  
 Of maydens faye to shal haue the  
 And in this wyse spede he  
 Which the fortune of armes sought  
 With his tynage his ease he sought  
 For other wyse he shold haue fayed  
 If that he had nought tynaged

Nota pro eo qd Eneas Regem Tur-  
 num in bello deuicit non solum amore  
 Lavinie / sed et Regnum Italie sibi sus-  
 tugatum obtinuit

Eneas the Withyn Jdyle  
 He haden Bonnen the batayle  
 And done his myght so besyle  
 Ayne kyng Turne his enmy

He had nought launeyne Wonne  
 But for he hath hym ouer wonne  
 He gat his pryse & Wan hys due  
 By this ensample lere aboue  
 To noyb my sone as I haue told  
 Thou myght wel see it so that is hold  
 And dar trauayle & vnder take  
 The cause of due he shal he take  
 The rather vnto due es grace  
 For comonlyte in worthy place  
 The woman duen Worthynesse  
 Of manhood & of gentylnesse  
 For the gentyls he most desyred  
 My fader but I were inspyred  
 Thorough lere of you I wote no were  
 What gentylnesse is for to lere  
 Wherof to telle I powe besche

*Hic dicit q Generosi in amoris cau  
 sa sepius perferuntur super quo querit  
 Amans quid si generositas/cuius v  
 ritatem questionis Confessor per singu  
 la dissoluit*

The grounde my sone for to seche  
 Down this dyffyncepon  
 The Worlde conspicyon  
 Hath set the name of gentylnesse  
 Upon the fortune of Rycheffe  
 Which of long tyme is falle in age  
 That is a man of hysle lpgnage  
 A far the fortune as thou myght lere  
 But no thyng of the matre  
 For who that wyl vnderstonde  
 Down ryches it maye not stonde  
 For that is thyng which fayleth oft  
 For he that stant to day allest  
 And al the World hath in his bones  
 To morowe he fallyth al at ones  
 Out of ryche in to pouerte  
 Soo that therof is no deserte  
 Which gentylnesse maketh abyde  
 And for to lere on other syde  
 Thou that a gentylman is lere

Adam Which was al tofore  
 With Eve his wyf as of lere (Wo  
 Al was alpe gentyls tho  
 So that of generacyon  
 To make declacyon  
 Ther maye no gentylnesse lere  
 For to the wyl of We so  
 Of mans byrthe the mesur  
 It is so comon of nature  
 That it puerth every man aspech  
 No wel to the yow as to the ryche  
 For naked they lere lere dothe  
 The lord hath no more to clothe  
 No of hym self that yll thowde  
 Than hath the pourest of the wylde  
 And when they shal dothe passe  
 I not of lere which hath the lasse  
 Of Worlde good but of charge  
 The lord is more for to charge  
 When he shal his compe lere  
 For he hath had his lustre lere  
 But of the body which shal deye  
 Al though ther be dyuers weye  
 To deth yet is ther but one weye  
 To which that every man weye  
 No wel the legger as the heu  
 Of one nature of one acord  
 The which our elder moder is  
 The erthe lothe that and this  
 Receyueth & al aspech denoueth  
 That she to nother part fauourith  
 So wote I noo thyng after kynde  
 Where I may gentylnesse fynde  
 For lare of Vertu lare of grace  
 Wherof Rycheffe in many place  
 When may wene lere to stonde  
 Al sodenly goth out of londe  
 But Vertu set in the counge  
 Ther may noo World be so saluage  
 Which myght it take & done alleys  
 Tyl when that the body deye  
 Then he shal be ryched soo  
 So that may faple nauerms  
 That it may wel be gentylnesse  
 Which puerth so grette a splerresse  
 For after the condycyon



Of resonable intencion  
 The which out of the soule groweth  
 And the vertu from vices knoweth  
 Wherof a man the vices escheweth  
 Withoute flouthe & vertu knoweth  
 That is very gentylman  
 And no thyng els which he may  
 He which he hath ne which he maye  
 But for al that yet now a daye  
 In hys court to talke he  
 The pourte vertu that not speeth  
 That when the speche vices doth  
 For fith it is that due alloweth  
 The gentylman without good  
 Though his condycion be good  
 Out of a man of both the  
 Of speche & vertuous also  
 Then is he wel the more worth  
 But yet to put hym self forth  
 He must done his besynesse  
 For nother good ne gentylnesse  
 Maye bring hym which part he  
 Out woth that woth in his degre  
 Temptable so as it belongeth  
 It hopeth oft that he songeth  
 Washp & ease both the  
 For euer yet it hath he so  
 That due honest in sondry weye  
 Crosspeth for it doth a weye  
 The vices & as the booles fern  
 It maketh curys of the vices  
 And to the Colward hardnesse  
 It gueth so that very proffesse  
 He caused vices hys wile  
 To hym that any manhood wile  
 And eke to ward the womanhood  
 Who that woth wold talke he  
 For they the litle affayrd be  
 In euer thyng as man may see  
 For due both euer his lustres game  
 In gentyl folk as it is sent  
 Which thyng ther may no lynde out  
 I trowe that there is no best  
 That he woth due wold acquere  
 That he ne wold make it quere  
 As for the which that it last

And thus I conclude at the last  
 That they ben part as me semeth  
 Which vices thyng that due demeth  
 For flouthe that they shold do  
 And ouer this my sone also  
 To speke of due yet I shal seke  
 After the vertu moral eke  
 Among the booke booke weye  
 I fynde weye in such a weye  
 Who louth not is he as dede  
 For due aboute al other is he  
 Which both the vertues for to lode  
 Of al that vices mannes dede  
 Belongeth for of pryncyp  
 He hath al the felawshyp  
 For flouthe is euer to dyspise  
 Which in dyspise hath al dyspise  
 And that accordeth not to man  
 For he that vices & vices can  
 It let hym wel that he temptable  
 Upon som thyng which myght auail  
 For pryncyp is not comended  
 But euer laue it hath defende  
 And in ensamples therupon  
 The noble weye Salamon  
 Which had of euer thyng insight  
 Seeth as the byrdes to the flayght  
 He made so the man is low  
 To labour which is nought forlow  
 To him that thyken for to thryue  
 For he which are now aloue  
 Of him that lye whydome weye  
 As wel in scoles as elles weye  
 Now euer day ensample take  
 That yet it weye now to make  
 Thyng which fust they founden out  
 It shold not be brought about  
 Her lures thence weye long  
 Her vices gate for myghte strong  
 Her vertues ful of besynesse  
 Wherof the woldes wylnesse  
 In lode lode & in courage  
 Stand euer vpon his aunantage  
 And for to de we in to memory  
 Her names both & her story  
 Upon the vertu of hys wile

In sondry toles if ou myght wite

Expret in manibus labor Et de coeli  
diano. Actibus et Vita Vivere possit  
homo / Sed qui doctrine causa fert men  
te laboro / Perualet et merita perpetu  
ata parat

Hic loquitur contra curiosos quoscunq;  
q/et maxime contra istos qui exaltatis  
prudentie ingenium habitas absq; fruc  
tu opum torpescunt / Et ponit exemplū  
de diligencia praedictorum qui ad totū  
ue humani generis doctrinam et augi  
lium suis continuis laboribus et seu  
dne gratia medianā diuina artis et sci  
entias primitiue inueniunt

I euery Wyse dome the perfyte  
o The hyght god of his spyrte  
Vast to the men in erthe lyue  
Upon the forme of the matre  
Of that he wolde make hym Wyse  
And thus cam in the fyrst apyrte  
Of goodes and of al good  
Thorough hym that he hym vnderstode  
The love whiche to hym was true  
Wherof these other that no wyse  
But euery day to lerne newe  
But al the tyme that men seue  
And that the labour forth it brought  
There was no corn though mē it souzt  
In none of al the feldees oute  
And on the Wyse dome cam about  
Of hym that fyrst the toles wyte  
This may euery Wyse man wyte  
There was grete labour eke also  
Thus was none ydel of the wo  
That on the plough hath vnderstode  
The labour whiche he hand hath toke  
That other toke to studye and muse  
As he whiche wolde not refuse  
The labour of his Wyse alle  
And in this Wyse it is to falle

Of labour That that they bygonne  
We be now taught of that we conne  
Hec bespene is yet sene  
That it stant euer alpeche gurne  
At he it so the body bepe  
The name of hym that neuer alype  
In the Cronycle as I fynde  
I am Whos labour is yet in mynde  
Was he whiche fyrst the letters fonde  
And wrote in lētre the Wyth his fonde  
Of naturall philosophy  
He fonde fyrst also the clerge  
Cadmus the letters of gregorys  
Fyrst made vpon his owne cherge  
Therger of thyng that that byfalle  
He was the fyrst angere of alle  
And Phylomenon by the bylage  
Fonde to descryue the courage  
Cladius Eldas and Sulpyas  
Celmegis Panulf and Jacydylas  
Menander Epydquonis  
Solus Pandar and Jostphus  
The fyrst Wre of endyure  
Of olde Cronycle and the auctours  
And Dendot in his seynt  
Of metre of Ryme and of Cadens  
The fyrst was whiche men note  
And of musyke also the note  
In mans voposon softe or hard  
That fende Jubal / and of the harp  
The mery soune whiche is to lye  
That fonde wote forth with phylis  
Zeuers fonde fyrst the portature  
And Promothus the sculpture  
After what forme that hym thought  
The assemblaunce anon they wryte  
Tubal in penn and in stile  
Fonde the forge and wrought it wile  
And Jadael as sayth the booke  
Fyrst made nete and fysshers toole  
Of huntynge eke he fonde the chace  
Whiche now is knowe in many place  
And for cold with cold and stalle  
He set by fyrst and dyd it make  
Cortoniue the Colerpe  
Fyrst made the delpape

The most mynstr of Wolle fonde  
 And made clothe for othe fonde  
 And Dethon made it of fyne  
 Tho Women Were of grete mynne  
 But thyng Which myneth more & drink  
 And doth the labour for to synne  
 To talle the londe & set fyne  
 Wherof the courtes & the Wyne  
 Wen sustenaunce to mankynde  
 In old tolles as I fynde  
 Saturnus of his owne wyse  
 Hath founde fyre & more yett  
 Of chapmenhede he fonde the Wyse  
 And eke to cogen the monye  
 Of sondry metal as it is  
 He Was the fyre man of this  
 But thou that metal cam a place  
 Thorough mans wyse & goddes grace  
 The Route of Philosophers Wyse  
 Contraryden by sondry wyse  
 Fyrt for to gete it out of mynt  
 And after for to tye & fyne  
 And also With grete dyscrecyon  
 They fonde thell wyse  
 Which cleped is Alconomye  
 Wherof the spure multiplye  
 They made & eke the gold also  
 And for to take thou it is so  
 Of lodys sum in speccal  
 With four spyres ioynt With al  
 Stant the sustaunce of this matre  
 The lodys Which I speke of here  
 Of the planetes ben bygonne  
 The gold is tyld to the sonne  
 The more of spure hath his part  
 And Jern that stond upon Mart  
 The lode after Saturne groweth  
 And Jubiter the lode besto With  
 The Court sette is to Venus  
 And to his part Mercurius  
 Hath the quyl spure as it fulleth  
 The Which after the book it calleth  
 Is fyrt of thell four named  
 Of spyres Which ben proclaimed  
 And spyre Which is the second  
 In Sal Armonyak is founde

The thyrde spyre Sulphur is  
 The fourth lewand after this  
 Antimonium by name is hote  
 With blyng & With fyre hote  
 In these thynges Which I say  
 They waken by dyuers way  
 For as the Philosophers tolde  
 Of gold & spure they ben holde  
 Two pryncypal extempers  
 To which al othe by degres  
 Of the metalle & ben accordyng  
 And so thorough fynde assemblage  
 That what man couthe aske take  
 The custe of which they woken blake  
 And the sauour of the hardnesse  
 They sholden take the spynesse  
 Of gold & spure partysake  
 But for to woken it sheldy  
 Wyllene the corpe & the spyre  
 Et that the metal be partake  
 In such formes it is sett  
 Of al & yf that one be let  
 The wmenant may not sayle  
 But otherwyse it may not auayle  
 For they by Whome this art Was folow  
 To every wynt a cartyne bound  
 Ordynen that a man may fynde  
 This craft is Wrount by they of fynde  
 So that there is noo fable inne  
 But what man yf this Werk begynne  
 He moke a Vapour at every tyme  
 So that no thyng be left a spure  
 Fyrt of the dyspellacyon  
 Fyrt With the congeallacyon  
 Solucyon Wyssencyon  
 And key in his endencyon  
 The wynt of sublimacyon  
 And forth With Calcynacyon  
 Of Very approbacyon  
 Doo that there be fyre  
 With ampynt here of the fyre  
 Tyle the partake Elpyer  
 Of thell Philosophers stone  
 May gete of which that many one  
 Of philosophers that Wyllene Wylde  
 And yf thou Wolt the names Wylde



Of thyll stene With ether two  
Which as the clerkes maken the  
So as the bookes it recorde  
The kynde of hem I shal recorde

Nota de tribus lapidibus quos phi  
losophi composuerunt. quorum primus  
lapis vegetabilis qui sanitatem confer  
uat. Secundus dicitur lapis Animas  
lis que membra & virtutes sensibiles  
fortificat. Tercius dicitur lapis mines  
ralis que omnia metalla purificat / et  
in suum perfectum naturali potentia de  
ducit /

These old Philosophers Wyse  
By Wyse of kynde in sondry  
Wyse The stones made thurgh clergy  
The first I shal specefy  
Was Lapis Vegetabilis  
Of which the propre vertu is  
To mane hile for to serue  
As for to kepe & to perserue  
The body fro schenisse alle  
Thyl wth of kynde vpon hym falle

The second stone I the h hote  
Is lapis Animalis hote  
Whos vertu is propre & couthe  
For ere and eye nose & mouth  
Wherof a man may here & see  
And smelle & taste in his degre  
And for to fele & for to go  
It helpeth a man of lathes two  
The wyttis true he vnderfengeith  
To kepe as it to hym belongeth

The thyrde stone in speceyal  
By name is cleped mynetal  
Whiche the metals of euery myne  
Attempteth tyl that they be fyne  
And putteth hem by such a weye  
That al the wyre goth a weye  
Of rust of stynt & of hardnesse  
And when they ben of such clennesse  
This mynetal so as I fynde  
Transformeth al the fyre kynde

And maketh hem able to contynue  
Thurgh his vertu & to conque  
Bothe in substantia & in figure  
Of gold & silver the nature  
For they two ben the templates  
The which after the propriete  
Hath euery metal his desyre  
With helpe & comfort of the fyre  
And with this stone / as it is sayd  
Whiche to the sonne & mone is layd  
For to the wde & to the wynde  
This stone hath power for to prospe  
It maketh multiplyeacyon  
Of gold and the pyracyon  
It causeth and of his habyte  
He doth the werke to beparfyte  
Of thyll Elyxer which men calle  
Alconomye as it is byalle  
To hem that wythome were wyse  
But now it stant al other wyse  
They speken fast of thyll stone  
But how to make it knowe none  
After the soth experyence  
And nethelles gath dyspyence  
They setten vpon thyll a de  
And speken more than they spece  
For al they they fynde a lere  
Whiche byngeth in pouerte & detre  
To hem that ryche were to fore  
The losse is had the lucre is lere  
To gete a pound they spend fyue  
I not how such a craft shal thryue  
In the manere as it is used  
It were better be refused  
Than for to wachen vpon wene  
In thyng which stat not as they wene  
But not for thy who that knowe  
The scynce of hym self is to woe  
Woon the forme as it was founde  
Wherof the names yet be grounde  
Of hem that fynde it founde out  
And thus the same goth al about  
To such as sougthen besynesse  
To vertu and of worthynesse  
Of whome yf I the names calle  
Hermes was one of the fyre of alle

To Whome this art is most applyed  
 Eiter therof Was magnifyed  
 And Orator and Marpen  
 Among the Which is Auyren  
 Which send a Wote a gude partye  
 The practyse of Aconomye  
 Who e likes plynly as they stonde  
 Upon this craft felde Buxtonde  
 But yet to putan in assay  
 Ther ben ful many now a day  
 That knowen lpat what they mene  
 It is not one to Wyte & Wene  
 In forme of Wordes they it twa  
 But yet they haplen of lpete  
 For of to mocle or of to lpete  
 Ther is algaie found a Wpe  
 Soo that they folde not the lyne  
 Of the partye medycyne  
 Which grounded is vpon nature  
 But they that Wyten the scrpyture  
 Of Gude Aule & Caldee  
 They Were of such auctorite  
 That they fyre founden out the Wpe  
 Of al that thou hast herd me say  
 Wherof the Cronycle of her lre  
 Shal stonde in pyer for euermore  
 But toward our marchis lre  
 Of the latyne yf thou Wolt lre  
 Of hem that Whylome Virtuouse  
 Were and ther to laborpous  
 Carment made of lre engyne  
 The fyre letters of latyne  
 Of Which the tynge Romayne cam  
 Wherof that Arystarchus nam  
 Forth With Donat and Dyndymus  
 The fyre rule of scale & thus  
 Now that latyn shal be compoised  
 And what Wyle it shal be founde  
 That euery Word in his degre  
 Shal stonde vpon congruete  
 And thylt tyme of Rome also  
 Was Tullius With Cythens  
 That Wyten vpon Rethoryke  
 Now that may shal the Wordes pple  
 After the forme of eloquence  
 Which is may seyn a gude prudenc

And after that out of the berbe  
 Jerome Which the langage lre We  
 The byble in Which the lare is closed  
 In to latyn he hath transposed  
 And many another Wyter eke  
 Out of Caldee Aule & Gude  
 With gude labour the lre Wyle  
 Translacyon & another Wyle  
 The latyne of hem self also  
 Her studye at thylt tyme so  
 With gude tynaple of scolr wolk  
 In sondy forme for to lre  
 That We may take lre eydenc  
 Upon the lre of the scynce  
 Of craftes bothe & of clergye  
 Among the Which in wylt  
 To the lre Ouyde Wrote  
 And taught of lre to be lre  
 In what maner it shold ake

Confessor

For thy my sonne yf that thou sele  
 That lre byngs the to fore  
 Behold Ouyde & take his lre  
 My fader yf they myght speke  
 My lre I Wold his lre we  
 And yf they lre to lre  
 My lre it Were an ydel pyne  
 To lre a thyng Which may not be  
 For lre vnto a gude lre  
 If that men Wolt his lre a Wyle  
 Right so my lre shold lre  
 If that my lre be Withdraue  
 Wherof tynche vnto this lre  
 Ther is but only to purse  
 My lre & pyleth to lre  
 My good sonne soth to lre  
 If ther be lre any Wyle  
 To lre thou hast lre the lre  
 For lre that Wolt haue al his lre  
 And doo noo tynaple at lre  
 It is no lre that he lre  
 In lre cause for to lre  
 For he Which dare no thyng lre  
 I not what thyng he shold lre  
 But ouer this thou shalt lre  
 So as it lre the Wel to lre

That there ben other goodes stowes  
Which vnto lone done good let  
If thou thyng heret vpon hem set

Verdit homo causam iniquitatis sua ius-  
ta soperi / Et quasi dimidium parte su-  
a mortis habet / Est in amore vigil vi-  
nus et q habet vigilant / Obsequium  
thalamus fuit vigilata suo

Hic habetur de Somnolencia que  
Aardie Cameraria dicta est / cuius na-  
tura semimortua aliamus negotij Vigi-  
lias observare soperi fero torpor vaci-  
sat / Unde quatenus amorem conuenit  
Confessor Amanti diligens exponit

Oward the stowe progenye  
There is yet one of Copanye  
And he is clyped Somnolencie  
Which doth to shutte his truerne  
As he which is his Chamberlenn  
That many an honderd tyme hath seyn  
To slepe when he shold wake  
He hath with due trewe take  
That wake who so wake wylle  
If he may couche a deune his bylle  
He hath al what hym lyst  
That ofte he goth to bedde vnkysse  
And sayth that for no deuerye  
He wol not leue his sluggardye  
For though y noman it wold allowe  
To slepe leuer than to wolle  
So his maner / e thus on nyghtes  
When he seeth the lusty knyghtes  
Rauelen where these women are  
A wey he sculketh as an hare  
And goth to bedde a lepe hym softe  
And of his sleuthe he dreemeth ofte  
How that he sylleth in the myre  
And how he spaketh by the fyre  
And claweth on his bare shankes  
And how he clymeth by the bankes  
And fallyth in the stades dyp

Out than who so taketh kep  
When he is falle in such a dreame  
Ryght as a shyp agaynst the stryme  
He wouteth with a slepy nogge  
And trusteth as a monkes froys  
When it is thow he in to the panne  
And other whyle felle thanne  
That he may dreame a lusty swaene  
Hym thynketh as though he were in  
deuene / And as y wold were holy his  
And than he speketh of that e this  
And maketh his exposycon  
After his dysposycon  
Of that he wold e in such a wyse  
He doth to shute al his semper  
I not what thank he shal receiue  
But sone but yf thou wolt shute sene  
I wote that thou do not so  
A goodfader artre noo  
I had leuer by my trouthe  
Er I were set on such a shutte  
And be such a slepy snout  
Bothe eyen of my herte were out  
For me were better fully day  
Than I of such sluggardye  
Had any name god me shelde  
For when my modre was with childer  
No I lay in hyr wombe chos  
I wold rather Antropos  
Which is goddesse of deth  
None as I had any breth  
Me had fro my moder cast  
But now I am no thyng agast  
I thanke god for lackespe  
He clyto which lere felawe is  
Me shoun no such despyne  
When they at my Natyure  
My werdes setten as they wold  
But they shoun that they shold  
Eke be of slepe the tmandys  
Soe that I lye in such a wyse  
To lye for to lye caused  
That I no somnolencie haue vshod  
For artre fader Genius  
Per vnto now it hath be thus  
At al tyme yf it be felle



So that I myght come & duelle  
 In place where my lady were  
 I was not slowe ne slipp there  
 For than I dar bet undertalle  
 That when hyr left on nyghts wake  
 In chamber as to cawle & daunce  
 Me thynketh it may me more auaunce  
 If I may gone vpon hyr honde  
 Than yf I wyne a kynges lande  
 For when I may be hond bekynde  
 With such gladnes I daunce & slippe  
 Me thynketh I touch not the foor  
 The Roo which cunneth on the moor  
 Is than nought so light as I  
 So moue yf wyen al for thy  
 That for the tyme slepe I hate  
 And than it full yth other gate  
 Soo that let slepeth not to daunce  
 Out on the dyce to caste the chaunce  
 Or aye of due somme demaunde  
 Or elles that let lye commaunde  
 To woe & lere of Troylus  
 Nyght as she wol or so or thus  
 I am al wedy to consente  
 And yf so is that I may lende  
 Somtyme among a goodly lyster  
 So as I dar of my desyre  
 I telle a part but when I wyte  
 Anone she byddeth me go my weye  
 And seyth it is fette in the nyght  
 And I were it is cum lyght  
 Out as it falleth at the last  
 There may no worlde ioye last  
 So mote I nedes fro hyr wende  
 And of my watche make an ende  
 And yf she than lere take  
 Doll ppyssly on hyr I like  
 When that I hat my leue take  
 Her ought of mercy for to stalle  
 Her daunger which sayth euer nay  
 Out he seyth of an haue good day  
 That he is for to take his leue  
 Therefore while I may be leue  
 I tary forth the nyght a long  
 For it is nought on me adong  
 To sepe that I so sone go

Yf I mote nedes algate so  
 And that I byd god hyr see  
 And so doune knelend on my knee  
 I take leue/and yf I shal  
 I kysse hyr & goo forth with al  
 And other whyle yf that I dow  
 Et I come fully to the dore  
 I wene aye and seyne a thyng  
 As though I had lste a ryng  
 Or sem what ckes for I wolde  
 Kysse hyr effones yf I holde  
 Out selen is that I so spece  
 And when I see that I mote nedes  
 Departe I departe & thanne  
 With al my lere I curse & banne  
 That euer slepe was made for eye  
 For as me thynketh I mote dize  
 Withoute slepe to waken euer  
 So that I shold not dyssauer  
 Fro hyr in whome is al my lyght  
 And than I curse also the nyght  
 With al the wyll of my courage  
 And saye a wey thou black ymage  
 Which of thy dreck choudy face  
 Maketh al the wordes lyght deface  
 And causeth vnto slepe a wey  
 By which I mote now gone a wey  
 Out of my lady compaignye  
 O slepp nyght I the desyre  
 And wold that thou lay in presse  
 With Proserpyne the goddesse  
 And with Pluto the luke kyng  
 For tyl I see the day spring  
 I let by slepe not a ryllle  
 And wish that word I saye & wyllle  
 And sepe why ne were it day  
 For yet my lady than I may  
 Beholde though I do no more  
 And eke I thynke forthermore  
 To somme man hou the nyght doth ease  
 When he hath thyng I may hym please  
 The long nyghts by his syde  
 Where as I kysse & goo besyde  
 Out slepe wherof I not if seruet  
 Of which noman his thank deseruet  
 To gete hym due in ony place

But it is an hynderer of his grace  
And maketh him drede as for a thow  
Ryght as a stork wete ouerthowle  
And so my fader in this wyse  
The slepy nyghtes I despyse  
And euer a myddes of my tale  
I thynke vpon the nyghtyngale  
Whiche slepeth not by wey of kynde  
For lue in lokes as I fynde  
Thus at the last I goo to bedde  
And yet myn hert hert to bedde  
With her liker as I am fro  
Though I departe I wel not so  
There is no lock may shet hym oute  
Hym nedeth nought to gone aboute  
That perer may the hard wal  
Thus is he with her euil  
That he hert lere or he it lere  
In to hert led myn hert goth  
And softly taketh hert in his arme  
And felth hou that she is warme  
And wyssheth also his body wete  
Tho to fele that he felth there  
And thus my self I tormente  
Tyl that the dede slepe me lende  
Wut than by a thousand score  
Wel more than I was to fore  
I am tormentid in my slepe  
But what I dreme is not on shepe  
For I ne thynk on no wulle  
But I am dretched to the fulle  
Of lue that I haue take to kepe  
That now I laugh & now I wepe  
And now I lese & now I wyne  
And now I crie & now I begynne  
And otherwhyle I dreme & mete  
That I shone with her mete  
And that daunger is lost behynde  
And than I slepe such iore I fynde  
That I ne dre neuer assalle  
But after when I drede take  
And shal aryse vpon the morowe  
Than is al turned in to sorowe  
Nought for the cause I shal aryse  
But for I mette in such a wyse  
And at the last I am behought

That al is wyne & slepeth nought  
But yet me thynketh by my wyll  
I wold haue lye & slepe stryde  
To mete euer of such a sleuante  
For than I had a slepy dreame  
Confessor

My sone & for thou art yet so  
A man may fynde of tyme ago  
That many a sleuente hath he ardeyn  
Al be it so that som men seyn  
That sleuente be of no credence  
But for to slede in credence  
That they ful of soch thynges  
By coline I thynk in my wyrtynge  
To telle a tale thereon  
Whiche felle by old dayes gone

¶ *De ponit exemplum qualiter per  
nostre Britannie quondam artibus  
dini figurant/ Et narrat q cum Crig  
Reg Troacie pro reformatione fratris  
sui Didalionis in Anapitum transi  
mutati pergeret proficiens in mari co  
grus a patria dimersus fuerat/ Iuno  
mittens iudem nunciam suam in pari  
tis Chinetie ad domum sompni iussit  
q ipse Alaxone dicti Regis vpon hui  
in euentum per sompnia artificat /  
Quo facto Alaxona in periculum  
corpus mariti sui/ Vbi super fluctus  
mortui iactabatur inuenit / que pro do  
lore angustata cupiens corpus ample  
tre in altum mare super ipsum profu  
it, Vnde diu miseri amboam corpora in  
aues que ad huc Alaxones dicti sunt/  
subito conuertrunt*

His fynde I wyrtan in wesse  
t Crys the kyng of Troa  
Had Alaxon to his wyfe  
Whiche as he olde lere is lye  
Hym lured and he hath also  
A broder Whiche was chyd the  
Dedalyon and he par was  
For kynde of man forþap was  
In to a goshaule of lylness  
Wherof the kyng gret dounesse

Hath take gathought in his courage  
 To gone vpon a pilgrimage  
 In a straunge Region  
 Where he hath his deuocyon  
 To done his sacrifice & praye  
 If that he myght in ony weye  
 To wardes the goddes fynde grace  
 His boders life to purchace  
 So that he myght be reformed  
 Of that he hath ben transformed  
 To this purpose & to this ende  
 This lpyng is wdy for to vende  
 As he which wold go to shyp  
 And for to done hym feloushypp  
 His wyf vnto the see hym brought  
 With al her lere & hym besought  
 That he the tyme her wold seyn  
 When that he thought come agayne  
 Within he sayth this monethis day  
 And thus in al the hase he may  
 He took his leue & forth he sayleth  
 Wepend / & she hys self bewaileth  
 And tyneth ther she cam fro  
 For when the monethis were ago  
 The which he set of his comyng  
 And that she had no tpyng  
 Ther was no care for to seke  
 Whereof the goddes to bespeke  
 Tho she began in many wyse  
 And to Juno her sacrifice  
 About al other most she dede  
 And for her had she hath so lere  
 To wepe & knowe how that he fere  
 That Juno the goddes lere  
 Anone & vpon this matre  
 She Jyso had her messagere  
 To slepe how that she shold vende  
 And hys hym that he make an ende  
 Wp stouene & shelden al the cas  
 To this lady how it was  
 This Jyso fro the hyght stage  
 Which vntertake hath the message  
 His wyf wpe dte vpon  
 The which was wonderly begone  
 With coloure of dyuers hewe  
 An honted mo than may lene we

The heuene lyche vnto a to we  
 She vende / & she cam donne blde  
 The god of slepe where that she fond  
 And that was in a straunge lond  
 Which marcheth vpon Chymerye  
 For there as seyth the poesy  
 The god of slepe hath made his hous  
 Which of entayle is mealybus  
 Under an hyll ther is a caue  
 Which of the sonne may not haue  
 So þ no man may not knowe aryt  
 The poynt byt wene day & nyght  
 Ther is no fere there is no spak  
 Ther is no dore which may chark  
 Whereof an eye shold vnset  
 So that inward there is no let  
 And for to speke of that withoute  
 Ther stant no gret tre nys aboute  
 Whereon ther myght growe or ppe  
 A lpyght for to clepe or tre  
 Ther is no col to crosse day  
 He lest none which nops may  
 The hyll but al aboute round  
 Ther is grownd vpon the grownd  
 Popp. which beeth the seed of slepe  
 With other lertes such an lere  
 A styll water for the nones  
 Remend vpon the smal stoues  
 Which dyght of Lethes the Rouer  
 Under the hyll in such maner  
 Ther is which pyneth gret awetp  
 To slepe & thus ful of delpe  
 Slepe hath his hous & of his couche  
 Within his chamber yf I hal touch  
 Of Hecenes that slepp tre  
 The boordes al aboute he  
 And for he shold slepe softe  
 Wpon a fether bed alste  
 He lreth with many a pple of down  
 The chamber is stowed yf & down  
 With stouene many a thousand folde  
 Thus come Jyso in to this hold  
 And to the lre which is blak  
 She goth & therewith slepe she spak  
 And in this wyse as she was lre  
 The message of Juno she dte



Full oft her wordes she retheth  
 Er she his slepp ender peth  
 With moche woo. but at the last  
 His stomack ender he speake  
 And sayd her that it shal be doo  
 Wherof among a thousand tho  
 Within his hous that slepp were  
 In speccal he chose out then  
 Two which shold do this dede  
 The first of hem so as I rede  
 Was Morpheus the which nature  
 Is for to take the figure  
 Of what persone that hym lyeth  
 Wherof that he knew entylyeth  
 The lye which slep shal by nyght  
 And Jheus that other byght  
 Which hath the voyce of every soun  
 Thyr chere & theyr condycoun  
 Of every lye & hol so is  
 The thyrd Jheus after this  
 Is Pantafus which may transforme  
 Of every thyng the right forme  
 And chaunge it in another kynde  
 Upon hem thre as I fynde  
 Of Ivaues stant al thaparene  
 Which other whyte is ayndre  
 And other whyte but a iape  
 But neethles it is so shape  
 That Morpheus by nyght allone  
 Apeweth unto Alcone  
 In lykenesse of her husband  
 All naked dede upon the stonde  
 And hou he dreynt in speccal  
 These other two it seken shal  
 The ampt of the black clothe  
 The wode see the kyndes lode  
 All this met she & saue hym drem  
 Wherof that she began to cryn  
 Slepnd a lode there she laye  
 And with that nyse of her affayre  
 Her women seer by aboute  
 Which of her were in doute  
 And awen her hou that she fere  
 And she ryght as she saue & fere  
 Her women both told hem every tale  
 And they it halven al welle

And hym it is a tyme of good  
 But the first wylt thou it stood  
 She hath no comfort in her lode  
 Upon the mowe & up she stode  
 And to the se when as she met  
 The lode lay withoute let  
 She drough & than that she cam nyght  
 Start dede his armes spend she lye  
 Her had stonde upon the walle  
 Wherof she wylt & wylt walle  
 And she which take of dede no lye  
 Anone forth lye in to the dede  
 And wold have must hym in her arm  
 This infortune of double harme  
 The godde from the lode aboute  
 Wylt & for the trouble of lode  
 Which in this wylt lode stood  
 They haue upon the salt lode  
 Lye dreynt had & her also  
 For dede to lye dreynt so  
 That they be shapen in to lodes  
 Wylt & upon the walle ampt  
 And than she saue her lode lye  
 In lykenesse of a lode lye  
 And she was of the same lode  
 So as she myght do dreynt  
 Upon the lode which she lode  
 Her lode both anone she spend  
 And hym lode so as she may lye  
 Wylt & lye in such a lode  
 As she was wylt wode to dede  
 Her lode for her armes tho  
 She wylt & for her lode lode  
 Lye lode lode & so full oft  
 She fondeth in her lode lode  
 If that she myght lye lode lode  
 To do the pleasaunce of a lode  
 As she lode in that other lode  
 For though she had her lode lode  
 Lye lode stood as it was to lode  
 And lode so as she may  
 Wherof in to this lode  
 To gedre upon the se they wode  
 Wode many a lode & a lode  
 They lode forth of lode lode  
 And for man shode take in lode

This Alen the felle queene  
 Her bydes as it is true  
 Of Alen the name true  
 As thus it may the true  
 Of Alen for to take true  
 For offere a man a true  
 May be that after that bydes  
 In the it be with at for bydes  
 A man to true as it be with  
 But shoulde noo by Underfonged  
 Which is to true aspertanant  
 My fader Upon counaunt  
 I dar wel make this aue we  
 That al my by in to no we  
 As for forth as I can Underfonde  
 Per toke I neuer steps on fonde  
 When it was tyme for to wake  
 For though myn eye it wold take  
 Myn byde is euer then agayne  
 But neuer the so to speke it playne  
 At this that I haue sayd you true  
 Of my waking as it may be  
 It toucheth to my lady true  
 For offere by I you byde  
 In founte place when I go  
 Me byde no thing to wake so  
 For when the women byde to playe  
 And I be for no in the way  
 Of when I shold my byde take  
 Me byde not longe for to wake  
 But if it be for pure shame  
 Of that I wold be a name  
 That they ne shold haue cause none  
 To sepe / A too when such one  
 That both fader his conaunt  
 And thus among I sepe & daunt  
 And sepe lust then none is  
 Fulofe by I sepe this  
 Of thought which in myn byde fallith  
 When it is byde myn byde apallith  
 And that is for I be byde nought  
 Which is the waker of my thought  
 And thus as byde as I may  
 Full ofe when it is brood day  
 I take of al these offere true  
 And goo my byde & they byde

That my byde as he byde them  
 And I goo forth as nought ne true  
 Wnto my byde so that al true  
 I may the byde byde & true  
 And byde al the byde byde  
 Tyl that I be the byde byde  
 I not if that be sompnoles  
 But upon your congrece  
 Myn holy fader demeth se  
 My fone I am wel payd with the  
 Of true that thou the sluggard  
 By byde in byde compaign  
 Este best host and thy payne  
 So that thy byde dar not playne  
 For byde byn his lust waken  
 Jo euer & wold be that none end  
 Tyl of the byde byde is set  
 Wnto that thou be wnto the byde  
 To take a tale I am byde thought  
 Wold byde & sepe acciden nought

Hic dicit q̄ Vigilia in Amanti  
 bus & non sompnolencia laudanda est  
 Et ponit Exemplum de Cephalo filio  
 Phari qui nocturno silencio Aurora  
 amantem suam diligencius amplectens  
 solem & lunam interpellabat. Videbat  
 q̄ sol in circulo ab omni distancione  
 cum cum lux sua retardaret et q̄ luna  
 speciem suam longissima orbem circue  
 noctem continuaret / Ita de ipsum Ce  
 phalum amplectibus amorem solutum  
 priusq̄ illa dies illuciret suis delictis  
 is adquiescere diuiciis permittere digna  
 untur

Of byde who that byde to wake  
 By byde he may byde take  
 Of Cephalus when he lay  
 With Aurora the byde may  
 In armes of the byde byde  
 But when to ward the byde  
 That he with in his byde se  
 The day which was the now the byde  
 Anone wnto the sonne he byde

Liber Quartus

For lust of due & thus he sepe  
 Pharus which the dayes lyyght  
 Gouverneth tyl it be nyght  
 And gladdest every creature  
 A far the lawe of thy nature  
 But nethels ther is a thyng  
 Which onelye to thy knowlechyng  
 Belongeth/as in pryuate  
 To loue and to his dute  
 Which ogeth not to ben a part  
 But in splende & in couert  
 Desereth for to be shadyd  
 And thus when that the lyt is faded  
 And vesper sheweth hym alse  
 And that the nyght is long & softe  
 Under the chlothes deth & styll  
 I han both thyng most of his wyll  
 For thy vnto thy myghte hygh  
 As thou which art the dayes eye  
 Of due & myght no counsyle hyde  
 When this deth nyghte is tyde  
 With al myn lere I the beseeche  
 That I please myght seche  
 With hyr which lyth in myn armes  
 Withdalle the baner of thyn armes  
 And let thy lyyghte ben vnto me  
 And in the sygne of Carpeyne  
 The hous appoynted to Saturne  
 I praye the that thou wolt sojourne  
 Where ben the nyghte deth & longe  
 For I my due haue vnderfonge  
 Which lyeth her by my spee nakede  
 As she which wold ben a wakede  
 And me lyst no thyng for to slepe  
 So were it good to take lepe  
 Now at this tyme of my praye  
 And that the lyke for to seke  
 This fery cart & so ordeyne  
 That thou thy swyft hors wylt ryme  
 To we vnder erthe in occydent  
 That they toward thowent  
 By steele go the long weye  
 And eke to the Dyane I praye  
 Which chere art of thy noblesse  
 The nyghte more & the Goddesse  
 That thou to me be gracious

And in Canas hym o'ne hous  
 Myne Pharus in opposyte  
 Bound at this tyme & in tyme  
 Whiche Venus was a glad eye  
 For than vpon Astronomye  
 Of due constellation  
 Thou makeste purgation  
 And dost that charyte be kepte  
 Whiche if that I myght gete  
 With al myn lere I wol fynde  
 Of nyght & thy vnto the obse  
 As thus this lusty Erpholus  
 Prayed vnto thee & to Pharus  
 The nyght in lenger for to dwell  
 Soe that he myght do the lare  
 In thyll point of lures best  
 Which chere is the nyghte fete  
 Withouten slepe of sluggardye  
 Which Venus out of companye  
 Hath put away as thyll same  
 Which dulleth fer from game  
 In chamber deth ful oft soe  
 A lorde when it fallth so  
 That due shold be allayed  
 But shoulde which is myn affayde  
 With slepe hath made his wanne  
 That what thyng is to due due  
 Of al his deth he wylth none  
 He wote not how the nyght is gone  
 He how the daye is come aboute  
 But only for to slepe & wote  
 Tyl hygh mydday that he crye  
 Out Erpholus dyd oother lye  
 As thou my sonne hast herd aloue  
 Amans

My father who that hath his due  
 A lorde naked by his spee  
 And wote than his ryght lere  
 With slepe/I not what man is he  
 Out erthe as touchend of me  
 That fille me neuer yet on this  
 Out oother wylth when so is  
 That I may catch slepe on hende  
 Lyygend aloue than I fonde  
 To doome a mery wylth on day  
 And yt so falle that I may



my thoughte With such a swete plese  
 ene thynk I am somdele in the  
 For I none other comfort haue  
 Woo nedeth nought that I shal come  
 The sonnes carde for to take  
 No yet the more that he carpe  
 Her coure a longe byen the dreue  
 For I am nought the more in euene  
 To walke good in no tyme  
 Out in my slepe yet than I see  
 What in swete of that me lyeth  
 Which after word may best entyde  
 When that I fynde it otherwys  
 So wote I not of what strepe  
 What sompnolence to man doth  
 My fone artes thou sayst soch  
 Out only that it helpeth kynde  
 Somtyme in Physyk as I fynde  
 When it is take by mesure  
 Out he which can no slepe mesure  
 Upon the rule as it sheweth  
 Full oft of fodeyne chaunce he songeth  
 Suche infortune that hym greeueth  
 Out who these old folkes leueth  
 Of sompnolence thou it is wyte  
 Tere make a man the sothe wyte  
 If that he wold ensample take  
 That other wyte is good to wate  
 Wherof a tale in Poesy  
 I thynke for to spekye

*Hic loquitur in amotis causa es-  
 .tm istos qui sompnolencie debiti ea que  
 feruore amittunt amittunt / Et narrat  
 q cum po puella pulcherrima a Ju-  
 none in uicem transformatu e in ar-  
 gi custodiam sic depositu fuisset / super  
 uenisse mercurium Argum dormien-  
 tem occidit Et ipsam uicem a postu i  
 tu capiens quo uoluit suam produxit*

Wyte thus tellyn in his talles  
 o Thou Juynter by olde dayes  
 Lay by a maye which ys

Was cleped Wherof that Juno  
 His wyf was wote e the goddesse  
 Of go downe the lyfnesse  
 In to a Coxe to goo ther oute  
 The large felde al aboute  
 And gete hyr mete upon the grene  
 And thereupon this hyght quene  
 Betwixt hyr Argus for to kepe  
 For he was seldon wote to slepe  
 And yet he had an hundred eyen  
 And al alpech bet they sem  
 Now herke thou he was biapled  
 Mercurye which was al afflyde  
 This Coxe to stele he cam disguised  
 And had a ppyr wel deuysed  
 Cowen the noyse of musyke  
 Wherof he myght his eyen lyke  
 And ouer that he had assayd  
 His lusty talke e a sayd  
 His tyme e thus in to the felde  
 He cam wher Argus he kept  
 With go which kysed hym want  
 With that his ppyr anone he sent  
 And gan to ppyr in his maner  
 Tynge which was slepy for to fer  
 And in his ppyng euer amonge  
 He told hym such a lusty song  
 That he the fool hath brought a slewe  
 Ther was none eye that myght kepe  
 His bre which mercurye of smote  
 And forth with al anone for hote  
 He stal the Coxe which Argus kept  
 And al this fel for that he slept  
 Ensamble it was to many mo  
 That moche slepe doth ofte wo  
 When it is tyme for to wake  
 For yf a man this speake take  
 In sompnolence e hym depey  
 Men shold upon his dore set  
 His Egyptyngas upon his gate  
 For he to speake e nought to saue  
 So shapd / e though he were dre  
 For thy my fone hold by thyn bed  
 And let no slepe thyn eye engude  
 Out when it is to reason due  
 My fader as touchend of this

Right so as I you told it is  
 That oft a bedden when I holde  
 I maye not sleep though I wolde  
 For due is ever fast byme  
 Which taketh none bed of due tyme  
 For when I shal myn eye close  
 Anone my hert is wol opose  
 And holdy his scold in such a wyse  
 Tyl it be day that I aryse  
 That feld it is when that I slepe  
 And thus fro sompnolence I slepe  
 Myn eye/and for thy yf ther be  
 Ought elles more in this degre  
 Now age forth my fone yis  
 For slouth which as moder is  
 The forth drawer & the Mower  
 To man to many a dredeful byer  
 Hath yet another lost of alle  
 Which many a man hath made to felle  
 Where that he myght never aryse  
 Whereof thou the shalt aryse  
 Er thou so with thy self myffare  
 What byer it is I wol declaw

Nil fortuna iuuat ubi deservatio  
 credit/Quo deficiat humor non videt;  
 at humor / Magnanimus sed amor  
 spem ponit & inde salutem. Cōsequitur  
 qd ei prospera fata fauent

Hic loquitur super Ultima specie acci-  
 die/que Tristitia siue deservatio dicitur/  
 cuius obstinata condicio trahit con-  
 solacionis spem deponens obuius ut  
 medij quo liberari poterit fortunam si  
 si euenit impossibile credit

Than slouth doth al f he may  
 To dryue forth the long day  
 Tyl he bycome to the need  
 Then at last Upon the dede  
 He waketh hou his tyme is low  
 And is so too begone therfore  
 That he with in his thought conuertyth  
 Trystesse & so hym self dragueth

That he with in his thought  
 Where is no comfort to begyne  
 But every ioy hym is bylaid  
 So that with in his hert affayreth  
 A thousand tyme with one lark  
 Wepend & weyffarth after deth  
 When he fortune fynt aduentyse  
 For than he wol his hope wryte  
 As though the world were al forbe  
 And sayth Alas that I was lye  
 Now I shal tyme be so that I doo  
 For now fortune is my foe  
 I wote wel god me wol not helpe  
 What shold I then of ioye pte  
 When ther no loe is of my can  
 So ouer cast is al my welfare  
 That I am shapen al to strepe  
 Alas that I nourt of this lyf  
 Or I be full yf ouertake  
 And thus he wol his fone be make  
 As god hym myght not anoyse  
 But yet he wol he not tynaghe  
 To helpe hym at such a neede  
 But sloutheth vnder such a dede  
 Which is affermed in his lert  
 Right as he myght nought aserte  
 The wofulnes too which he is ynt

Also when he is full in spene  
 Hym thyndeth he is so fer caluile  
 That god wol not be mercifull  
 Soe gret a synne to fornye  
 And thus he stryth to be styue  
 And yf a man in thyth the we  
 Wold hym wylfyll & wol not knowe  
 The loch though a man it fynde  
 For trystesse is of such a kynde  
 That for to magnifye his fel  
 He hath with hym obfermacy  
 Which is with in of such a stoupe  
 That he forstaketh al tynaghe  
 And wol not to no wren to be  
 And yet he can not obte  
 His owne shylle/but of lye  
 Thus obfermacy he tyl he be dede  
 In byndyng of his owne estate  
 For what a man is obfermacy

Whan thou seest this at the last  
Which may not longe after last  
That shalbe made of hym an end  
That goodly word like her to that wende  
My son & right in such manner  
That he shalbe of thyng chere  
That thou shal more than it is nede  
Whan they be turned of thyng speche  
And can not them self wende  
That thou shal be to speche  
And shalbe due to purchase  
And thus they shalbe speche & be  
And shalbe in thy hand a wage  
Knowe it is that I wold not  
If thou my son art one of the

A good father it is so  
Out take a wight I am to knowe  
For thou I am ourthe wende  
In al that ever I have seyd  
My son is ourthe wende  
And secheth out my wende  
Out for to countre of my paynes  
I am no lye too thre  
And thus withouten hope I go  
So that my wende be empoynd  
And I am as the lye dysperd  
To wende due of thyng swete  
Withouten whom I shal be  
My son that is so lye  
Right wyl may nure be glad  
For by my wende I shal not lye  
Of pure sonne which I seyd  
For that the lye shal me nought  
With wenching of myn o wende thought  
In such a wende I am full  
That I ne can vnderstande  
No for to speche of my sonne  
My lye go to purchase  
Out yet I say nought for this  
That al in myn wende it is  
For I am nure yet in stede  
Whan thou shal that I me lye  
He lye & as I do lye  
Out nure sonne I shal be wende  
For ought the lye myn wende  
To speche a goodly wende offend

Ande nethers this day I seyd  
That if a synful wold wende  
To god for his forpynesse  
Wyl half so good a lye  
As I have do to my lye  
In lye of myn of mercy  
He shalbe nure come in lye  
And thus I may you lye  
Shal only that I lye & lye  
I am in lye al lye  
And lye of lye of lye  
And therfor lye me my penance  
My son lye as you lye  
My son of that thy lye lye  
With lye myn thou not amende  
That lye his lye lye lye  
For thou lye o wende lye  
What lye if thou lye lye  
I not what other lye lye  
Of lye lye lye lye  
For lye a lye is lye  
And lye the lye lye lye  
And that a man may lye lye  
That lye lye lye lye  
Of lye which lye lye  
Now lye of lye lye

Hic narrat qualiter Iphis Re  
gis Thracie filius ob amorem cuiusda  
puelle nomine Araxathen quam ne  
g donis aut paribus vincere potuit/ des  
perans ante patris ipsius ianuas noc  
tanter se suspendit/ Unde dii comoti die  
tam puellam in lapidem durissimam  
transmutarunt/ quam Rex Thracie Bi  
na cum filio suo apud ciuitatem Sala  
minam in Templo Veneris pro perpetuo  
memoria servata & locari fecit

Epithema by old days set  
Of mese was & lye lye  
Which had a lye to son lye  
Of lye & lye lye lye  
That lye lye of lye lye  
No to lye of lye lye



Upon a mayde of hie estate  
 Wnt though he were a postrall  
 Of worldly good he was subgett  
 To love & put in such a plye  
 That wretched the mesure  
 Of reason that hym self assure  
 He can nought/ for the more he prayd  
 The lasse love on hym she layd  
 He was with love in wise cōfeyned  
 And she with reason was with strengned  
 The lustre of his herte he seeth  
 And she for dede shame cōfesseth  
 And as she shold toke hie  
 To saue & kepe hie womanhede  
 And the thyng stood in debate  
 Wntene his lust & hie estate  
 He paue/ he send/ he spak by mouth  
 But yet for ought that ever he couth  
 Wnto his speche he fond no weye  
 So that he cast his hope aweye  
 Within his hert he gan despayre  
 Few day to day & so empyre  
 That he hath lost al his delere  
 Of lust of slepe of awpyre  
 That he thurgh strenght of lone lasseth  
 His wyte & reason ouer passeth  
 As he whiche of his lyf ne wought  
 His deth upon hym self he sought  
 So that by nyght his weye he nam  
 That wyse none where he bycam  
 The nyght was deth the mone shone  
 To fore the gates he cam sone  
 Where that this pong mayde was  
 And with this woful word alas  
 His delyp pleyntes he bygan  
 So stille that there was noman  
 Yt herde & than he sayde thus  
 O thou Cuppe/O thou Venus  
 Fortuned by whose ordinaunce  
 Of love is every mane chaunce  
 Ye knowen al myn herte hert  
 That I ne may pour hertes avert  
 On you is ever that I aye  
 And yet you denyeth not to pley  
 He toward me pour etwelyne  
 Thus for I see noo medycyn

To make an ende of my quowle  
 My deth that he in syde of hie  
 Ha thou my woful lady den  
 Whiche dwellest with thy fader hie  
 And slepest in thy bed at eke  
 Thou wotest no thyng of my dyspise  
 How thou & I be now dyspise  
 A lord what shewe shalt thou mete  
 What dremes hast thou now on hie  
 Thou slepest then & I stande  
 Though I no deth to the desire  
 Here that I for thy herte steme  
 Here that I a hynge font drem  
 For love & for no felow  
 Whether thou shouldest have joy or sorow  
 Den shalt thou me see deth to morow  
 O lord hert alowm deth  
 This deth whiche shal to me faile  
 For that thou wolt not to me graunt  
 Yt shal be told in many place  
 That I am deth for love & trouthe  
 In thy default & in thy faulte  
 Thy danger shal to many mo  
 Ensample be for curio  
 When they the woful deth wote  
 And with that word he took a corde  
 With whiche upon the gate he  
 He henge hym self that was pye  
 The morow cam the nyght is gone  
 Men come out & syght anon  
 Where that this pong lady was deth  
 There was an huse without wyde  
 For noman knewe the cause why  
 There was weeping ther was ay  
 This mayden when she it herde  
 And saide this thyng how it myght  
 Auone she wote what it ment  
 And al the cause/ she it wote  
 To al the wold she told it out  
 And sayth hym that was about  
 To take of her the wngan  
 For she was cause of this chaunce  
 Why that this hynge font is so  
 She taketh upon hie self the gylt  
 And is al wye to the wylt  
 Whiche eng may hie wold wylt

Out of any other world  
 She sayd that hyr self she hold  
 Doo wiche wiche hyr owne bond  
 Thowgh oute the world in' any tyme  
 That any lye therof shal speke  
 Don she hyr self it shold wiche  
 She wiche she wiche she wiche off  
 She cast hyr eyen by adys  
 And sayd among ful ppyssy  
 A god thou wold wel it am I  
 In Iphis is thus byssy  
 Ouyne so that many may seyn  
 A thousand wiche after this  
 Don such a mayden dym amys  
 And so as I dym to to me  
 For I ne dym noo ppy  
 To hyr wiche for my due is she  
 Doo no ppy to me therfore  
 And wiche this wiche she felle to grolde  
 A wiche a them she sayd astounde  
 The goddes wiche her pleyntes herde  
 And felle thou wofully she felle  
 Her lye after they wold anone  
 And shoun her in to a stone  
 After the forme of hyr ymage  
 Of bodye bothe of of bylage  
 And for the mayntene of this thyng  
 Wiche the place am the thyng  
 And eke the quene a many mo  
 And wiche they wiche it was so  
 As I haue told it her above  
 Douchat Iphis was' dym for due  
 Of that he had he refused  
 They felle al men wiche  
 And wiche wiche the wiche  
 And for to seyn remembrance  
 This felle ymage mayden lye  
 Wiche wiche a wiche grette solompne  
 To Salampne the Cye  
 They felle a wiche forth wiche all  
 This dym wiche a felle it shal  
 Wiche wiche ymage wiche  
 Doo felle wiche a felle wiche  
 This wiche a this ymage thus  
 In to the Cye to wiche

Wiche that goddesse her Temple had  
 To grette bothe forth they had  
 Thyske ymage as for myntle  
 Was sette upon an hygh pynacle  
 That al it myght knowe  
 And vnder that they maden to be  
 A wiche rye for the nonce  
 Of marble a eke of Iaspere stoncs  
 Wiche this Iphis was byssy  
 That wiche it shal be spoken  
 And for men shal the felle wiche  
 They haue her Epytaph wiche  
 As thyng wiche shold aspye stable  
 The letters quene in a Table  
 Of marble wiche a sayd the  
 Her lye wiche shoun her self Iphis  
 For due of Nayamthe  
 And in wiche of the wiche  
 That suffery men to dym so  
 His forme a man may seyn also  
 Don it is wiche felle a wiche  
 In the figure of a stone  
 He was to wiche a the hard  
 Wiche wiche for the wiche afterward  
 He man a wiche to be the  
 Ensampleth you of that was the  
 Doo thus my felle as I the felle  
 It grette by dym wiche  
 In desyre a man to felle  
 Wiche is the last beaunche of alle  
 Of wiche as thou felle dym  
 Wiche that thou the felle aye  
 Good is or that thou be wiche  
 Wiche the wiche of grette is wiche  
 My felle thou so that it felle  
 Thou haue I wiche vnderstonde  
 Wiche wiche court the wiche  
 Wiche wiche in my dym  
 For aye I wiche to be wiche  
 Oute this so as I dym  
 Wiche al' myn felle I wiche byssy  
 That ye me wiche enforme a felle  
 What there is more of your wiche  
 In due also wiche as other wiche  
 So that I may me eke wiche  
 Confessor

Liber Quartus

My sonne Whye thou art al put  
And hast also thy ful mynde  
Among the vices which I fynde  
There is yet one such of the seven  
Which al this world hath set vncleane  
And causeth many tymes wrong  
Where by the cause hath vnderfong  
Whereof here after thou shalt here  
The forme both of the matre

Explicit Liber Quartus

Liber Quintus

Just When the hygh  
god bega this world  
and that the kynde of  
man/ Was falle in to  
no grette enuie/ For  
Wolde good/ Was

the no vices/ But al was set to the co  
mune/ They spoken than of no fortune  
Or for to lise or for to wyne  
Eyl Auarice brought Inne  
And y was when y wold was boye  
Of man of hore of shepe of Oxe  
And that men knewen the money  
The went woe out of the weye  
And werte came on euery side  
Which al lue lye aspre  
And of comon his proper made  
So that in fiede of shouel & spade  
The sharp was take on honde  
And in this wyse it cam to londe  
Whereof that men made dyctra tye  
And hygh walles for to lye  
The gold which auarice enclouseth  
But al to lye hym suspecteth  
Though he myt al the world purchace  
For that thyng that may embraze  
Of gold of cast or of lnd  
Let it neuer out of his hond  
But gett hym more & lalt it fast  
As though the world sholde ever last  
So is he lye vnto the lalle  
For as these holes lalle  
What cometh ther in lalt or more

Incipit Liber Quintus

o Quat Auaricia nature legibus  
et que/ Largus amor poscit stes  
tine illa vtat/ Omne q est nimium vi  
ciosum dicitur auri/ Velleu sicut oues  
seruat augurio opre / Non deat vi soli  
seruabitur os sed amori/ Debat homo so  
lam solus habere suam/



It that departe neuer more  
 Thus when he hath his Coffer holpen  
 It that not after ten hastolen  
 But when hym lyf to haue a spght  
 Of gold thou it thynest byght  
 That he thereon may lye & muse  
 For other wyse he dare not vse  
 To take his part or lesse or more  
 So is the wyse for curmoure  
 Hym taketh that he hath ynough  
 An oge maketh in the plough  
 Of that hym self hath no profyte  
 A thre right in the same plete  
 His wille leueth vpon a day  
 Another taketh the stee aswete  
 Thus hath he þe he nought ne hath  
 For he therof his part ne taketh  
 To sepe thou such a man hath good  
 Who so that wyl vnderstood  
 It is inproper gete sayd  
 That good hath hym & hath hym said  
 That he ne gladdeth nought with alle  
 But is vnow his good a thralle  
 And as a subget thus serueth he  
 Where that he shold master be  
 Suche is the kyng of Chauarous  
 My sone as thou art amorous  
 Tell þe of thou faust of due soo  
 My fadre as it semeth no  
 That auarous yet naue I was  
 So as þe sithen me the case  
 For as þe tolde me aboue  
 In ful possessyon of due  
 Yet was I neuer lew to fore  
 Who that me thynketh wel therfore  
 I may excuse wel my dede  
 Out of my wille withoute dede  
 If I that trefour myght gete  
 It shold neuer be forgete  
 That I ne wold faste holde  
 The god of due hym selue wold  
 That dede so shold departe a two  
 For leueth wel I due her so  
 That cum with myn owne lyf  
 If I that wete lyste wyl  
 In myght ones wete at my wylle

For I wold holde byt septe  
 And in this wyse taketh hepe  
 If I her had I wold her sepe  
 And yet no fydape wold I faste  
 Though I her septe & holde faste  
 For on the bagges in the list  
 I had ynough yf I her list  
 For wete yf she wete myn  
 I had her leuer than a myn  
 Of gold for al this worlde tpe  
 Ne me myght make so tpe  
 As she that is so july good  
 I set nought of other good  
 For myght I gete such a thynge  
 I had trefour for a kyng  
 And though I wold it faste holde  
 I wete thereto moche byholde  
 But I myt ppe nobb with lasse  
 And suffer that it ouerlasse  
 Not with my wyl for thus I wold  
 Wete auarous yf that I shold  
 But fadre I pou herd sepe  
 Thou the auarous hath yet somme wete  
 Wete of he may be glad for he  
 May when hym lyf his trefour se  
 And trope & fele it al aboute  
 But I ful ofte am her ther oute  
 Tere as my worthy trefour is  
 So is my les tpe vnto this  
 That me tolde her to fore  
 Thou that an oge his polt hath fore  
 For thynge that shold hym not auaple  
 And in this wyse I me tauaple  
 For who that euer hath the welfare  
 I wote wel that I haue the care  
 And I am as who sayth loues knaue  
 For I am had & nought ne haue  
 Nobe deme in pour owne thought  
 If this be auarous or nought  
 My sone I haue of the no wonder  
 Though thou to seue he put vnder  
 With due which to kynde acordeth  
 But soo as euerp wolk recordeth  
 It is to kynde no pleasaunce  
 That man aboue his sustenaunce  
 Wote the gold that seue & bolde

For that may no treason anolke  
But Auarice netheloe  
If he may geten his enaces  
Of gold that wold he ferue & kepe  
For he taketh of nought elles kepe  
But for to fylle of his bagges large  
And al is to hym but a charge  
For he ne parteth nought with al  
But kepeth as a seruant shal  
And thus though that he multiplye  
His gold: Withoute Treferye  
He is for man is nought amende  
With gold but yf it be dyscende  
To mans vse wroth I woe  
A tale & take therof good hede  
Of that byfalle by old tyme  
As alleth so the clerk Dwyde

6

Achus which is god of Wynn  
Accordant to his bygn  
A preste which Cullenus hys  
He had & fel so that he by nyght  
This preste was drunke & goth a straide  
Wroth of the men wex cruel apayde  
In fyrghond wex as he went  
But at the last a choile hym sent  
With strengthe of othere felouschyp  
So that vpon his drunkechyp  
They bounden hym with chaynes fast  
And forth they lad hym also fast  
Unto the kyng which byght myde  
But he that wold his vye hys  
This curtyse kyng toke of hym hys  
And had that men shelde hym lye  
In to a chamber for to kepe  
Tyl he of lesse had a slepe  
And tho this preste was sone vnbound  
And vpon a couche fro the ground  
To slepe he was leyd softe enough  
And when he woke þ kyng hym deuy  
To his presens & dyd hym chere  
So that this preste in such maner  
Whyle þ hym lyeth there he dulleth  
And al this he to Bacchus telleth  
When that he cam to hym agerne  
And when that Bacchus herd seyn  
Hou myde hath done this curtesy

Hym thynketh it were a bygnys  
But he wroth hym for his deyn  
So as he myght of his godhede  
Wroth this kyng this god apertly  
And clepeth & that othere deth  
This god to myde thankeþ saye  
Of that he was soo wrothys  
To ward his prest & had hym seyn  
What thynge it were he wold þe seyn  
He sheld it boue of worldly good  
This kyng was glad & seyle stood  
And was of his ayng in doute  
And al the world he casteth about  
What thynge was best for his estate  
And with hym self stood at debate  
Wpon the popers which I sende  
Wen trueste vnto mannes kynde  
The first of hem it is delyte  
The two ben worship & profyte  
And than he thought yf that I cause  
Delyte though I delyte may haue  
Delyte shal passen in my age  
That is no spker auantage  
For every wyse lordly  
Shal ouer in woe delyte for the  
Wol I not chere & yf I worship  
Aye & of the world lordshyp  
That is an oampacon  
Of proude magnacon  
Which maketh an hert wynn within  
There is no crayne for to wynn  
For lorde & knave is al one weyn  
When they be hert & when they deyn  
And yf I profyte age wold  
I not in what maner I shold  
Of wordes good haue spkerneffe  
For every cheef vpon trefesse  
A wayeth for to robbe & stele  
Such good is cause of harmes fele  
And also though a man at ones  
Of al the world within his wones  
The Trefour myght haue every wele  
Yet had he but one mane trefe  
To ward hym self so as I thynke  
Of cherynge of mete of drynke  
For more oute take wynter

Thre hath no bid in his degre  
 And thus vpon the pognas dyuerse  
 Dyuerfly he gan reuerse  
 What pognit hym thought for the best  
 What plegnly for to gete hym best  
 He can no speler weye cast  
 And netherles yet at the last  
 He selle vpon the couerple  
 Of goldo/ & than in sondry wyse  
 He thought as I haue sayd to fore  
 How Tassour may be sone forlore  
 And had an iuly grette desyre  
 Touchend of such reuer  
 Don that he myght his cause auayle  
 To gete hym gold withoute fayle  
 Withm his lere & thus he purpeth  
 The gold & sayth thou that he purpeth  
 Aboue al othe metal most  
 The gold he sayth may lere an host  
 To make weete apene a kyng  
 The gold put vnder al thyng  
 And set whome hym lere aboue  
 The gold can make of hate loue  
 And weete of woe & ryght of wrong  
 And long to shoure & shoure to long  
 Without gold may be no fest  
 Gold is the lode of man & lere  
 And may hem both by & sell  
 Soo that a man may sothely alle  
 That al the world to goldo othepeth  
 For thy this kyng to bachus purpeth  
 To graunte hym goldo/ but he wethereth  
 Mesure more than hym nedeth  
 May tellen that the maladye  
 Which callid is Idropysse  
 Resembled is to this spee  
 By weye of kynde & Auapex  
 The more Idropysse depneth  
 The more thyrsteth for hym thynketh  
 That he may not depnke his thyrst  
 Soo that there may no thyng fulfyll  
 The luste of his appetit  
 And ryght in such maner plete  
 Stant euer Auapex & euer stood  
 The more he bath of woude good  
 The more he wolde lere stryde

And euer more and more couerple  
 And ryght in such condicpon  
 Wythout good discrepon  
 This kyng with auapex is smete  
 That al the worlde it myght weete  
 For he to Bachus then preyde  
 That wherupon his honde he leid  
 It sholde though his tynche anone  
 Become goldo/ & therupon  
 This god hym graunteth as he bad  
 Tho was this kyng of Fryge glad  
 And for to put it in assaye  
 With al the haste that he maye  
 He toucheth that he toucheth this  
 And in his honde al gold it is  
 The stone, the tre/ the leafe/ the gras  
 The fyre the fruyt al gold it was  
 Thus toucheth he whyle he may last  
 But longer att the last  
 Hym toke soo that he more neede  
 By weye of kynde his honde fede  
 The chaffe was lere/ the boord was set  
 And alle was forth byfore hym set  
 His dissh/ his drink/ his cuppe his meet  
 But when he wold drynke or ete  
 As to his mouth anone cam nyght  
 It was al goldo/ & than he syght  
 Of Auapex the folke  
 And he with that bygyne to crye  
 And prayde Bachus to forgyue  
 His gylt & suffer hym for to lyeue  
 And he such as he was to fore  
 Soo that he weete nought forlore  
 This god which of this greuaunce  
 Herd/ toke wouthe vpon his repentance  
 And had hym goo forth redyly  
 Vnto a flood/ was fast by  
 Which parole than byght  
 In which as sone as euer he myght  
 He sholde hym wasshe ouerall  
 And said hym than he shal  
 Recouer his fyrst estate ageyn  
 This kyng right as he lere/ lere  
 In to the flood goth fro the lond  
 And wether hym to the fore & honde  
 And so forth al the tyme



No hym Was set in commendunt  
 And than he saue many a strange  
 The flood his colour gan to chaunge  
 The grauel With the smal stones  
 To gold they turne al attunes  
 And he Was quyet of that he had  
 And thus fortune his chaunge lad  
 And when he saue his tuche gone  
 He goth hym home ryght forth soone  
 And lyueth forth as he dyde er  
 And put al Auarice a fer  
 And the rycke of gold despyseth  
 And for that mete e chere suffyseth  
 Thus hath this kyng experyence  
 How foolcs done the curyence  
 To gold? Which of his owne kynde  
 Is lasse Worth than is the rynde  
 To sustenance of mans fode  
 Then he made lawes goode  
 And al his thyng set vpon shylle  
 He lede his people for to tyll  
 Her londe e lyue vnder the lawe  
 And they also shold forth draue  
 Bestaple e seche none wares  
 Of gold? Which is the barch of pces  
 For this a man may fynde vrye  
 To fore the tyme that gold Was symple  
 In cogyne that men the floun kneue  
 Ther Was wyl nyke noman vntrewe  
 Ther Was nother shelde ne spere  
 Ne drede Weyn for to be leue  
 Tho Was the tyme Withoute Walle  
 The Which now is chesed ouer alle  
 Tho Was there no borage in lond  
 Which now taketh euery cause on hond  
 So may þ man knowe how the floun  
 Was moder fyrst of malyngh  
 And byngger in of alle weire  
 Whereof this world stant out of here  
 Though the counseyll of auarice  
 Which of his owne wpyr spe  
 Which as the hille wonderfull  
 For it may neuermore be ful  
 That what as euere cometh therynne  
 A wep it ne may neuer Wynne  
 But sone myn do thou not so

Late al such auarice go  
 And take thy part of that thou hast  
 I byd not that thou do wast  
 But hold largeesse in mesure  
 And yf thou see a creature  
 Which though pouert is falle in nede  
 Pave hym somme good for this I wote  
 To hym that wol not prouyde  
 What pyne he shal haue elles wote  
 Ther is a pyne amonge al  
 Synethe in hell Which may calle  
 The woful pyne of Tantalus  
 Of Which I shal the wote  
 Daryle thou theryn may stond  
 In hell thou shalt vnderfond  
 Ther is a flood of etyrl offe  
 Which stretcheth al for auarice  
 What man that stonde shal therin  
 He stant vpon euen to the chynne  
 About his hede also there hougeth  
 A fruyt Which to that pyne longeth  
 And that fruyt toucheth euere in one  
 His ouerhyppes and thowpon  
 Such thyrst e longer hym offapeth  
 That neuer his apete ne fayleth  
 But when he Wende his longar fode  
 The fruyt Withdraueth hym at nede  
 And though he haue his hede on hygh  
 The fruyt is euere aspych nigh  
 So is the longer wel the more  
 And also though hym thurst fow  
 And to the water to be adoune  
 The flood in such condycyon  
 Qualith that his drynke aucth  
 He may not/ so now Which a wretch  
 That mete e drynk is hym so wuthe  
 And yet ther cometh none in his mouth  
 Lyke to the pyne of this flood  
 Stant Auarice in worldes goode  
 He hath ynough e yet hym nedeth  
 For his scarcenes it hym foloweth  
 And euere his longer after mon  
 Tantalus hym alych fow  
 So is he pynd ouerul  
 For thy thy goodes ouerul  
 My sone like that thou dyspends

Wherof thou myght thy self amende  
 Wothe be & els in other place  
 And also yf thou wolt purchace  
 To be lured thou must be  
 Largeffe for yf thou refuse  
 To yue for thy lures sake  
 It is no wson that thou take  
 Of lue that thou woldest craue  
 For thy yf thou wolt graue  
 Be gracious and do largeffe  
 Of Auarice & the sillenesse  
 Esche we aboue al other thyng  
 And take ensample of Myde the kyng  
 And of the flood of lile also  
 Wher is ynough of al wo  
 And though there were no matre  
 But only that we fynden be  
 Men ought Auarice esche we  
 For what man thylt byr se we  
 He gete hym self but lyeal tye  
 For though so that the body rest  
 The hert byn the gold twayeth  
 Whome many a nyghts drede assaileth  
 For though he lygge a bed naked  
 His hert is euermore assailed  
 And dermeth as he lyeth to slepe  
 How lye that he is to slepe  
 His Tarsour that noo theef it stele  
 Thus hath he but a woful wele  
 And ryght so in the same wyse  
 Yf thou thy self wolt wel auyse  
 Tere be lures of such ynough  
 That wol byn wason lough  
 Yf so be they come about  
 When they be maysters of her lue  
 And that they sholden be most glad  
 With lue they ben moost bestad  
 So farr they wolden it holden all  
 That hir hert/hir eye is ouercall  
 And wene every man be a theef  
 To stele a wep that hem is lye  
 Thus thowgh he o wne fantasie  
 They fallen in to Ielousie  
 Than hath the shyp to broke his cable  
 With every wynde & is mirabile  
 Amans

My fader for that y no wille  
 I haue lrede oftyme talle  
 Of Ielousie but what it is  
 Per vnderstand I neuer or this  
 Wherfore I wold you byfete  
 That y me wold enforme & tete  
 What maner thyng it myght be  
 My sone that is hard to me  
 But necheles as I haue lrede  
 Now herke & thou shalt be answered

Nota de Ielousia cuius fantastica sus-  
 picio amorem quicunq; fidelissimu mul-  
 tiens sine causa corruptum imagina-  
 tur/

Mong the men lark of manhod  
 In maryage byn byphode  
 Maketh that a man hym self  
 decepteth/Wherof it is y he conceyeth  
 That yllke bynne maladre  
 The which is cleped Ielousie  
 Of which yf I the propre  
 Shall telle after the nyght  
 So as it wortheth on a man  
 A feuer it is corydpan  
 Which euery day wol come about  
 Wene so a man be in or out  
 At home yf that a man wol wone  
 This feuer is than of comon wone  
 Moost geuouse in a mans eye  
 For than he maketh hym to & pry  
 Wene so his lue ayt go  
 She shal not with hyr lyeal to  
 Mysterpe but he seeth al  
 His eye is walkend ouerall  
 Wene that she synge or that she dale  
 He seeth the lest countenance  
 Yf she lye on a man a spe  
 Or with hym colene at any tpe  
 Or that she laugh or that she dunt  
 His eye is there at every houre  
 And wene it dra wech to the nyght  
 Yf she soo than be withoute lyeht  
 Anone is al the game shende



Libet Quintus

For than he set his parliament  
To speke it when he cometh to bedde  
And sayth yf I were now to wedde  
I wold neuer more haue wyf  
And so he cometh in to styf  
The lust of loues dute  
And al vpon dyuersyte  
If she be frellhe & wel accord  
He sayth he baner is dysplayd  
To clype in gesses fro the wepe  
And yf she be not wel before  
And that hyr lyste not to be glad  
He sayth on hond that she is mad  
And lucth not her husbande  
And sayth he may wel vnderstand  
That yf she wold his company  
She shold than afor his ey  
She be al the pleasaunce that she myght  
So that by daye ne by nyght  
She not what thyng is list  
But spuerth wel out of al wite  
For that as euer hym lyst seyn  
She dare not speke one word agayn  
But wepeth & hold hyr tympes ches  
She may wel wepe saunce wpos  
The wyf which is to such one marred  
Of al women he be warged  
For with his fruer of Iehouysse  
His eche dayes fantasie  
Of sow we is euer alpech game  
So that there is no due sene  
Whyle that hym lyst at home abyde  
And when so as he wol oute ryde  
Than both he wdy his aspye  
Abydng in her companye  
A jangler an euyl mouthed one  
That she ne may no lyster gone  
He speke one word ne ones like  
But he ne wol it wende & croke  
And come after his owne entent  
Though she no thyng but honour ment  
When that the lord cometh home agayn  
The jangler must somewhat seyn  
So what withoute & what withynne  
This fruer is euer to begynne  
For when he cometh he can not ende

Eyl deth of hym both made an ende  
For though so be that he ne lere  
He set not wyf in no manere  
But al honoure & womanhede  
Therof the Iehouysse taketh none hede  
But as a man to lue vnkynde  
He cast his staf as doth the blynde  
And sent default where is none  
As who so dremeth on a stone  
Hou he is leyd & groweth ofte  
When he lynch on his pyle we fote  
So is ther nought but styf & chert  
Where lue shold make his rest  
It is greet thyng yf he be lyste  
Thus both she lste the nyghte o lyste  
For at such tyme he quitcheth euer  
And sayth on hond there is a luer  
That she wold another lere  
In sece of hym alrede there  
And with the worder & with me  
Of Iehouysse he cometh her fro  
And lynch vpon his ocher fyde  
And she with that maketh hyr aspe  
And ther she wepeth al the nyght  
A to what wyne she is dyspde  
That in her thought both so lste  
The londe which may not be vnkene  
I wote the tyme is ofte cursed  
That euer was the gold unpursed  
The which was leyd vpon the booke  
When that al ocher she forsooke  
For lue of hym but al to late  
She plymeth for as than algate  
She more forther & to hym lste  
Though he ne wold it alowe  
For man is led of thyll seyn  
So may the woman but emper  
If she speke ought agayne thy wyle  
And thus she sayth her wyne styke  
But yf this fruer a woman take  
She shal be wel the more harde make  
But yf she lste se & lere  
And fynde that there is madde  
She dare but to her self plyne  
And thus she suffreth double payne  
- Los thus my sone as I haue wepe



Thou myght of Iheruspe Wpe  
 His feure & his condempyon  
 Which is ful of suspectyon  
 But wherof that this feure groweth  
 Who so thet of de lures twoweth  
 Ther may be fynde thou it is  
 For they be tiche & take this  
 Thou that this feure of Iheruspe  
 Somdele it groweth of folye  
 Of loue and somdele of Vntaust  
 For as sekeman lest his lust  
 And when he may no sauoure gete  
 He hateth than his othe mette  
 Rycht so this feurous maladye  
 Which caused is of fantasie  
 Maketh the Iherus in feble ptyght  
 To lreue of loue his apert  
 Thowgh ferynde Informacyon  
 Of his ymagynacyon  
 But fynally to taken brede  
 Men may wel make a lyche lyche  
 Wherof hym which is auarous  
 Of gold & hym that is Iherus  
 Of loue for in one degre  
 They stonde bothe as semeth me  
 That one wold haue his bagges styll  
 And nought departen with his wyl  
 And dare not for the theues slepe  
 So fayne he wold his trefour lrepe  
 That ocher maye not wel be glad  
 For curmoure he is adrad  
 Of these lures that gone aboute  
 In aunter yf they put hym oute  
 So haue they bothe thet joye  
 He wel of loue as of moneye  
 Now hast thou sone at my tichyng  
 Of Iheruspe a knowledchyng  
 That thou myght vnderstonde this  
 How lreue he cometh & what he is  
 And eke to whome that he is tpe  
 Wherof for thy thou he not tpe  
 Of thyll feure as I haue spoke  
 For it wol in hym self be broke  
 For he hath no thyng more  
 As men may fynde by the lre  
 Of hem that wherofe lre wyl

Hon they speke in many wyl  
 My fader sothe is that in lre  
 But for to lre ther ager  
 Byfore this tyme thou it is felle  
 Wherof they myght ensample felle  
 To such men as ben Iherus  
 In what maner it is grous  
 Rycht fayne I wold ensample lre  
 My good sone at thy payre  
 Of such ensamples I fynde  
 Soo as they comen now to mynde  
 Wpon this wynt of tyme gone  
 I thynke for to talle one

¶ Ic ponit Confessor Exmplum  
 contra istos maritus quos Iherus  
 sia maculauit / Et narrat qualiter Vul  
 canus cuius hunc Venus petiit suspici  
 onem inter ipsam & Martem concupis  
 eorum gestus diligencius obseruabat /  
 Unde contigit quod cum Ipsi quidam di  
 a ambo inter se pariter amplexantes  
 in lecto nudo inuenit / et exclamans om  
 nem actum deorum et deorum ad tantum  
 spectaculum conuocauit / super quo ta  
 men deusum potius & remedium a tota  
 corpora consecutus est

Wode Wode of many thynges  
 Among & which in his wyl  
 tinges. He wold a tale in poesie  
 Which toucheth in to Iheruspe  
 Wpon a archyne man of loue  
 Among the goddes al aboute  
 It felle that ylle tyme thus  
 The god of fere which Vulcanus  
 He lre & hath a craft forth with  
 Assgured for to be the wyl  
 Of Juppiter and his fygur  
 Bothe of bylage & of floure  
 He lreth and malgarpous  
 But yet he hath within his lre  
 He for the lre of his lre  
 The fayne Venus to his wyl

But more which of bawdryes is  
 The god an eye had vnto this  
 As he which was chynalrous  
 It felle hym to ben amorous  
 And thought it was gude pye  
 To see soo lusty one as he  
 He coupled with so hard a wyght  
 So that his pyne day e nyght  
 He dyd yf he lre wyne myght  
 And she that had a good insyght  
 Toward so noble a knyghtly lord  
 In loue fel of his acord  
 Ther lacketh nouzt but tyme e place  
 That he npe spker of lre gwar  
 But when eke lre fallen in one  
 So wys a wayte was nauer none  
 That at somtyme they ne mete  
 And thus this fayne lusty [wete]  
 With Mars both ofte companye  
 But thpke vntynde iehusye  
 Which euermore the lre opposeth  
 Maketh coulanus that he supposeth  
 That it is not wel ouerall  
 And to hym self he sayde he shal  
 A fpre better yf that he may  
 And so it felle vpon a day  
 That he this thyng so styghtly lre  
 He fond hem bothe a lre  
 At warne/ echone with other naked  
 And he with craft al redy maketh  
 Of stronge chynes both hem bounde  
 As he to geder hem had founde  
 And lre hem bothe lre so  
 And gan than to crye tho  
 Vnto the goddes al aboute  
 And they assembled in a rout  
 Come al at once for to see  
 But none amends had he  
 Wat was rebuked lre e there  
 Of hem that lre frendes were  
 And sayd that he was to blame  
 For yf ther felle hym ony shame  
 It was thorough his mysgouernance  
 And thus he lre contenaunce  
 This god e lre his cause falle  
 And they to scorned him alle

And when Mars out of his fountes  
 Wherof these erthely gyltondes  
 For euer myght ensample take  
 In such a chaunce lre ouertake  
 For coulanus his wyf lre lre  
 The blame vpon hym self he layde  
 Wherof his shame was the more  
 Which ought for to be a lre  
 For avery man that lre lre  
 To reulen hym in this matre  
 Though such an hap of lre aftere  
 Yet shold he not apoynte his lre  
 Of iehusye of that is brought  
 But fpre as though he wylt it nouzt  
 For yf he lre it ouerlasse  
 The sklauder shal he lre the losse  
 And he the more in lre stonde  
 For this thou myght wel vnderstonde  
 That lre a man shal nedes lre  
 The lasse harme is for to chise  
 But iehusye of his vntrepe  
 Maketh that ful many an harme cryst  
 Which elles shold not cryst  
 And yf a man wold hym auge  
 Of that byfelle lre coulanus  
 Hym ought of rson thynke thus  
 That fpre a god was therof shamed  
 Wel shold an erthely man be blamed  
 To take vpon hym such a lre  
 For thy my sonne in thyne offere  
 Be ware that thou be nought iehus  
 Which of tyme hath bent the hous  
 My fode this ensample is hardy  
 Thou such thyng to the lre ward  
 Among the goddes myght falle  
 For there is one god of alle  
 Which is the lord of lre lre  
 But yf it lre you to lre  
 Thou such goddes come a place  
 Pe myght mocht thanke purchace  
 For I shal be wel taught with alle  
 Confessor

my sonne it is soo ouertake  
 With hem that stonden mys lre  
 That such goddes lre lre  
 In sondey place in sondey lre

Among hem which be Unwys  
 Ther is bytchen of ardent  
 Wherof that I the byfferen  
 In the maner as it is Wryt  
 What to the pynnyl for to Wye

Contra illos signantur templi  
 etum/ Unde deos aros nacio amicit  
 Nulla creatura talis facit esse creatum/  
 Equiparans p ad huc iura pagana so  
 nant,

Quia secundum poetarum fabulas  
 in huiusmodi libris hanc quamplurim  
 bus nomina et gestus deorum falso  
 cum intulerantur quorum infidelitas  
 Et Cassianus clarius innoscat Inter  
 dit de ipsorum origine secundum Wris  
 as paganorum scribis scribere consequi  
 ter/ Et primo de secta Caldeorum tunc  
 tate proponit

o Mist Was born amdg Be hem  
 Of the byleues that the Wre  
 In four formes thus it Was  
 They of Chaldee as in this cas  
 Had a byleue of hem felur  
 Which stood upon the segnes eldeue  
 And eke with the planetes sevene  
 Which as they saW upon the hene  
 Of sondy constellacyon  
 In her magnuacyon  
 With sonny best & portandur  
 They made of goddes the figure  
 In Elementes & eke also  
 They hadden a byleue the  
 And al Was that Unreasonabyl  
 For the elementes often scrupabyl  
 To man for oter of ardent  
 No man may be the experyence  
 They ben corrupt by sondy Wey  
 So may no man wson here  
 That they ben god in any Wye  
 And eke, yf men hem wel ouste  
 The soune & mone, eclipsen both

O: be hem best as be hem best  
 They suffer & What thynge is passible  
 To hem a god is impossible

Et p. Nembroth quartus a Noe ig  
 nem tanquam deū in Caldea primus  
 admati docuit

These elementes ben creatures  
 So ben these truely figures  
 Wherof may wel be iustfyed  
 That they may not be despyed  
 And what taketh away the honore  
 Which due is to the creatour  
 And yeneeth it to the creature  
 He doth to grette a forfetture  
 Out of Caldee netheles  
 Upon this sepe though it be les  
 They tolde offermed the credence  
 So that of helle the penaunce  
 As folk which stant out of byleue  
 They that pynne as we byleue

Of the Caldees do in this Wye  
 Stant the byleue out of assyse  
 But in Egypt worst of alle  
 The sepe is fals hou so it falle  
 For they dyuers bestes there  
 Honour as though they goddes Wre  
 And netheles put forth with al  
 The goddes most in speepal  
 They haue forth with a goddesse  
 In whome is al her sekernesse  
 The goddes yet be cleped thus  
 Oms Typhon and Isyris  
 They Wre batheryn al the  
 And the goddes in her degre  
 Dyr suster Was & Isyris byght  
 Whome Isyris forday be upght  
 And lere bye after as his Wye  
 So it byfelle that upon stryfe  
 Typhon hath Isyris his broder slayn  
 Which had a child to sone Omy  
 And he his fader deith to lere  
 So toke that he may not aftere  
 That he Typhon after ne slough



Then he was xij of age enough  
 But yet the Egypciens trowen  
 For al this errour that they knowen  
 That these brethren ben of myght  
 To seth e kept Egypt byrght  
 And ouer thurgh yf that hem lyke  
 But Jho as seyth the Cronycle  
 Fro Gize in to Egypte cam  
 And she then vpon honde nam  
 To cete hem for to soke e ete  
 Which noman knewe to fore there  
 And when the Egypciens sege  
 The felde ful afore her eye  
 And that the lond began to grene  
 Which whylome had be barren  
 For the ethe bare, after the kynde  
 His due charge this I fynde  
 That she of byrthe the goddesse  
 To chyd / so that in dyscrete  
 The women ther vpon chylde  
 To her clete and her offryng  
 They her when that they be lycht  
 Loo thou Egypt al out of syght  
 Fro reson stant in mysbyleue  
 For lack of bre as I byleue

De secta Circorum

Among the grekes out of the weye  
 No they that reson put a weye  
 There was as the Cronycle seyth  
 Of mysbyleue an other feyth  
 That her goddes e her goddesse  
 No who seyth taken al to cresse  
 Of such as were ful of vye  
 To whome they made sacryfice  
 The hyge god so as they sayde  
 To whome they worshippayde

Nota qualiter Saturnus deoru sum-  
 mus appellatur  
 Saturnus hyght e kyng of Cete  
 He had be put out of his sete  
 He was put doune as he which stood  
 In frenche e was so wood  
 That fro his wyf which he had hyght  
 His owne children he to plyght

And ete hem of his comon bone  
 But Juppiter which was his sone  
 And of ful age his fader honde  
 And hys of with his owne honde  
 His gonyllas which also fast  
 In to the depe see he cast  
 Wherof the grekes afferme e sepe  
 Thus when they were cast a weye  
 Cam Venus forth by wey of kynde  
 And of Saturne also I fynde  
 Dou after ward in to an yle  
 This Juppiter hym dyd cyle  
 Where that he stood in grete myschance  
 Loo what a god they maken chace  
 Which stood moost in his degre  
 And seyth that such one was he  
 Among the goddes thou myght knowe  
 These other that ben more to we  
 Den lyel worth as it is founde

Juppiter deus deorum  
 For Juppiter was the secunde  
 Which Juno had vnto his wyf  
 And yet a lechour al his lyf  
 He was e in auourte  
 He brought many a tuchte  
 And for he was so ful of vices  
 They cleyd hym god of delices  
 Of whome yf thou wolt vnder-  
 Stande the poete hath wyte  
 But yet her sterres loke woe  
 Saturne and Juppiter also  
 They haue al though they be to blame  
 Attyld to her o we name

Mars deus belli

Mars was another man in that lalle  
 The which in itax was forth warre  
 Of whome the clerk Ogeanus  
 Wrote in his booke e told thus  
 He was in to Itale cam  
 And fortune there he nam  
 That he a mayden there overthrew  
 Which in hyr ynde was professed  
 As she which was the pyroesse  
 In itico temple the goddesse  
 So was she wel the more to blame  
 Dame Jloa this lady name

man clepe & the god also  
 The kynges daughter that was the  
 Which myghter by name byght  
 So that aune the lasses myght  
 Mars the lasses tyme upon hys that  
 Remus & Romulus he byght  
 Which after when they come in age  
 Of myghte & of wylkage  
 Italye al hool they overcome  
 And founden the grete Rome  
 In armes and of such empyre  
 They wren that in the lasses  
 Hys fader mars for the metaple  
 The god was cleped of the batayle  
 They wren his chylde both two  
 Though hem he took his name so  
 Ther was none other cause why  
 And yet a sterre upon the sky  
 He hath into his name applyed  
 In which that he is shapen  
 Another god they haden also  
 To whom for counseyl they byde  
 The which was broder to Venus  
 Apollos men hym clepe thus  
 He was an hunt upon the helles  
 Ther was with hym no vertu else  
 Wherof that ony lokes arpe  
 Out onyche that he couthe harp  
 Which when he walked ouer land  
 Ful of tyme he toke on hond  
 To gete hym with his sustaunce  
 For lack of other pymeance  
 And other wylke of his fathere  
 He feyneth hym to wanne a wye  
 Of thyng which after ward shold fall  
 Wherof among his strengthes all  
 He hath the lute folk wrynged  
 So that the lute he was wrynged  
 Loo now though what wrynged  
 He hath wrynged  
 To such as he the folke yet  
 And cleped is the god of wye

Another god to whom they sought  
 Mercury byght & hym ne wought  
 What thyng he stole ne whom, he stow  
 Of fowyn he couthe enough

That when he wold hym self transfor  
 me/ ful of tyme he toke the forme  
 Of woman & his owne lere  
 So dyde he wete the more theste  
 Agre speker in al thynges  
 He was also & of lesynges  
 An Auto: that men wye none  
 An other such as he was one  
 And yet they maken of this theef  
 A god which was buto hym lef  
 And cleped hym in the byleues  
 The god of marchauntes & of theues  
 But after upon the beuene  
 He hath one of the planetes senene  
 But Vulcanus of whom I spa  
 He had a courbe upon the bak  
 And thereto he was hye halt  
 Of whom thou vnderstonde shalt  
 He was a shewe in al his youthe  
 And he none other vertu couthe  
 Of vertu to helpe hym self with  
 But only that he was a smyth  
 Which with Juppiter in his forge  
 Dure the thynges made hym forge  
 So wote I not for what desyre  
 To clepe hym the god of fyre

Kyng of Ceeple Joolys  
 A fone had/and Solus  
 He byght of his fader gaunt  
 He hald the keye of couenaunt  
 The gouernaunce of euery yle  
 Which was longed vnto Ceeple  
 Of hem that fro the land foryn  
 Lye vpon to the Wynde al plyn  
 And fro the lles to the land  
 Ful oft am the Wynde to hond  
 And after the name of hym for thy  
 The Wynde is cleped Eole  
 And is cleped the god of Wynde  
 Loo now thou this byleue is blynd  
 The kyng of Ceeple Juppiter

The same which I spa of er  
 vnto his broder which Neptune  
 Which was hote hym lye comune  
 Part of his god so that by thyng  
 He made hym strong of the lodes

Of al the see in the parties  
Where that he wrought his tyrannies  
And the straunge Iles al about  
He wane that every man hath doubt  
Upon his marche for to saile  
For he anone hem wold assaile  
And wolke that thyng that they laddel  
His sauf conduyt but yf they hadden  
Wit of the comon boys awoo  
In every londe that such a los  
He caught al new it wold a few  
That he was cleped of the see  
The god by name & yet he is  
With hem that so by lye ampo  
This Neptun<sup>9</sup> which was thyll also  
Which was the first founder the  
Of noble Troye & he for the  
Was wel the more delyshy

The herdsman of the shepherdes  
And eke of hem that Netherdes  
Was of Archade & byght pan  
Of whome hath spoke many a man  
For in the Wode of Nouertyne  
Enclosed With the trees of pygne  
And out of the Mount of parysse  
He hade of bestes the barlys  
And eke byneth in the balys  
Where thyll ryuer as men may se  
Which Eadon byght made his co:.  
He was the chiefe of gouernours  
Of hem that keepen tame bestes  
Wherof they make yet the festes  
In the cyte of Stursalys  
And forth With al yet netheles  
He taught men the forth draughting  
Of bestaple & eke the making  
Of Oxen & of hors the same  
How men hem shold ryde & tame  
Of foules eke so as he fynde  
ful many a subtile craft of kynde  
He fonde which noman knewe to fore  
Men dyd hym worshyp eke therfore  
That he the first in thyll lond  
Was/which the melody fonde  
Of wodes when they were rypp  
With double pyppes for to pypp

Therof he past the first den  
Tyl afterward men couthe more  
To cury craft of mannes helpe  
He had a wyf wyl to helpe  
Therough natural gyfte  
Thus the nyght wrytten  
Of fooler when he was dede  
The foot was turned to the dede  
And cleyn hym god of nature  
For so they made his figure  
Another god so as they felt  
With Juppar upon hemels  
Wygate in his countre  
Whome for to byde his lecherie  
That none therof shal take lye  
In a Montayne for to lye  
Which Dyon byght & was in Inde  
He sent in holes as I fynde  
And he by name Bacchus byght  
Which afterward when that he myght  
A Wason was & al his wite  
In Wye & wylde he dyspente  
Wnt al wye he wnder had  
Among the gyltes a name he had  
They cleped hym the god of Wye  
And thus a gylten was dyspente  
Then was yet Esculapius  
A god in thyll tyme as thus  
His craft stood upon Surgetys  
But for the lust of lecherie  
That he to Darys daughter drough  
It fel that Juppar hym slough  
And yet they made hym nouyt for the  
A god & wylt no cause why  
In Rome he was long tyme so  
A god among the Romayns tho  
For as he said in his presence  
Then was destroyed a prestence  
When they to the ple of Delphos went  
And Apollo With hem sent  
This Esculapius his sone  
Among the Romayns for to wone  
And there he dwelt for a whyle  
Tyl afterward in that ple  
Fro when he cam ayene he turned  
Wnt al his tye that he sojourned

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Among the gaudes yet he deys  
And they upon hym than lye  
His name a god of medecyne  
He hath afor that ilk tyme  
Another god of Hercules  
They made which was netherles  
A man but that he was so strong  
In al this world that wood & hagg  
So mighty was no man as he  
Mercurio which in his tyme  
As it was ourthe in founteyn londe  
He dyd with his owne hond  
A gyfte grauntis & monstres toke  
The which were forgyde & heke  
But he with strength: from outtyme  
Wherof so gret a pryce he nam  
That they hym clepe amonges alle  
The god of straunge & to hym alle  
And yet there is no wofull Jane  
For he a man was full of gyfte  
Which proued was upon his ende  
For in a rage hym self he bende  
And such a cruel mannes deede acord  
Acordis nought to the good lord  
They made of goddes yet another  
Which Pluto byght & was the swerd  
Of Iuppiter: & he two pouthe  
With eury word which cam to mouth  
Of any thyng when he was wroth  
He wold swere his comon oth  
Oth Aithen and Flageton  
Oth Coceton and Acheton  
The which after the booke alle  
Wen the chylf stode of hille  
Oth Begne & Begge he stode also  
That by the tre ppyr & woo  
Of hille the moost pynnyll  
Pluto these othes ourat  
Whore of his comon custumour  
Tol it hille upon a chaunce  
That he for Iuppiter sake  
Wold the goddes lere to make  
A sacrefice for that tyme  
One of the ppyr for his mete  
In hille which I spak of er  
Was grauntid hym: & thus he ther

Upon the fortune of this thyng  
The name wold of hille kyng  
So these goddes & wel mo  
Among the jukes they had the  
And of goddes many one  
Whose names thou shalt lere anon  
And in what wyse they warguen  
The foolis which her sepy warguen

¶ So as Saturne is souerayn  
Of al goddes as they sayn  
So is Cybele of goddesses  
The moder without gesses  
The folk prync honour & leue  
As they the which her labe observe  
But for to knowen upon this  
For what she cam & what she is  
Dethnida the countre byght  
Wher she cam fyrst to mannes syght  
And after was Saturnus wyf  
Wherof she had children in her lyp  
She had & wren chylde the  
Juno Neptune & Pluto  
The which of all fantasys  
The people wold deys  
And for her children were so  
Cybele than was also  
Made a goddess & they her calle  
The moder of the goddes alle  
So was that name lere forth  
And yet the cause is lere worth  
A boye vnto Saturne told  
How that his owne sone hym hold  
Out of his wyne put a wyf  
And he by cause of thylk wyf  
That hym was shap such an hate  
Cybele his wyf began to hate  
And eke her progynge toke  
And wylle that they were wrothe  
Oth Phylum upon a day  
In this countre he lay  
On hille he Iuppiter bygat  
And this chylde was after that  
Which wrount al & was pynnyll  
As it to fore was sprecid

So when that Jupiter off Certe  
Was lying/a Wyf into hym mett  
The daughter of Sybell he took  
And that was Juno sayth the book  
Of his drypacion  
After the false oppnyon  
That haue I told so as I mene  
And for this Juno Was the quene  
Of Iuppiter and suster eke  
The foolis into her fell  
And sayn that she is the goddessse  
Of Regnes both e of Rycheesse  
And eke she as they vnderstand  
The Water Nymphes both in hand  
To liden at her oene herte  
And when her lyst the sky ampeste  
The Reynowde is her messager  
Eoo which a mysspleue is he  
That she goddessse is of the sky  
I wote none other cause why  
Another goddessse is Minerue  
To whom the grekes obye e kneue  
And she Was nyght the grette lay  
Of Etyon fonde wither lay  
A child for cast/ but what she Was  
There knewe noman the soth as  
But in Affryke she Was lorde  
In the maner as I haue seide  
And caryd from that place  
In to an Ile fer in Tera  
The which Calene than bright  
Wher a Noyse hyr lere e dryght  
And after for she Was so wyse  
That she fonde frent in hyr ourse  
To clothe making of wolle e lyne  
Men sayden that she Was drugne  
And the goddessse of sayence  
They clepen hyr in that credence  
Of the goddessse which pallas  
Is cleped sonder speche Was  
One seyth hyr fader Was pallant  
Which in his tyme Was a graunt  
A cruel man a batayllous  
Another sayth hold in his hous  
She Was the cause why he depde  
And of this pallas the som seide

That she Marthe Wyf Was e soo  
Among the men that Were the  
Of mysspleue in Rpoat  
The goddessse of batayles she lode  
Was/ and yet she lere the name  
Nowe lode you they be not for to blame  
Saturnus after his wyfe  
For Certe am in grette pryde  
In to the londe of Italye  
And there he dyd grette menage  
Wherof his name duclerth yet  
For he kend of his oene wyf  
The first craft of plough tilling  
Of erping e of corne sowing  
And you may shold lere vncos  
Of the grette for to make wyne  
And this he taught/ and it felle soo  
His Wyf which am lieth hym the  
Was cleped Certe by name  
And for she taught also the same  
And Was his Wyf that yllis thowde  
No it Was to the wyse knowe  
They made of Certe a goddessse  
In whom in their tithes yet they lisse  
And sayth that Trepalynus  
Hert fone goth among the  
And maketh e corn good chere on dem  
Right as he lyst from yre to yre  
So that this Wyf because of this  
Goddessse of corne cleped is  
Lerng Iuppiter which his lerng  
Whilome fulfilled in al thyng  
So pryncet peth aboute he led  
The list that he his Wyfe had  
Of Latona e of hyr that  
Dyane his daughter is bynat  
Vnlino Wm of his Wyf Juno  
And after ward she knewe it so  
That Latona for drede fled  
In to an Ile wher she lode  
Hyf wombe which of childe awoos  
Thylle Ile Was cleped Debas  
In which Dyane Was fute hound  
And kept so that he latheth nouyt  
And after when she Was of age  
She took none lere of maryage

Out of mannes company  
 He took her al to lycher  
 In fowr and in bydarkness  
 For there was al her lycher  
 By day & the by nyght  
 With another bode vnder the syde  
 And to be in bond of which she slough  
 And took al that she tyked nougth  
 Of lycher which ben charnable  
 Wroth of the Crouple of this fable  
 Such that the gentylman most of alle  
 Wroth by her & to her alle  
 And the goddesse of fresshe welles  
 Of gume trees & of fresshe welles  
 They cryen byt in that bylue  
 Which that no wif may achue  
 Proserpina which daughter was  
 Of Cerere byfel she was  
 Whyle she was dwelling in Cecyl  
 Her moder in that ylle whyle  
 Wroth her blessing & her best  
 Was that she shold be honest  
 And for to be wif & bypene  
 And dwelle at home & kepe her inne  
 Wat she wyl al that her alle  
 And as she went her out to pley  
 To gader floures in a plaign  
 And that was vnder the Montayne  
 Of Eridna felle the same tyde  
 That plowman that was ryde  
 And forpys on the was wam  
 He took her up in to his char  
 And as they ryden in the feld  
 Her gume trauct he bypide  
 Which was so pleisant in his eye  
 That for to hold in company  
 He wroth her & take her so  
 To ben his wif for ayme  
 And as thou hast to fere lych alle  
 Dole he was chary god of felle  
 So is the chary god of felle  
 By cause of hym ne more ne less  
 As thus my sone as I the teller  
 The gentles whyle by dore alle  
 Her gader had in fonder byle  
 And though the lych of her apyle

The Romayne lych alle the same  
 And in worship of her name  
 To every god in speccal  
 They made a Temple forth with al  
 And alle of hem her pews day  
 Attended had & of array  
 The temples were then decayed  
 And alle the pple was consterned  
 To come & done her sacrifice  
 The prestes alle in her office  
 Solempne made theyll festes  
 And the gentles thus take the festes  
 The men in fide of gods honour  
 Which myght hem nought foure  
 Whyle that they were al pue lych  
 And ouer this as thou shalt lych  
 The gentles full pilled of fantasie  
 Byene alle that of the felle by  
 And the goddes ben in speccal  
 Out of her name in general  
 They houn al Satyre  
 The lych of Nymphes properly  
 In the bylue of hem also  
 Oraxes they lychen the  
 Attended ben to the Montayne  
 And for the wodes in demerces  
 To kepe the lych Dryades  
 Of fresshe welles Napades  
 And of the Nymphes of the see  
 I fynde a tale in propete  
 Thou Darius which the kyng of grece  
 Which had of Infortune a pce  
 His wif forth with his daughter alle  
 So as the lawes sholden felle  
 With many a gentyl woman there  
 Dwynt in the salt see they were  
 Wroth of the gentles that tyme lychen  
 And such a name vpon lychen  
 Nymphes that they ben lych  
 The Nymphes which that they note  
 To repene vpon the sterres salt  
 As now of this bylue lych  
 Out of the Nymphes as they alle  
 In every place where they dwelle  
 They ben al wof olerfaunt  
 As Damogelles atandaunt



To the goddess whose temple  
 They most often in all ways  
 Whose the gates to her temple  
 With the that her goddess she  
 And have in her a great ardour  
 And yet without experience  
 Save only of Jussor  
 Which was to her dampnacion  
 For men also that were old  
 They haden goddesses as Jussor  
 And the by name Manes byghen  
 To whom full great honour they dwell  
 So as the gates late they  
 Which was again the right way  
 Thus have I told a great part  
 But all the hole progeny  
 Of goddesses in that place  
 To longe it were for to tyme  
 But yet of y which thou hast heard  
 Of mytheleue so it hath been  
 There is a great dyversite  
 My father right so thyself me  
 But yet one thinge I you bytelle  
 Which stand in all men's speche  
 The god & the goddess of love  
 Of whom y no thing her above  
 Have told ne spoken of her fate  
 That y me wold now declare  
 You they first come to that name  
 My sonne I have left it for shame  
 By cause I am her owne parent  
 But for they stonden nether the best  
 Upon the shepse of the matron  
 Thou shalt of her the soth here  
 And understonde now wel the case  
 Venus Saturnus daughter was  
 Which all daunger put away  
 Of love & fond to lust a key  
 So that of her in fonder place  
 Dyverser men fille in to game  
 And such a lusty life she lade  
 That she dyvers children hade  
 Now one by this now one by that  
 Of her it was that mare bygot  
 A child which childe was Arment  
 Of her also cam Androgene

To whom mercurius father was  
 Anchises bygot Enneas  
 Of her also and Hercules  
 When bygot and Sampson  
 When y she falle there was none other  
 By Jussor her owne brother  
 She lay & he bygot Cupys  
 And the like some dyen a tye  
 When he was come unto his age  
 He had a wonderfyll bylage  
 And fonde his moder amorous  
 And was also lecherous  
 So when they were both adult  
 As he which eyn had none  
 To use his moder lust  
 And she also that nothing byt  
 But y which unto his lust byngeth  
 To her he had hym underfongeth  
 Thus was he bygot & she bygot  
 But nevertheless this cause it is  
 Which cupys is the god of love  
 For he his moder durst love  
 And she which thought her lustes for  
 Dyverser lues took on hand  
 Wel more than I the told her  
 And for she wold byt self shew  
 She made comen that dyssont  
 And set a lath of such a wit  
 That every woman myght take  
 What man her lyst & nought forsake  
 To her as comen as the wold  
 She was the first also which told  
 That women shold her body sell  
 Semprampse so as men alle  
 Of Venus lye the byt apysle  
 And so dyde in the same way  
 Of Rome fater Neapolys  
 Which sold her body to Regolys  
 She was to every man felake  
 And sold the lust of thyll lath  
 Which Venus of her self began  
 Whose that she the name was  
 Why may her chary the goddess  
 Of love & the of gentynesse  
 Of wylde lust & of pleasure  
 Her now the foule myght

Of gukes in this tyme the  
 When Venus took her name so  
 Then was no cause Under the mone  
 Of the Whiche they haden the to done  
 Of Wel or Was there so it was  
 That they was taken in that cas  
 A god to take on a goddesse  
 Wherof to take my bestnesse

Nota de epistola Dindimi Regis  
 Dagmannum Alexandro magno  
 ducta ubi dicit qd Genu tunc ad corpus  
 no conseruacionem pro singulis mem  
 bus singulis dno specialiter appropri  
 ationem

The kynge of Macedon Dindymus  
 Wrote unto Alexander thus  
 In blamynge of the gukes feryth  
 And of the myshpleue he feryth  
 How they for every member haden  
 A sondry god to Whome they prayden  
 Her armes qd of helpe besoughten  
 Myntus for the herte they soughten  
 For she was Wyf qd of a man  
 The Wyf qd when that he can  
 As in the tales of the bapn  
 Wherof they made her fourcapn  
 Mercury Which was in his dallas  
 A gude fether of false lallas  
 On hym the heping of the tonge  
 They sayd when they speke or songe  
 For Bacchus was a ghton the  
 Dym for the throte they brylle  
 That he it wolde Woffen ote  
 With foot dynkers qd with sefe  
 The god of Mulders qd of armes  
 Was herules for he in armes  
 The myghtyest was to feght  
 To hym the lymmes they beghyt  
 The god Whome they claym mart  
 The best to lye both for his part  
 For with the herte in his pynge  
 That he adusse to his counge  
 And of the galle the godasse

For he was ful of hastynesse  
 Of Wrath qd lycht to gnu also  
 They made qd sayd it was Juno  
 Cuppe Which the bond of fere  
 Ware in his bond he was the spe  
 Of the stomach Whiche topleth cure  
 Wherof the lustes ben the leuer  
 To the Goddesse Cere  
 Which of the corne paste her encrees  
 Won the feryth that the was take  
 The Womtre cur was betake

And Venus thought the lecherie  
 For Whiche they her wryte  
 She kept al doun the amenaunt  
 The Whiche he to thyske off pr apper  
 naunt

Nota de prima Iulianum cultum  
 que qd tabus pteapue statuis eorta e  
 quantum pama fuit illa quam in filij  
 sui memoriam quidam Panaps noie  
 Cymphanes a Sculptore Promotheo  
 fabnan constituit

Thus was dyspers in sondry Wyls  
 The myshpleue as I deupse  
 With many an Image of entayle  
 Of such as myght not be auayle  
 For they without spues chere  
 Compyghte he to see or fere  
 Or speke or do or elles fere  
 And yet the foolles to hem knele  
 Which is her owne bonde Werke  
 A lord hou this hpleue is derke  
 And fer fro resonable Wyl  
 And yettelles they done it yet  
 That was this day a ragged ty  
 To morowe Upon his mageste  
 Stant in the Temple Wel besyne  
 How myght a mans reson feryne  
 That such a stoll may bepe or gnu  
 Out they be of such hpleue  
 And vnto such goddes calle  
 It shal to hem ryght so byfalle  
 And saye hem at moost nede

But yf the lyst to take her  
And of the fyist image yf  
Ptolemyus throw both Egypt  
And eke Hygagomis also  
And they offerme a Gyfte so  
That promethus was to fere  
And fonde the fyist craft ther fere  
And Cyprophane as they alle  
Thurgh counsaill which was take in hall  
In remembrance of his bygnage  
Here settyn by the fyist image  
Of Cyprophane by the lock  
That he for fowle which he took  
Of that he save his sone & de  
Of comfort kne we none other tre  
But let to make in remembrance  
A fayre image of his semblance  
And set it in the market place  
Which openly to fere his face  
Stood every day to done hym cost  
And they that than wold please  
The fader shold it ope  
When that they comen thylk wey

Secunda statua fuit illa que ad  
sui patrie Reli cultum in Reo Nino  
fieri et adorari decebat / Et sic de nomine  
Reli postea Rel & Reliabab idolum  
audivit

And of Nenus kyng of Assy  
I trow that in his Emper  
He was next after the stand  
Of hym that fyist images found  
For he ryght in semblable was  
Of Belus which byr fader was  
From Nembroth in the ryght lyne  
Here make of gold & stones fyne  
A precious image ryght  
As for his fader avenged  
And thereupon a lawe he sette  
That every man of pure witt  
With sacrifice & with image  
Honour shold thylk image  
So that within tyme it folle

Of Belus was the name of Welle  
Of Bel was Beliabab & so  
The mystryne went so

Tercia statua fuit illa que ad hono  
rem Apis Regis Serapim sculpta fu  
it / cui nomen postea Serapis imponens  
as quasi deum pagani aduerunt

The thyrde image next to this  
When the kyng of Syria Apis  
Was ded they made a fygure  
In resemblance of his statue  
Of this kyng Apis by the lock  
That Serapis his name took  
In a home though long contynual  
Of mystryne a gude craine  
Thy bidden and the wittnes  
Of sacrifice and of wittnes  
To hym they made & they alle  
Among the wondres that byfelle  
When Alexander fro Candar  
Cam rynd in a wylde place  
Under an hille a cave he fond  
And Candarus which in that land  
Was byr / & was Candarus sene  
Hym told how that of comen wene  
The croddes were in thylk cave  
And he that wold assure & hane  
A knowledgyng yf it be trewe  
Left of his horse & in he goth  
And fond therein that he sought  
For thow yf fender slepyt hym thow yf  
Among other goddes mo  
That Serapis spak to hym so  
Whome he save ther in gude care  
And thus he sente from day to day  
The wyllys of holatys  
Drough forth byn the fantasy  
Of hym that was than bynde  
And witten wought the tyme the fynde  
Thus hast thou byd in what wyse  
Of Syria Egypt & Chalde  
The mystryne whiche stood



And thus so they be not good  
 Ne in the yet they swynge out  
 Wherof the wyse world aboure  
 Doe part of mystryous dook  
 Tyl so by fall as they the dook  
 And god a pyle for hym shew  
 Both chofe of the kynages whelue  
 Wherof the sothe word  
 As it is wyrtyn in Genesys  
 I shal alle in such a wyse  
 That it shal be to hym a pyle

De Deditionum seu Interum secta  
 quantum Sinagoga calisia Ceteri su  
 prouenerit a finit

a For the fild fro which Noe  
 Was sauf þ world in his degre  
 Was made as who sayth new  
 agin / Of flour of fruit of grasse of  
 gum / Of best of best of of mankind  
 Which our hath be to god balynde  
 For not with stonynge at the fym  
 Of that this world was made so bare  
 And afterwarde it was wnter  
 Among the may was nothing more  
 Toward god of good kynge  
 But al was turned to lyming  
 After the fustle so that fustle  
 Was be which pafe hem lyfe & mete  
 Of frum & erthe arabout  
 And thus cam forth the gret errour  
 That they the lyght god ne lue the  
 What makes other goddes newe  
 As thou hast herd me sayd to four  
 That was no man that tyme how  
 That he ne had after his chofe  
 A god / to whome he pafe his boys  
 Wherof the mystryous cam  
 In to the tyme of Abraham  
 What he found out the right weye  
 Both only man shold chofe  
 The lyght god which beareth al  
 And our hath done & our shal  
 In frum / in erthe / & the m hills

There is no thing his myght may alle  
 This Patriarche to his kynage  
 Forbad that they to none image  
 Enchene shold in no wyse  
 But he offrand & sacryse  
 With al the holi brenne hane  
 Unto the myghty god abour  
 And they shold hym & no mo  
 And thus in thylt tyme the  
 Wgan the fustly upon the erthe  
 Which of bylures was the fust  
 Of rpyghenes it was conuyned  
 So mu't it nedes be wnter  
 Of hym that al rpyght is Jane  
 The hych god which wold wyne  
 A people into his olwe fust  
 On Abraham the ground he lefth  
 And made hym for to multiply  
 In to so gret a progeny  
 That they Egypt al ouer spady  
 But Pharo With wrong hem lad  
 In serpyde agne the pce  
 Tyl god let sende Moyses  
 To make the delpuaunce  
 And for his pyle gret bngemne  
 He took / which to be a wonder  
 The kyng was slayn þ lsd put vnder  
 God had the wred for deuyde  
 Which stood vpryght on euer syde  
 And pafe into his people a weye  
 That they on foot it wassed drye  
 And gone so forth in to desert  
 Wnter for to lere hem in couert  
 The dayes when the sonne brant  
 A large cloude hem ouer went  
 And for to wpsen hem by myght  
 A fyt pyle hem alpyght  
 And when that they for longer pleyne  
 The myghty god began to rpyne  
 Manna fro frum doun to ground  
 Wherof that erde of hem hath fennce  
 His fode such rpyght as hym lye  
 And for they shold upon hym trye  
 Right as who set a tonne a brock  
 And perard the hard weye  
 And sprunge out water al at wille

That man e hste both dronke at Wyll  
 And afterward he pafe the saue  
 To myrte that hem withdraue  
 Thy shold not fro that he had  
 And in this Wyse they he had  
 Tyl they wold in posselpon  
 The lond of promysyon  
 Wher that Calph and Josue  
 The marchre vpon such degre  
 Departen after the lpygnage  
 That ech of hem as lpygnage  
 His purparty both vnderfonge  
 And thus stood this hylre kenge  
 Which of purphtre was gouerned  
 And they had eke the wyle lerned  
 Of gret honoure that sholde hem falle  
 But at moost nece of alle  
 Thy faynted Weyn Criste was lorn  
 But thou that they lre fere haur lorn  
 It nedeth nought to talle al  
 The matter is soo general  
 Weyn Lucifer was lre in hruene  
 And ought moost haur stond in euene  
 To warden god he took debate  
 And for that he was obstynat  
 And wold nought to trouthe enclene  
 He fel for euer in to myne  
 And Adam eke in pandys  
 Weyn he stood moost in al his pyde  
 After the state of Innocence  
 Ayme the god beate his tence  
 And fell out from his hys place a wey  
 And rpyght by such maner wey  
 The Jewes in lre lre ppyght  
 Weyn they shold moost purpght  
 Haue stonde vpon the purphtre  
 Tho fallen they to moost folre  
 And hym which was fere lre come  
 And of a mayde his flesche hath nome  
 And was amonge hem lorn e fere  
 He may that wold nought he fere  
 Of goddes sone with one boye  
 Thy lre e stough vpon the croys  
 Wher the purphtre of lre lre  
 Fro then forth was forth draue  
 So that they stonde of no merye

But in lre do fere subject  
 Without purphtre of place  
 Thy lre out of goddes grace  
 Despise in al lre out  
 And thus the fere is come about  
 That Whym in the Jewes stood  
 Which is nought purphtre good  
 To speke as it is nought he fere  
 There is a fere about alle  
 In which the trouthe is comprehend  
 Wherof that he lre al amende

De fide Christiana in qua perfectu  
 est complementum summi uisum  
 sacramentum nostrum saluacionis fun  
 damentum infallibiliter consistit credi  
 mus

De hygh Almyghty mochte  
 Of rpyght Wynter e of pyde  
 The lre which that Adam  
 Weyn / Weyn he lre lre than he  
 fere / And lre lre lre fere fere  
 To fere mans soule in euene  
 Which lre was so fere  
 Weyn the poynt which was so fere  
 That he ne myght lre lre  
 Gygys lre in his pyde  
 It lre nought a man he lre  
 It goddes sone Weyn lre  
 For lre lre the fere lre  
 Which Whym Adam lre lre  
 There sholden al lre lre  
 But Criste lre lre lre  
 And lre lre lre lre  
 And yf he lre lre lre  
 Of lre lre lre lre  
 He fere lre lre lre  
 Al was lre lre lre  
 For that lre lre lre  
 Was after lre lre lre  
 Weyn he which is the lre lre  
 The lre lre lre  
 Weyn the lre lre lre  
 So wold for his lre

Take on hym self the forfild  
 And suffer for the mans sake  
 Thus may no woful wel forfild  
 That ylls synne original  
 He was the cause in spectat  
 Of mans wofull at the last  
 Which that withouten ende last  
 For by that cause the goddes  
 Assembled was to the mande  
 In the brygge wete & nome  
 Our flesche & wyng man become  
 Of bodye fraterne  
 Wherof we man in his degre  
 Standeth more worthy as I haue told  
 Than he dyd ere a thousand felde  
 Thorough baptyfme of the newe lawe  
 Of the which Crist is lord & felawe  
 And thus the hygh goddes myght  
 Which was in the brygge alpyght  
 The mans soule hath reconcyld  
 Which had long ben wylde  
 So stant the feth upon the bylue  
 Without which may no man actue  
 To gete hym paydys agayn  
 What this bylue is so arayne  
 So ful of grace & of vertu  
 That what man that clepeth to Ihesu  
 In clene lyf forth with good dede  
 He may not synne of leuen mede  
 Soo that it stonde upon bylue  
 That every man may wel actue  
 The which taken hath the ryght feth  
 For alled as the gospel feth  
 Saluacion ther maye be none  
 And for to purch therwone  
 Thus Crist had to his Apostles alle  
 Wete wether as now is fulle  
 On so that he of holy churche  
 If we the good dedes do wiche  
 For feth only suffysith nought  
 But good dede also he wrought  
 Nolle ther it good that thou for the  
 Which though baptyfme proppet  
 Yet vnde Cristes feth professed  
 We wete that thou he not oppressed  
 With Antycristes lillarde

For as the Jewes prophete  
 Was set of god for anauantage  
 Ryght so this newe tappnaye  
 Of lillarde goth about  
 To sette Cristes feth in doute  
 The sayntes that wete so to fore  
 By whome the feth was first by fore  
 That holy churche stood reuered  
 They oughen better be bylue  
 Than these which men knowe  
 Not holy though they feth & blywe  
 Den lillarde in mannes ere  
 But yf thou wylt lye out of feth  
 Such newe lye I wete eche we  
 And hold forth the ryght wete & se we  
 As thyng Ananias dyd on this  
 So that thou bylue nought amys  
 Crist wrought feth / & after taught  
 Soo that the wete his word arauight  
 He pafe ensample in his persone  
 And we the wordes haue adone  
 Lyke to the tre with leues grene  
 Upon the which no frute is sene

Nota q cum Anthenor palladium  
 Twie a Templo Minetis abstulit Tho  
 as ibidem summ9 sacerdos aut corrup  
 tus oculis auertit/ et sic malum quasi  
 non videns scienter fieri permisit

The priest Thoas which of Myntus  
 The Temple had for to serue  
 And the palladon of Troye  
 Kepte vnder keye for money  
 Of Anthenor which he hath nome  
 Hath suffred Anthenor to come  
 And the palladon to stele  
 Wherof the worshyp & the wete  
 Of the Troians ben ouerthrowe  
 But Thoas at the same tyme we  
 When Anthenor the Jewe wote  
 Wyndend cast a wete his wote  
 For a decepter and for a wote  
 As he that shold hym self begyle



He hyd his eyen fro the sight  
 And vende wel that he so myght  
 Excuse his false consenc  
 I wote not yf this excusenc  
 Now at this tyme in hys estat  
 Excuse myght the prelats  
 Ennolend how the fyrth dyscussyth  
 And al monal vertu accept  
 Wherof that they the kyngs be  
 But yet hem lyketh not to stee  
 Wer goostly eye for to see  
 The world in his aduersyte  
 They wol no labour undertake  
 To see that he is bytake  
 Crist dyd hym self for the fyrth  
 But now our fytful prelats seyth  
 The lye is swete & that he kepeth  
 So that the fyrth byholpe slepeth  
 And they vnder hys eake entende  
 And in her lust her lye dyspense  
 And euery man do what hym lyst  
 Thus stat this world fulfylled of mist  
 That noman seeth the ryght weye  
 The wordes of the church lye  
 Thorough myshandelyng he myght wrynt  
 The wordes walle hath ny dreynt  
 The shep which Peter hath to stee  
 The forme is kept but the matre  
 Transformede is in other wyse  
 But yf they were goostly wyse  
 And that the prelats were good  
 As they by old dayes stood  
 It were than lyal nede  
 Among the men to taken hede  
 Of that they be pseudo alle  
 Which now is come for to dulle  
 To sothe Collypall with the con  
 So that the tylthe is newe hande won  
 Which Crist selde fyrst his owen hond  
 Now stant the Collypall in the lond  
 Where stood Whylome the good guyne  
 For the prelats now as men seyne  
 For slouthen that they shold tyll  
 And that I trowe be the styll  
 When there is lack in hem aboue  
 The peple is starved fro the houe

Of trouthe in cause of ignorance  
 For where there is no purgance  
 Of lyeht men ary in the dyle  
 But yf the prelats wolde werke  
 Upon the fyrth which they be treche  
 Men sholde nought her weye seche  
 Without lyeht as now is wyde  
 Men see the charge of day refused  
 Which holy church hath undertake

Eurgonius Quando Petrus cum  
 Judea / Andreas cum Achaia / Tho-  
 mas cum Judea / et Paulus cum goni-  
 et uniuersis / quid diamus nos Moderni  
 quorum fessum talentum pro nichilo  
 computabitur

But who that wold ensample take  
 Eurgonius vpon his Omele  
 Agreth the slouth of Prelates  
 Complerneth hym & thus he seyth  
 When Peter sad of the fyrth  
 At Domesday that with hym byng  
 Judas which thowgh he purchyng  
 He was & Andrew which Achaia  
 Shal come his dyle for to paye  
 And Thomas also with his dyle  
 Of pnde & wote the wote gyle  
 Of sondry lende shal puse  
 And be fulfylled of land & tene  
 Which of this world be holden be  
 With bothe honore shal apere  
 Touchend our cur spiritual  
 Which is our charge in speyal  
 I not what thyng it may amounte  
 Upon this ende of our accompt  
 Where Crist hym self is audyent  
 Which taketh none hede of hym honours  
 The offyce of the Chauncellere  
 Or of the synge inforpe  
 He for the wyrt be for the tyll  
 To vantage may not then auayle  
 The world which now so wel we twill  
 Shal make be than but a myll  
 Soo passe we withoute myll

That we none other hope speke  
 But as we see that he speake  
 The which his hertes haunte he doo  
 And thereupon gat none encreas  
 But at this tyme nether so  
 What other may his thanke deserve  
 The world so lusty is to see  
 That we with hym ben al accorded  
 And that is wylle & wel record  
 Thorough out this cribe in al bondes  
 Late knyghts wyne with her bondes  
 For our tonges shal be stille  
 And stonde upon the flesshes wylle  
 It were a trespase for to preche  
 The feyth of Crist as for to treche  
 The folk paynem it wol not be  
 But every prelate holde his be  
 With al such as he may gete  
 Of lusty dayntie & lusty mete  
 Whereof the body fast & ful  
 Is into gostely labour dull  
 And stough to handle this plough  
 But elles he be wylle enough  
 Toward this worldes auarice  
 And that is as a laryfayre  
 Which after the Apostel seyth  
 Is openly apene the seyth  
 And the holes poue & gauntred  
 But nether it is no hauntred  
 And vertu chaunged in to vice  
 So that largesse is auarice  
 In whos chapiter moche we trete  
 My fader this mater is lere  
 So fer that ouer wylle I spue  
 I shal the let herd pene  
 And my self by many weye  
 But ouer this no world I pene  
 To seyn what the haunte is  
 Of auarice & how they fare  
 Also wel in due as other wylle  
 My fere & I the shal drepe  
 In such a maner as they stonde  
 So that thou shalt be my vnderstonde

a Gros iugit agtis cupidus domi  
 bus q domosq Possidea totam sic  
 quasi solus humum Solus e innume  
 ro mulieru spicat amores Sacra mil  
 lenis sibi culta Venus

Hic tractat Confessor super illa spe  
 cie Auaricie que cupiditas dicitur qua  
 in amoris causa pertractans amanti su  
 per hoc opponit

d Ame Auarice is nouzt folyn  
 Which is of gold the capityn  
 But of her court in sodayr wise

After the scole of her apyrse  
 She hath of seruauntis many one  
 Whereof that couetyse is one  
 Which with the large world aboute  
 To seke vantage out  
 Where that he may profyte wyne  
 To auarice and byngeth inne  
 That one halt & that other dra wech  
 There is no day which he m beddeth  
 Nomore the sonne than the mone  
 When there is ony thyng to done  
 And namely with couetyse  
 For he stant out of al assyse  
 Of resonable mans fare  
 Where he purposeth hym to fare  
 Down his dore & his byre  
 The smal pathe the large strete  
 The furlong & the longe myle  
 Al is but one for this whyle  
 And for that he is such one holde  
 Dame auarice hym hath withholde  
 As he which is the pryncypal  
 Outward for he is ouerall  
 A purueour and a spyre  
 For ryght as an hungry pye  
 The stome bestes ben a wayd  
 Ryght so is couetyse affayd  
 To like where he may purchace  
 For by his wylle he wold enbrace  
 Al that this wyld world reclyppeth  
 But ouer som what he ouer hyppeth  
 That he may nought al fulfyll

The lustice of his gredy Wyll  
But Wether it falleth in a lende  
That couetys in myghty hond  
So set it is ful hard to fide  
For than he taketh none other lende  
But that he may purchace & gete  
His conscience hath he al forgyte  
And not what thyng it may amounte  
That he shal afterwarde comple  
But as the Lure in his degre  
Of tho that lesse ben thanke  
The fyller's greatly deuourth  
So that no Water he may socourth  
Ryght soo no lawe may rescoure  
For hym that wol not ryght allowe  
For Wether that such one is of myght  
His Wyll shal stonde of ryght  
Thus he the men destroyed ful ofte  
Tyl that the grete god alwa  
Agyne so grete a couetys  
Redresse it in his owne Wyll  
And in example of al tho  
I fynde a tale Wryte soo  
The which for it is good to lere  
Hereafterward thou shalt lere

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum co  
tra magnatis cupiditas, Et narrat de  
Crasso Romanorum Imperatore / qui  
tunc in qua speculum Virgilij Ro  
me fixum exstiterat dolosa circumuents  
cupiditate euerit / Unde non solum sui  
ipsius perditionem sed totius ciuitatis  
incalculabilem dampnum contingere cau  
saunt

Ben Rome stode in noble plite  
W Virgile which was the parfit  
A myrrour made of his cler  
ar / And set it in the Townes ey  
Of marble vpon papler without  
That they by thyrty myle about  
By day & eke also by nyght  
In that myrrour beholde myght  
Lyr enemyes of ony Wether

With al her ordynance ther  
Which they agyne the cyte cast  
Soe that Wether thylk myrrour last  
That was no lond which myght achue  
With Wether Rome for to graue  
Wherof was grete enygh tho  
And felle thylk tyme soo  
That Rome had Wether strong  
Agyne Cartage & stonde long  
The tWo cytes vpon debate  
Cartage saue the stronge ostade  
Of Rome in thylk myrrour stonde  
And thought al pryncely to fonde  
To ouerthrowe it by somme Wyle  
And hanybal was thylk Wyle  
The prync & lere of Cartage  
Which had set al his cownge  
Vpon knyghthode in such a Wyle  
That he he Worthy & he Wyle  
And by none other was counseyld  
Wherof the world is yet mervayle  
Of the maysteres that he brought  
Vpon the marchis which he fought  
And fel in thylk tyme also  
The kyng of purle which was tho  
Thought agyne Rome to take  
And thus was take the quarrelle  
Hou to destroye this Emprour  
Of Rome that tho was gouernour  
Crassus which was so couetous  
That he was curte despyous  
Of golde to gete the pryloge  
Wherof that purle & the Cartage  
With philosophes Wyle & grete  
Begynne of this matter tude  
And at last in this degre  
Then Wether Philosophes thre  
To doo thys thyng which vnderstode  
And therupon they Wether lere  
A grete tasure of gold in asres  
To Rome & thus thre philosophes  
To gedre in companye went  
But noman Wyle that they ment  
When they to Rome come Wether  
So pryncely they durt Wether  
As they that thoughten to laryne



Was none that myght of hem prynces  
 The thep in sondre feldes haue  
 Der gold Under the erthe begone  
 In trefours that to be holden  
 Thep shold seme as they were gold  
 And so forth thence vpon a day  
 All openly in good array  
 To themproure they then present  
 And tolden it was her entente  
 To duelle Under his scrupse  
 And he hem ageth in what wyse  
 And they hym told in such a plyte  
 That ech of hem had a spyte  
 The which shapen a nyght ageth  
 And hem by sondre dremes lert  
 After the wordy that hath lert  
 Under the ground yf ought be hyde  
 Of othe trefour at ony thowbe  
 Thep that it in swaunt knowe  
 And vpon this condycyon  
 They seyn what gold Under the toun  
 Is hid of Rome they wol it fynde  
 Ther shal nought be left behynde  
 Or so that he halum de  
 Hem graunteth & he assenteth wel  
 And thus cam syngher for to duelle  
 With couetise as I the telle  
 This emperour had wylly  
 That they be lodged fast by  
 Where he his owne lodye lay  
 And when it was at morow day  
 That one of hem sayth that he mette  
 Where he a gold hoond shold sette  
 Whereof this Emperour was glad  
 And thepon anone he had  
 His mynours for to goo & myne  
 And he hym self of that couyne  
 Geth forth with al & at his honde  
 The trefour wdy then he fonde  
 Where as they sayd it shold be  
 And who was than glad but he  
 Wdy this othe day second  
 They haue another gold hoond founde  
 Which the second mayster took  
 Wdy his swaunt & understood  
 And thus the fether experyence

To themproure pafe such credence  
 That al his trust & al his feyth  
 So sethlyche on hem he leyth  
 Of that he fonde hym so trefoude  
 That they be pafely beloude  
 No though they were goddes the  
 Nold berthe the subtylpe  
 The thyrde mayster shold mete  
 Which as they saiden shold mete  
 Aboue hem al & wouthe moost  
 And he withoute noys or host  
 Al pryuctely so as he wolde  
 Wpon the morow his swaunt tolde  
 To themproure ryght in his ere  
 And saide hym that he wist where  
 A trefour was soo plentyuous  
 Of gold & eke so pryncous  
 Of Jewelles & ryche stones  
 That vnto al his hors at ones  
 It were a charge suffisaunt  
 This lord vpon this couenaunt  
 Was glade & ageth where it was  
 The maister saide Under the glas  
 He tolde hym eke as for the myne  
 He wolde ordeyne such engyne  
 That they the werk shold vnderfett  
 With timbre & withoute lett  
 Men maye the trefour sauely delue  
 Soo that the myproure by hym selue  
 Withoute empytment shal stonde  
 And thus the maister vpon fonde  
 Hath vnderfette in al weye  
 This lord which had his wit at weye  
 And with couetise blent  
 Anone theto pafe his assent  
 And thus to myne forth with al  
 The tymbre sette by ouertal  
 Whereof the pyler stood by ryght  
 Til it byfelle vpon a nyght  
 These clerkys when they were ware  
 Dou that the tymbre only bare  
 The pyler where the myproure stood  
 Here stright no man vnderstood  
 They go by nyght vnto the myne  
 With pitch with sulphur & with wofyne  
 And when the cyte was a slepe

A Wyde fere in to the dene  
 They cast among the tymbre Werke  
 And so forth While the nyght is dene  
 Desguyded in a pouer array  
 They passeden the Colene on day  
 And When they comen vpon an hille  
 They fallen fou the myrour felle  
 Wherof they made ioy ynough  
 And ech of hem With other lough  
 And sayd/ Loo What Couerpe  
 May do With hem that be not Wyse  
 And that Was proued after Ward  
 For euery lond to Rome Ward  
 Which had be subgett to fore  
 When that myrour Was forlore  
 And they the wonder herd fere  
 Anone begonne dyspoyse  
 With Werres vpon euery syde  
 And thus hath Rome lest his pryde  
 And Was defouled ouerall  
 For this I fynde of Hanghal  
 That he of Romayne in a day  
 When he hem out of array  
 So grete a multitude slough  
 That of gold rynges Which he drouz  
 Of gentyl handes that ben dede  
 Bussellys ful thre I dede  
 He fild /and made a byrge also  
 That he myght ouer Tyler goo  
 vpon the corpe that dede Were  
 Of the Romayne which he slouz there  
 But now to speke of the Iurys  
 The Which after the couerpe  
 Was take vpon this Emprour  
 For he destroyed the myrour  
 It is a wonder for to fere  
 The Romayne made a charyte  
 And set her Emprour therein  
 And sayden for he Wold Wynne  
 Of gold the superfluyte  
 Of gold he shold plenty  
 Receyue tyl he sayde so  
 And With gold Which they had tho  
 Boylende hot Within a panne  
 In to his mouthe they pourd thanne  
 And thus his thirst off gold Was quent

With gold Which had ben aspynt  
 Wherof my sone thou myght fere  
 When couerpe hath lest the stre  
 Of resonable gouernaunce  
 There fallith ofte grete geruaunce  
 For there may be no Werke thyng  
 Then couerpe about a kyng  
 If it in his persone be  
 It doth the more aduersyte  
 And yf it in his counseyl stond  
 It bynggeth al day myschance to bond  
 Of comon harme & pyssit growe  
 Within his court it wol be knowe  
 For than that the kyng bepylde  
 The man Which both his lond tyled  
 A Waparth nought more wedyde  
 The fustest than they gadely  
 He maketh thenne Warde & Watch  
 Where they the profyte myght catch  
 And yett ful ofte it fallith soo  
 As men may fere among hem tho  
 That he Which moost couerpath fast  
 Hath lest auantage at last  
 For When fortune is ther agayne  
 Though he couerpe it is in vayne  
 The dayes ben nought al alpe  
 One is made pouer another ryche  
 The court to som it doth profyte  
 And som ben euer in one plyte  
 And yett they both alpe for  
 Couerpe but fortune is more  
 Wnto that one part fauourable  
 And though it be nought resonable  
 This thyng may a man fere al day  
 Wherof that I the tale may  
 A fere ensample in remembraunce  
 Hou euery man may take his chaunce  
 Or of Rycheffe or of pouerte  
 Hou so it stonde of the deserte  
 Here is nought but thyng akynde  
 For ofte a man may fere this yett  
 That who lest doth lest that home  
 It leueth nought the Worlde to come  
 Which out of trul & of mesure  
 Hath euer stand in auenture  
 As wel in court as elles Where



And how in al dayes there  
It stood so as the thynges seke  
I thynke a tale for to telle

De ponit Exempelum contra il-  
los qui in domibus Regum seruientes  
pro eo qd ipsi secundum eorum cupidita-  
tem promoti non constant de Regio ser-  
uicio quia in eorum defectu indiscute  
mutuant

¶ In a Countre this I trow  
About a kyng as must ned  
Detrof Was knyghts & squyres  
Gret wote & eke offycers  
Som of long tyme hym had seruyd  
And thouȝtyn that they haue deseruyd  
Auaunement & gone withoute  
And som also ben of the wote  
That comen but a whyle agone  
And they auauned wote anone  
These old men vpon this thyng  
So as they durst ageyn the kyng  
Among hem self complaynen oſt  
But there is no thyng sayd so softe  
That it ne cometh out at last  
The kyng it wote & also fast  
As he which was of hight proudeur  
He shope therfore an audience  
Of hem that pleyney in that cas  
To knowe in whos default it was  
And al within his owne entent  
That noman wote what it ment  
Anone he let the cofres make  
Of one semblaunce of one make  
So lyste that no lye myght thowwe  
That one may fro that other knowe  
They were in to his Chamber brought  
But noman wote why they be brought  
And netheres the kyng hath lyste  
That they be set in priue stede  
As he y was of wysedome sty  
When he therw his tyme spak  
Al pryncely that none it wote

His owne bondes that one lyst  
Of fyn gold & fyne pryse  
The which out of his tresoure  
Was take anone he feld ful  
That other cofre of stawe & muſt  
With stones mayd he feld also  
Thus he they ful bothe wote  
So that erlyche vpon a day  
He bad within there he lay  
There shold to fore his bed  
A bord vp set & knyght spred  
And than he let the cofres sette  
Vpon the bord & dyde hem sette  
He knewe the names wel of the  
The which agene hym grauced so  
Bothe of his chambere & of his halle  
Anone & sente for hem alle  
And sayd to hem in this wyse  
That no man hym despyse  
I wote wel ye haue long seruyd  
And god wote what ye haue deseruyd  
But yf it is on long on me  
Of that ye vnauauned be  
Or elles yf it be long on yow  
The soth shal be proued now  
To stoppe with your eyrl word  
Loo here the cofres on the bord  
Chese which you lyst of bothe wote  
And wyrtth wel that one of the  
Is with tresour so ful bygone  
That yf ye haue therupone  
Ye shal be ryche men for aier  
Now chese & take which you is leuer  
But be wel ware of that ye take  
For of that one I vndertake  
There is no maner good therin  
Wherof ye myghten profyte wyne  
Now goth to gyder of one assent  
And maketh your auysement  
For but I you this day auaunce  
It stant vpon your owne chaunce  
Al only in default of grace  
So shal be shewed in this place  
Vpon you alle wel asyne  
That no default shal be myn  
They knelen al & with one voys



The kyng they thanken of this choyse  
 And after that they vp aryse  
 And gone asyde e hem auyse  
 And at last they accorde  
 Whatof her tale to recorde  
 That to what yssa they befall  
 A kynghyt shal speke for hem alle  
 He knelth doune to the kyng  
 And sayth that they vpon this thyng  
 O: for to Wynne or for to lese  
 Wen al auyse for to chese  
 Tho toke this kynghyt a perd on hond  
 And goth there as the cofre stand  
 And with assent of euerychone  
 He leyde his pard vpon one  
 And seyth the kyng hou thyll same  
 They chese in reguerden by name  
 And prynceth hym y they myzt it haue  
 The kyng which wold his honour sa-  
 ue/ When he hath herd the comon voys  
 Hath graunteth hem her owne choyse  
 And toke hem thereupon the keye  
 But for he wold it were for  
 What good they haue as they suppose  
 He had anone the cofre vncluse  
 Which was fulfille of steele & stoncs  
 Thus he they serued al at once  
 This thyng than in the same stede  
 Anone that other Cofre vnde  
 Where as they sawen grete Rycheesse  
 Wel more than they couthe gesse  
 Soo seyth the kyng now maye ye see  
 That there is no default in me  
 For thy my self I wol acquyte  
 And herth y pour owne wyte  
 Of that fortune hath refused  
 Thus was this wyse kyng excused  
 And they left of her cupl speche  
 And mercy of her kyng byspeche

Nota hic de diuiciarum accidentia V:  
 Si narrat qualiter Fredericus Imperator  
 Romanorum duos pauperes audis-  
 sit diligentes quorum vnus dixit/ he-  
 ne potest ditari quem Rex vult ditare

Et alius dixit quem deus vult ditare  
 diues erit/ que Rex cum ad experimen-  
 tum postea probata fuisset ille qui de-  
 um inuocabat postellum auro plenum  
 sortitus est, alius vero inponis pastelli-  
 cum sortis prelegit

Omdre to this mater lyke  
 I fynde a tale hou federys  
 Of Rome that tyme emperour  
 Berde as he went a grete clamour  
 Of thos beggers vpon the weye  
 That one of hem began to seye  
 A lord! Wel may the man be Ryche  
 Whome that a kyng lyst to ryche  
 That other sayd no thyng so  
 But he is ryche & wel begoo  
 To whome that god wol sende wele  
 And thus they maken wordes fele  
 Whatof this lord hath he nome  
 And dyde hem both for to come  
 To the palys wher he shal ete  
 And had ordyne for her mete  
 Two pastres which he let do make  
 And a capon in that one was bake  
 And in that other for to Wynne  
 Of flourens al that maye within  
 He let do put a grete Rycheesse  
 And euen as lyke as myght gesse  
 Outward they were bothe tho  
 This begger was commaunded tho  
 He that which held hym to the kyng  
 That he first chese vpon this thyng  
 He saw hem but he felt hem nought  
 Soo that vpon his owne thought  
 He chese the capon & forsoke  
 That other/ which his felawe toke  
 But when he wist hou that it ferde  
 He seyth alude that men it herde  
 Now am I certainly conuyned  
 That he may lyghel be deuyned  
 That tryseth vnto mans helpe  
 But wel is hym that gode wol helpe  
 For he stant on the spier spe  
 Which elles shold goo lespe  
 I see my felawe wel recouer

And I make duette styllt pouer  
 Thus shall the bigger his entent  
 And pouer he cam e pouer he want  
 Of that he hath Rycheffe sought  
 His infortune it wold nought  
 So map it shelle in sondry wyse  
 Of fortune and couetyse  
 The chaunce is cast vpon a de  
 But yet a man map ful ofte see  
 Inoode of such nethelles  
 Which put hem self aier in pias  
 To gate hem good, & yet they faile  
 And for to speke of this entaple  
 Touchend of due in thy maten  
 My good sone as thou myght here  
 That ryght as wiche tho man stood  
 Of infortune of woldes good  
 As thou hast me herd talle aboue  
 Ryght so ful ofte it stant by due  
 Though thou couetyse it euermore  
 Thou shalt haue noo dele the more  
 But only that which the is shap  
 The timentant is but a iape  
 And nethelles Inoode of tho  
 There ben that noo couetyse soo  
 That when as they a woman see  
 Pe ten or twelue though they be  
 The due is now so vnaupsed  
 That when the beaute stant affesed  
 The mannes herte anone is there  
 And wouneth tales in her ere  
 And seyth how that he loucht stypte  
 And thus he sette hym to couetyse  
 An hunderd though he sawe a day  
 So shold he more than he map  
 But for the grete couetyse  
 Of letyn a fool empyse  
 In eche of hem he fynd somwhat  
 That pleth hym as this as that  
 Some one for she is wyght of lyn  
 Some one for she is noble of lyn  
 Some one for she hath a wdy clyke  
 Some one for that she semeth meke  
 Some one for she hath eyen greye  
 Some one for she can laugh e playe  
 Some one for she is long e smal

Some one for she is lyte e tall  
 Some one for she is pale e black  
 Some one for she is soft of speche  
 Some one for that she is amused  
 Some one for that she hath not be used  
 Some one for she can dauua e synge  
 So that some thyng to his eyen  
 He fynd e though no more he fynd  
 But that she hath a lytel kynde  
 It is Inough that he herfor  
 Hys but e thus an hunderd score  
 Whye they be ne we he wold be had  
 Whome he forsaketh she shal be had  
 The blynde man no colour demeth  
 But al is one ryght as hym semeth  
 So hath his lust no iugement  
 Whom couetyse of due blent  
 Hym thynketh that to his couetyse  
 Ho w al the world ne may suffyse  
 For by his wyll he wold haue alle  
 If that it myght so byfalle  
 So is he comon as the strete  
 I set nought of his herte  
 My sone hast thou such couetyse  
 Nay fader such due I despyse  
 And whye I saye shal done aier  
 For in good feyth yet had I leuer  
 Than to couetyse in such a weye  
 To ben for aier tyl I dye  
 No poure as Job e bucles  
 Out taken one for haueles  
 His thankes is noman a lyue  
 For than a man shold al vntyreue  
 There ought no wylfman couetyse  
 The la we was not set so stypte  
 For thy my self with al to saue  
 Such one ther is I wold haue  
 And noue of al these other mo  
 My sone of that thou woldst soo  
 I am nought wroth but oute this  
 I wol the telle how it is  
 For there be men which other wyse  
 Ryght only for the couetyse  
 Of that they see a woman ryche  
 There wol they al hys due aspyche  
 Nought for the beaute of her face

Ne yet for Vertu ne for grace  
 Which she hath elles right enough  
 But for the park & for the plough  
 And other thynges which thereto is  
 gett' for in none other wyse ther lons  
 gett' / To lue but yf they profyt fynde  
 And yf the profyte be behynde  
 Hye lue is euer lesse & lesse  
 For after that she hath rycheffe  
 Betwixt lue is of proportion  
 If thou hast such condycyon  
 My sone telle right as it is  
 Myn holy fader say I wyse  
 Condycyon such haue I none  
 For truly fader I lue one  
 So well with al myn hertes thought  
 That ettes though she had nought  
 And were as pure as Medea  
 Which was cyled for Cirusa  
 I wold hyr nought the lesse lue  
 Ne though she were at hyr aboue  
 As was the Ryche quene Candace  
 Which to deserre lue & grace  
 To Alexander that was kyng  
 Pate many a worthy ryche thyng  
 O: elles as Pantasples  
 Which was the quene of Gempne  
 And grette Rycheffe with hyr nam  
 When she for lue of Hector cam  
 To Troye in rescous of the toun  
 I am of such condycyon  
 That though my lady of hyr felue  
 Where also ryche as such the lue  
 I couthe not though it were so  
 No better lue hyr than I do  
 For I lue in so pleyne a wyse  
 That for to speke of couetyse  
 As for pouters or for rycheffe  
 My lue is nouthet more ne lesse  
 For in good feyth I trowe this  
 So couetous no man is  
 For why & be my lady spake  
 That be thorough loking of his eye  
 He sholde haue such a stroke withyn  
 That for no gold he myght lye  
 He shold nought hyr lue after

Out yf he liste then he shal  
 Be so it were such a man  
 That couthe styll of a woman  
 For then he may so tude some  
 When they among the women come  
 They gone under protectyon  
 That lue & his affectyon  
 He shal not take hym by the sleue  
 For they ben out of that byleue  
 Dem lusteth of no lady chere  
 But euer thynketh her & there  
 Where as the gold is in the cofre  
 And wol none other lue profre  
 But who so wote what lue amouthe  
 And by wofen trulpe accompe  
 Than may he knowe & take her  
 That al the lust of womanhe  
 Which may be in a lady face  
 My lady hath & the of grace  
 If man shold praye her apyfe  
 They may wel saye she is wyse  
 And softe & symple of condycyon  
 And al that to good gouernaunce  
 Belongeth of a worthy wyght  
 She hath pleyntly for thyll nyght  
 That she was born as for the nones  
 Nature set in hyr al at ones  
 Beautie with countesse byfyn  
 That I maye wel afferme & saye  
 I lade yet neuer aratun  
 Of complexe & of fetun  
 In ony kynges Regyon  
 We lye hyr in comparyson  
 And thereto as I haue you tolde  
 Yet hath she more a thousand fold  
 Of counte and sheweth to alle  
 She is pure brette & well  
 And myroure & ensample of good  
 Who so hyr vertues vnderstode  
 one thynketh it ought enough suffise  
 Withouthen other couetyse  
 To lue such one & to serue  
 Which with hyr chere can deserre  
 To be bynded better pleyse  
 Than she par as that ryche is  
 And bath of gold a mygion



Suche hath he myn opponon  
And out shal / a neuertheless  
I say nought he is banckes  
That he nys ryght & wel at ease  
And hath enough wether with to please  
Of wetheres good wether that hys lyste  
That one thyng I wold wel in wys  
That neuer for no wetheres good  
Myn lyste vnder hys ward stood  
That only ryght for pure luse  
That wether the hys god about  
No wether what he say thes  
Confessor

the some I say it is wel too  
For tale of this ryght good hys luse  
What may that wold hys self reus  
To luse in ony other wyle  
He shal wel fynde his couerse  
What for grette hys at last  
For such a luse may not last  
But now may seyn our dayes  
May luse but a fewe assayes  
But of the cause he ryche  
For the luse is wel the luse  
And who that wold ensample alle  
Of old dayes as they telle  
Eden myght a man wel vnderstonde  
Suche luse may not long stonde  
Nold luse for & thou shalt luse  
A grette ensample of this matre

Hic ponit Exemplum contra istos  
qui non propter amorem sed propter  
dilectam sponsalia sumunt / Et narrat  
de quodam Rege Apud Senescallo  
qui non solum propter precium sed  
etiam duxit / sed etiam propter comitatus  
Venem sibi de sponsalium vendidit

O tith vpon the mo of luse  
Doe as we wolden luse alone  
I fynde wether a wether thyng  
Of pure wether was a luse  
A man of hys complesson  
And pong but his affectyon

After the nature of his age  
Was yet not false in his countage  
The luse of wether for to knowe  
Doe it luse vpon a wether  
This luse felle in to grette schales  
Whys hath done the luse  
Of fondre cures many one  
To make hys hool & the wether  
A wether master which ther was  
Pase hys counseyl vpon this case  
That if he wold haue parfyte hys  
He shold with a woman duse  
A felle a pong a luse wether  
To done hys compaign a wether  
For than he sayd hys wether  
That he shal be al hys ther by  
And otherwyle he luse he no cure

This luse which stode in auanture  
Of luse & deth for medecyne  
Assured was & of couyne  
His styward wether he traueth wel  
He wold & wold hys curre del  
Hou that this master hath seyd  
And wether he hath hys prayd  
And charged vpon his luse  
That he do make purgance  
Of such one as he couenable  
For his pleasure & desirable  
And had hys hou that curre it stood  
That he shal spare for no good  
For his wether is ryght wel to paye  
The styward seyd he wold assaye  
But now he after thou shalt wether  
No I fynde in the wether wether  
What couerse in luse deth  
This styward for to alle soth  
Amonges al the men on luse  
A luse lady hath to wether  
Which neithers for gold he wold  
And noue for luse as seyth the luse  
A ryght marchaunt of the luse  
Hys fider was & hys fond  
So wether / & such Ryche  
Of wetheres good & such largesse  
With hys he pase in marpage  
That only for the luse auanture

Of gold the styward hath hyr take  
 For lucre & nought for lucre sake  
 And that was in the styward wel fene  
 No wylfulnes that it wol mene  
 The styward in his owne hert  
 Sawe that his lord may not aserue  
 His maladye but he houte  
 A lusty woman hym to laue  
 And though he wold yue nough  
 Of his trewour wherof he drough  
 Grette couetyse in to his mynde  
 And set his honour for to bynde  
 Thus he wylsome gold both ouerfel  
 Was trapped in his owne net  
 The gold hath made his wyte a lame  
 Soo that seclendy his owne shame  
 He woundeth in the kynges er  
 And seyd that he wyte he hert  
 A gentyl & a lusty one  
 Tho was a thyder wolde he gone  
 But he more yue yf he gude  
 For but yf it be thurgh gude lere  
 Of gold he seyd he shold not spere  
 The kyng hym had vpon the nere  
 That take an honderd pound he shold  
 And yue it wher that he wolde  
 We so it were in worthy place  
 And thus to stonde in lucre grace  
 This kyng his gold both haboundred  
 And when this tale was ful woundred  
 The styward toke the gold & went  
 Within his hert & many a went  
 Of couetyse than he wylde  
 Wherof a purpos at the last  
 Agyne loue & agyne his ryght  
 He toke & sayd thou thyll nycht  
 His wyf shal lygge by the kyng  
 And goth thynkend vpon this thyng  
 Toward his inne tyl he cam home  
 In to the chamber & ther he nome  
 His wyf & told hyr al the cas  
 And she which wylde for shame was  
 With both hyr handes hath hym praid  
 Deneled/and in this wyse sayd  
 That she to ryson & to skille  
 In what thyng that he byddes wyll

So wylde for to done his laste  
 But this thyng were not honest  
 That he for gold her shold sell  
 And he tho with his wylde felle  
 Gode with his gostely conuincence  
 Wylde that she shold done charytance  
 And folowe his wyll in every place  
 And thus thurgh strength of his ma  
 nare/Her innocens is ouerlad  
 Wherof she was so fere adrad  
 That she his wyll more nere obey  
 And therupon was shap a weye  
 That he his owne wyf by nycht  
 Hath out of al mannes sight  
 So pryncely that none it wylde  
 Wylde to the kyng which as hym wylde  
 May doo with hyr what he wylde  
 For when she was then as she shold  
 With hym a bedde vnder the cloth  
 The styward toke his lere & goth  
 In to the chamber fast by  
 But thou he slepe that wylde not I  
 For he sawe cause of rebulge  
 But he which hath the compaignie  
 Of such a lusty one as she  
 Hym thought that of his degre  
 Ther was noman so wel as she  
 He doth al that she may to plesse  
 Soo that all his hert she had  
 And thus this kyng his ioy had  
 Tyl it was nycht vpon the day  
 The styward than when she lay  
 Cam to the bedde & in his wyll  
 Hath lere she shold arys  
 The kyng sayd nay she shold not go  
 His styward sayd agayne nought so  
 For she more gone er it be knowe  
 And so I wylde that yett she wylde  
 When I her sette to pou hert  
 The kyng his tale wold not lert  
 And seyth thou that he hath her bouyt  
 For thy she shal repare nought  
 Tyl the bryght day be hold  
 And in his armes he gan hyr holde  
 No he which lere for to plesse  
 And had his styward gone a weye

And so he dyd ayme his Wyffe  
And thus his Wyf a bedde styde  
Lap with the king the long nyght  
Tyl that it was daye some light  
Out with she was to knowe no thyng

The com the shepheard to the kynge  
And prayd hym that without shame  
In launging of her othere name  
He might leuen some ayme  
This lady & told hym plene  
How that it was his othere Wyf  
The kynge his re into his strep  
Drogh & sayd & when that he is fere  
Wel nygh out of his Wyf he fere  
And sayd A myght most of al  
Wher was it euer as this byfalle  
That my Coward in this Wyf  
Betoke his Wyf for coneyte  
Thou hast byt & me loggled  
And the thyme othere chace myght  
Witnes that buyome into the  
Dett after that she neuer be  
For this aunte to god I make  
After this day yf I the take  
Thou shalt be hangd & to dawe  
Nowe like anon thou be withdawe  
So that I see the neuer more  
This shepheard that dead hym fore  
With al the lust that he may  
And fled after the same day  
And was wyld out of lande

Nowe then a nygh husbondy  
Whiche thus his Wyf hath lost for euer  
Out nethers she had a leuer  
The kynge byt weddeth & honoureth  
Wherof byt name she securreth  
Whiche eue was lost thurgh coneyte  
Of hym that lad byt othere Wyf  
And hath hym self also forde

My sone be thou Ware therfore  
Wher thou shalt lue in ony place  
That thou no coneyte embowre  
The which is not of lues kynde  
Out for al that a man may fynde  
Nowe in this tyme of myll age  
Gut gude byfalle in marpage

When Weym meddeth With the succ  
And marpage is made for luer  
Or for the lust or for the lue  
What man that shal with othere dele  
He may not faple to repnde

My fader such is myn entente  
Out nethers good is to haue  
For good may othere saue  
The lue which shold ekes spyle  
Out god which bothe my lere & wille  
I dar wel take to bypnesse  
For was I neuer for Rycheffe  
We sett with marpage none  
For al myn lere is byn one  
So feely that in the persone  
Stant al my wordes iore alone  
I ave nother park ne pough  
If I byt had it bett ynough  
Byt lue shold me suffys  
Withouth othere coneyte  
Nowe now my fader as of this  
Touchend of me ryght as it is  
My shepfa I am & knowe plene  
And yf yf wol ought ekes seyn  
Of coneyte yf ther be more  
In lue agrowth oute the fore

*Fallere cum nequeat propria vir  
fraude subornat / Testes sic per eis  
verba fixo / Sicut Agros cupidus di  
querit amans mulieres / Mult testes  
falsos falsus habere suos / Non sine vi  
dicta peritibus abibit in eis. Visu qui  
cordis intima cuncta videt / Fallere per  
iuro non est laudanda puellam / Eloci  
a set falso condicionis opus*

¶ De tractat super illis auaricie spe  
cibus que falsum testimonium  
et peritum nuncupantur quorum frau  
dulentia circumuencio tam in cupiditas  
tis q in amoris causa sui desiderij pro  
positum quam sepi fallaciter attingit



P fone thou shalt Underſtande  
 m Thou couerſe hath yet en hde  
 In ſpeciall thoſe counſellours  
 That ſen alſo his procurours  
 The fyrſt of hem is falſe Wyneſſe  
 Which euer is redy to Wyneſſe  
 What thyng his maſter wol hym ſode  
 Perjur is the ſecond ſode  
 Which ſpanth nought to ſwern an oth  
 Though it be falſe & god be woth  
 That one ſhal falſe Wyneſſe be  
 That other ſhal the thyng for ſwern  
 When he is charged on the ſooke  
 So what With he & what With aſide  
 They make hem maſter oſt Wyneſſe  
 And wol not knowe what is the ſinne  
 Of couerſe & thus men ſeyn  
 They make many a falſe bargeyn  
 There may no trewe quarrel ariſe  
 In thyſe queſte & thyſe aſſeſſe  
 Where as they tdo the people enforme  
 For they ſepe euer one maner forme  
 That vpon gold hem conſcience  
 They founde & take hem eydenſe  
 And thus With falſe Wyneſſe & oſtes  
 They Wyneſſe hem mete dynt & clothes  
 Ryght ſo there be who that hem kille  
 Of theſe bueres ful many vnterſe  
 Now may a woman fynde puelle  
 That eke of hem when he ſhal wolke  
 A none he wold his hand doune layn  
 vpon a look & ſwern & ſeyn  
 That he wol ſeyth & trouthe be  
 And thus he proferth hym to ſwern  
 To ſeruen euer tyl he dye  
 And al is thyſe trecherye  
 For when the ſoth hym ſelf tress  
 The more he ſwerneth the more he tress  
 When he his ſeyth maketh al ther meſt  
 Then may a woman truſte hym leſt  
 For tyl he may his Wyll achue  
 He is no longer for to trewe  
 Thus is the trouthe of lone wylded  
 And maup a good woman begyled  
 And the to ſpeke of falſe Wyneſſe  
 That be no ſuche many I geſſe

That tress vnto the prouphours  
 They make hem ſer pynny prouphours  
 To tress thou there is ſuche a man  
 Which is worthy to be a man  
 Al that a good man ſholde want  
 Soe that With he & With he & With he  
 The muſt in Which he wol puate  
 And alſo ſeyth as the arde  
 They make of that they knowe falſe  
 And thus ful oſt about the hals  
 Loue is of falſe men embowde  
 Out here Which is ſo purchaſe  
 Come aſterward to thyſe pte  
 For thyſe my ſone-ſt thou he With  
 Now thou haſt herd this eydenſe  
 Thou myghte thyne oſt conſcience  
 Oppoſe yf thou haſt he ſuche one  
 Nay god wote ſoder I am none  
 He neuer was/for as man ſeyth  
 When that a man ſhal make his ſeyth  
 His hert & longe muſt aſide  
 For yf ſo be that they dyſcoure  
 Then is he falſe & eſtes nought  
 And I dare ſay as of my thought  
 In here it is not dyſcoure  
 vnto my word but aſide  
 And in this With ſoder I  
 may ryght wel ſwern & ſauſte  
 That I my lady here wel  
 For that aſide euer dal  
 It needeth nought to my ſoth ſay  
 That I Wyneſſe ſhold do the  
 In to this day for neuer pte  
 He myghte it ſynke in to my With  
 That I my counſell ſhold ſeyn  
 To ony With as me he With  
 To ſeden help in ſuche maner  
 But only of my lady be  
 And though a thouſand may it With  
 That I be here & than hem tress  
 With me to ſwern & to Wyneſſe  
 Yet were that no falſe Wyneſſe  
 For I dare vnto this trouthe drecte  
 I be here more than I am tress  
 Thus am I ſoder & ſauſte  
 As y haue herd and neſſes

In your tome I put it at  
my fone byer in spycal  
It shal not comougele faple  
At though it for a tyme faple  
That fals bytynesse his cause speke  
Woon the wynt of his fullbeede  
It shal a fardward be lpd  
Worof so as it is lpd  
Examples of such thynges blende  
In Cronycle byer I fynde

Hic ponit Exemplum de illis qui  
fallum testificantis amoris innocens  
am circumueniunt/ Et narrat quodam  
Tethio Achillem filium suum adolefcentem  
mulieris vestitum apocritu affer-  
tuno esse puellam inter Regis Lichomedi  
filios ad educandum produxit/  
Et sic Achilles decepto Rege filie sue  
Deidamie socia et cubicularia effectus  
super ipsam Pitium genuit, qui postea  
a matris probro et iudicium affectus  
matrem patris sui apud Troiam Poly-  
me Trunior vindicauit

Re goddesse of the see Tethis  
I who had a fone & his name is  
Achilles whom to lere & warde  
Whyle he was yong & in to ward  
She thought hym lauffy to be take  
As she which dead for his sake  
Of that was sayd in prophete  
That he at Troy shold dye  
When that the tyme was bygyne  
For thy so as she lodes fere  
She cast her byt in sondre byt  
How she hym myght so delquyte  
That no man shold his lode knowe  
And so byfalle that ylle chauce  
Whyle that she thought upon this tyme  
That was a byng which Lychomedes  
Was lode/ & he was wel begone  
With faple daughters many one  
And duste for oute in any yre

NoW shalt thou lere a wonder byle  
This quene which the moer was  
Of Achilles vpon this cas  
Hyt lere as a mayden bett  
Lete clothyn in the same gett  
Which lenger into womanhede  
As he was yong & lode noue lode  
But sufferth at that he hym lode  
Worof she hath hyt woman lode  
And charged by her othe alle  
How so it a fardward byfalle  
That they dyscouer nought this thyng  
But fepne & make a knoudechyng  
Woon the counseyl which was nome  
In aury place where they come  
To talle & to bytynesse this  
Dold he hyt lady dougher is  
And ryght in such a maner wise  
She had they shold done lere scrupse  
So that Achilles vnderfongeth  
As to a yong lady belongerth  
Honoure scrupse & trueuene  
For Tethys with grete dysgenty  
Hym hath so taught & affayad  
That he so wete adoynted  
With sober & gostely conuauce  
He shold his womanhede auauce  
That none the soch knowe myght  
But that in aury mane segge  
He shold seme a putt maide  
And in such wise as she hym saide  
Achilles which that ille while  
Was yong vpon hym to smyle  
Wigan when he was so lere  
And thus after the tolles lere  
With fette of perle vpon his lere  
At fette lere the white & tere  
As she which tho was tere of age  
Shod the colur in his visage  
That for to lode vpon his clere  
And fere his childe maner clere  
He was a woman to beholde  
And than his moder to him tolde  
That she him had for lere gone  
By cause that she thought gone  
To Lychomedes at thilke tere

Wher that he sayd he shold abyde  
Among his doughters for to dwell  
Achilles herd his moder telle  
And wylt nought the cause why  
And netheles ful supouny  
He was wyllyng to that he had  
Wherof his moder was ryght glad  
To Lychomedes & forth they went  
And wher he kyng knele he entent  
And so the yong doughter there  
And that it cam vnto his er  
Of such word of such wyntesse  
He had ryght a greet gladnesse  
Of that he soch sawe & herde  
And he that wote not how it ferde  
Upon the counseyl of the nyde  
But for al that kyng Lychomedes  
Hath towarde hym his doughter take  
And for Thetys his moder sake  
He put hyr in to companye  
To dwell with Depdamyr  
His owne doughter the eldest  
The fayrest & the comlyest  
Of al his doughters which he had  
So thus Thetys the cause had  
And left ther Achilles feryed  
As he which hath hym self reterneyed  
In al that euer he may & can  
Out of the maner of a man  
And took his womannyssh chere  
Wherof vnto his hert  
Depdamyr he hath by nyght  
Wher he wold hym selue ryght  
After the Philisephe seyn  
There may no wyght be ther ageyn  
And that was thylk tyme sene  
The long nyghte he hym byllene  
Nature which may not forfere  
Hath made hym bothe for to stene  
They lyssen fyrst / & ouermore  
The hyght wey of lues lere  
They gone & al was done in dede  
Wherof lste is the mayden dede  
And that was after ward wel know  
For it byfel that yll thre we  
As at Troye wher the syge lay

Upon the cause of theneclap  
And of his quene Dame Elyne  
The gurgere haden moche wyne  
At day to fryght and to assaye  
But for they myght nought awaye  
Soo noble a cyte for to wyne  
A prync counseyl they begonne  
In sondry wyse wher they tene  
And at last among the gude  
They fellen vnto his acord  
That Phorace of his word  
Which was an Astronomer  
And eke a gude magycer  
Shold of his calculacion  
Berche after constellacion  
How they the cyte myghten gete  
And he which had nought foryet  
Of thaskeingeth to a clerk  
His study set vpon this werke  
So long about his wyte he cast  
Tyl that he fond out that last  
But yf they haden Achilles  
Hert wote that he endles  
And oner that he told hem pleyse  
In what maner he was lyege  
And in what place he shal be founde  
Soo that within a lytel stonde  
Where forth with Dyomedes  
Upon this point to Lychomedes  
Agamenon to geder sent  
But wher as he forth went  
Which was one of the moost wyght  
Ouerneyd hath in such a wyght  
That he the moost ryche am  
Wherof a woman may be gay  
With hym he took many felde  
And ouermore as is hold  
An harmore for a lussy knyght  
Which turned was as spere knyght  
Of werke of plate & eke of mayle  
As thought he shold too batayle  
He took also with hym by ship  
And thus to geder in schauyn  
Forth this Dyomedes & he  
In how tyl they myghten see  
The place wher Achilles is



The Wynde stood not than amys  
 Out every tynnyll cole it blake  
 The colyres the marchers line the  
 When Ezechomere his myght had  
 The fyrman so wel hym lad  
 That they be comen saue to londe  
 When they gone oute vpon the fronte  
 In to the burch where that they fould  
 The kyng; & he which hath founde  
 Colyres vpon the myght  
 Out the counseyl of his counge  
 Why that he cam he wyl nought  
 Out vnderneath he was be thought  
 In what maner he myght aspye  
 Achilles from Depdame  
 And so the other that they were  
 Ful many a lusty lady then  
 They payd them then a day or two  
 And as it was fortun'd so  
 It fel that tyme in such a wyse  
 To Dachus that a laryer  
 These pong ladies shold make  
 And so the strange mannes sake  
 That come fro the syde of Troye  
 They maden wel the next ioye  
 That was much then was daunsyng  
 And every tynnyll cole it blake  
 Of lusty women in the rout  
 A frellie mylle hath longe about  
 Out for al this nethers  
 The gude vnkowle of Achilles  
 He seen that in no tyme  
 They couthe lyke which was he  
 He by his voyce ne by his mas  
 Colyres than vpon this mas  
 A thyng of high myghter hath wrougt  
 For thyll amys which he hath wrougt  
 To put among the women then  
 He let do fether al the gert  
 Fether with a laryer barnop eke  
 In al a countre for to fide  
 May sholden nought a fether see  
 And every thyng in his tyme  
 Entredyn vpon a hound he lere  
 To Ezechomere & than he payde  
 That every lady chere shold

What thyng of al that the world  
 And take it as by wey of rest  
 For they hem felt it shold shere  
 He sayde after her othe wyll  
 Achilles than stood nought styll  
 When he the byght helme he led  
 To shere the haulte & the sheld  
 His lere felle therto anone  
 Of al that other world he none  
 The laryer get he vnderfongeth  
 And thyll amys which that he lere  
 Out the women he forsoke  
 And in this wyse as seyth the booke  
 They knowen than which he was  
 For he goth forth the gert mas  
 In to the chamber where he lay  
 Anone & made no delay  
 He armeth hym in laryer wyse  
 That better can no man deuse  
 And as fortune sholden falle  
 He cam forth to fere hem alle  
 As he which he was glad ynough  
 Out Ezechomere no thyng lough  
 When that he felle to the fere  
 And than he wyl wel & lere  
 His daughter had he forlorn  
 Out that he was so ouerforn  
 The wonder ouergoth his wyl  
 For in Cronke is werton yet  
 Thyng which shal neuer be foryet  
 Thou that Achilles hath byget  
 Otrus vpon Depdame  
 What cam out the tynnyll  
 Of fere wynter when they sayde  
 Thou Achilles was a mayde  
 Out that was no thyng fere the  
 For he is to the syde go  
 Fether with Colyres and Depdame  
 So thus was proued in the dore  
 And fully spoke at thyll wyl  
 If one woman another lere  
 What is there ony fere  
 When Ezechomere was the godesse  
 Depdame hath so lere  
 A not thou it shal ben escapd  
 With the women whos innocen

Is now al day thorough such accident,  
 Deceyued ofte as it is fene  
 With men that such vntrouthe mene  
 For they ben styte in such a wyse  
 That they by sleghth & by queyntise  
 Of fals wyntesse byngen inne  
 That doth hem ofte for to wyne  
 Where they be not worthy thereto  
 For thy my sone doo not see  
 My fader as of fals wyntesse  
 The trowthe & the maner wyntesse  
 Touchend of huc hou it hath ferd  
 As y haue told I haue wel herd  
 But for y sayden other wyse  
 Thou thyll by of couetyse  
 Hath yet priure of his accord  
 If that thou lyt of som record  
 To telle another tale also  
 In huc cause of tyme ago  
 What thyng it is to be forswore  
 I wolde praye you therfore  
 Ware I myght ensample take  
 My good sone & for thy sake  
 Touchend of this I shal fulfille  
 Thyng sayng at thyne owne wyll  
 And the matre I shal declaw  
 Ho w the women deceyued are  
 When they so ander herd be  
 Of that they be men so swete  
 But when it cometh to thassay  
 They fynde it fals another day  
 As Jason dyde to Medee  
 Whiche stant yet of auctoryte  
 In tolne & in memorie  
 Whereof the tale in specyal  
 Is in the booke of Troie wyte  
 Whiche I shal do the for to wyte

¶ In amoris causa ponit exemplum contra priueros. Et narrat qualiter Jason prius ad Insulam colchos pro autro villam ibidem conquestando transmeauit in amorem & coniugium Regis Othonis filie iugamento firmitus se astringit sed suo postea am-

plato negotio cum ipsa fecit nauigio Igitur ad perduxisse. Vbi illa senectam patris sui Esonis in sberam iuuentutem suis talis scientia reformati ipse Jason si dei sui ligamento alio & beneficio postpositis dictam Medeam pro quadam causa Regis Eronis filia priuero detrahit

¶ In grece wysdom Was a kyng  
 Of Whom the fame & knowles  
 chynge Wyntess yet & priuere  
 He byghth but it felt hym thus  
 That his fortune byt wile so lad,  
 That he no chylde his owne had  
 To name after his deasse  
 He had a broder nethelso  
 Whos ryght name Was Eson  
 And he hath the worthy knyght Jason  
 Wygoan/ in which in cury lond  
 Al ether passed of his lond  
 In armes so that he the best  
 Was named & the worthyest  
 He fought worthy outwal  
 Nole lerne & I the alle that  
 An aventure that he fought  
 Which afterward ful aw he fought  
 That was an yle which Colchos  
 Was cleped & therof arose  
 Grett spech in hanc about  
 That such memorie Was none out  
 In al the Wyte World nowher  
 As the in that yle then  
 That was a shep as it Was tolde  
 The which his flure lam al of gold  
 And so the goddess had it sette  
 That it ne myght alwey be sette  
 Wy power of no Woldes Wyght  
 And yet ful many a worthy knyght  
 It had assayed as they doul  
 And cur it fel hem to the Wold  
 But he that Wold it nought forsake  
 Out of his knyghtshode vntake  
 To doo what thyng thereto linge  
 This worthy Jason for almyght

To sit the strange wyrons  
 And lye the wyndyous  
 Of other marches wher he went  
 And for that cause his foot entant  
 He set Colchos for to stile  
 And thence he dyd speke  
 To Pelus his eme the kyng  
 And he wel payd was of that thyng  
 And shew anone for his passage  
 Such as were of his kynage  
 With other knyghtes which he chere  
 With hym he toke a Demeas  
 Which ful was of chivalrye  
 With Jason went in company  
 And that was in the moneth of may  
 When colde stormes were away  
 The wynd was good & they had part  
 They took byrthe & forth they fare  
 Toward Colchos but on the way  
 What hem befelle is long to say  
 How Rameton the kyng of Troye  
 Which ought wel shaw made hem ioye  
 When they to met a wyghte hym prync  
 Out of his land he hem congrete  
 And so telle the dyfference  
 Which afterward was destruction  
 Of that cyte as may man see  
 But that is not to my matere  
 But thus this worthy folk gogys  
 Fro that kyng which was not curteis  
 And fro his land with syl byndes  
 Thike went hem forth & many a lye  
 They shode & many a gret maner  
 Tyl at last in to that place  
 Which as they sought they aperse  
 And stynden by & forth as they  
 They senten unto the kyng & telen  
 Who were there & what they wolden  
 Othen which than was kyng  
 When that he herd this tydyng  
 Of Jason which was comen there  
 And of these other what they were  
 He thought woe hem gret wothp  
 For they anone come out of shro  
 And stant unto the kyng they went  
 And by the land Jason he sent

And that was at the walys gate  
 So fer on the kyng cam on his gate  
 Toward Jason to done hem chere  
 And he whom lakketh no maner  
 When he the kyng sawe in presence  
 Pate hym agerly such truefenece  
 As to a kynges state belongeth  
 And thus the kyng hym underfongeth  
 And Jason in his arme he caught  
 And forth in to the halle he stought  
 And there they sat & speke of thyngis  
 And Jason told hym the tydyngs  
 Why he was come & faye hym prayde  
 To haste his tyme & the kyng sayde  
 Jason thou art a worthy knyght  
 But it lyeth in no mans myght  
 To done that thou art comen fore  
 There hath he many a knyght forlore  
 Of that they wolden it assaye  
 But Jason hym wold not esmaye  
 And shew of his woldes cure  
 Fortune stant in aventure  
 Parauenter wel parauenter woo  
 Wnt thou as ever that it goe  
 It shal be with myn hond assayed  
 The kyng tho tolde hym not wel paid  
 For he the grettes fore drede  
 In aunter of Jason he spedde  
 He myght therof be a blame  
 For tho was at the woldes same  
 In swer as for to speke of armes  
 For thy he deade hym of his harmes  
 And gan to preche hym & to praye  
 But Jason wold not oke  
 Out sayd he wold his purpos holde  
 For ought that ony man hym tolde  
 When the kyng these wordes herde  
 And sa he toll that the knyght ansuerde  
 Yet for he wold make hym glad  
 After Medea gone he had  
 Which was his doughter & she cam  
 And Jason which good he nam  
 When he byrthe agerly byr goth  
 And she which was hym nothing lath  
 Welcomed hym in to that honde  
 And so forth took hym by the honde



And doune they seth bothe same  
 She had herd spoke of his name  
 And of his grette worthynes  
 For thy she gan hyr eye imprasse  
 Wpon his face & his stature  
 And thought thou neuer creature  
 Was so wel faund; as was he  
 And Jason ryght in such degre  
 He myght not withholde his loke  
 Out so good lide on hyr he toke  
 That hym ne thougt Under the brume  
 Of beauty saw he neuer hyr eneme  
 With al that felle to womandred  
 Thus ech of other toold hede  
 Though ther was no word of wordy  
 Here betwix bothe of one acord  
 Len set to lue but as tho  
 Ther myghen be no wordes mo  
 The kyng hym made grette joye & fest  
 To al his men he gaf an lest  
 So as they wol his thank deserte  
 That they sholde al Jason serue  
 Whyle that he wold ther dwell  
 And thus the day shortly to telle  
 With many myrthes is dyspent  
 Tyl nyght was come & tho they went  
 Echone of other toold his lue  
 When they no lenger myghen lue  
 I not thou Jason that nyght slepe  
 But wel I wote that of the shepe  
 For which he cam in to that yle  
 He thought but a lytel while  
 Al was medea that he thought  
 Soo that in many wyse he thought  
 His wylt wakend or it was day  
 Somtyme yz somtyme nay  
 Somtyme thus somtyme so  
 As he was styrd to & fro  
 Of lue & eke of his conquest  
 As he was holde of his lyster  
 And thus he wos by by the morowe  
 And toold hym symt John to lowe  
 And sayd he wold fyrst begynne  
 At lue & after for to wyne  
 The flure of gold for which he come  
 And thus to hym good lert he nome

Medea ryght in the same wyse  
 Tyl day cam that she must ryse  
 Lay & bythoughte hyr al the nyght  
 How she that noble worthy knyght  
 By ony weye myght wedde  
 And wel she ne wast yf he ne spedde  
 Of thyng which he had undertake  
 She myght hyr self noo purpose take  
 For yf he dyed of his bataylle  
 She most than algate faile  
 To geten hym when he woude dede  
 Thus she began to sette we  
 And towe about her wyette al  
 To lile hou it myght falle  
 That she with hym had a lyfster  
 To speke & talle of his desyre  
 And soo it felle the same day  
 That Jason with that swete may  
 To grette seth & hadte spore  
 To speke & he bythoughte hyr grette  
 And she his tale goodly herd  
 And after ward she hym answered  
 And seyd Jason as thou wylt  
 Thou myst be sauf thou myst be spall  
 For wylt wel that neuer man  
 But yf he coude that I can  
 He myght that fortune achue  
 For which thou comest but as I lue  
 If thou wolt holde countoun  
 To lue of al the tremainant  
 I shal thy lyf & honour saue  
 That thou the flure of gold shalt haue  
 He sayd al at pour othene wyle  
 Madame I shal truly fulfyll  
 Pour lest while my lyf may last  
 Thus long he peryd & at last  
 She graunteth & byght hym this  
 But when nyght cometh & it tyme is  
 She wold hym sende ardynly  
 Suche one that shold hym peryllly  
 Aken in to hyr chamber byng  
 He thoughte hyr of that tyng  
 For of that grette is hym begonne  
 Hym thynketh al oother thynges wone  
 The day made ende & lert his lyf  
 And comyn was the deth nyght



Than took she forth a ryng of gyfte  
 Made of gold and of perre  
 Out of the which she took a ryng  
 The stone was worth al other thyng  
 She said Whyles he wold it were  
 Ther myght no perre hym dre  
 In water maye he not be drenchyd  
 Where as it cometh y fyre is quenched  
 It ouercometh also cruel best  
 Ther may none aduersite y man averse  
 Where soo he be on see or londe  
 That hath this ryng upon his honde  
 And ouer that she gan seyne  
 That yf a man wyle not be seyne  
 Within his honde close the stone  
 And he maye inuysible gone  
 This ryng to Jason she bytaught  
 And so forth after she hym taught  
 What sacrifice he shold make  
 And gan out of hyr cofre take  
 Hym thought a bruenly figur  
 The which al by charme e by coniu  
 Was wrought and also was ful writ  
 With names the which he shold wryt  
 As she hym taught than to rede  
 And had hym as he wold spede  
 Without rest of ony whyle  
 When he were londer in that yle  
 He shold make his sacrifice  
 As rede his carter in the wise  
 And she hym taught on knees down bll  
 Thre sithe to ward the orient  
 For so shold be the goddes plese  
 And wyne hym self moche este  
 And when he had thre caddes  
 To open a loye she hym hadde  
 That she there toke hym in present  
 And was ful of such opnement  
 That there was fyre ne venym none  
 That shold fasten hym vpon  
 When that he were anoynted with al  
 For thy she taught hym how he shal  
 Enoynt his armes al about  
 And for he shold no thyng doubt  
 She took hym than a maner of a glue  
 The which was of so huge vertue

That where a man it wold caste  
 It shold bynd anone so faste  
 That no man myght it doo alyse  
 And that she bad by al wyse  
 He shold in to the molleses thowde  
 Of these two open that fir so hille  
 Throf to stoppe the malice  
 The glawe shal frunt of that fenice  
 And ouer that hyr opnement  
 Hyr ryng and hyr enchaunment  
 Agayne the serpent shold hym wre  
 Tille he hym sle we with sheld e spere  
 And than he maye saufte ynough  
 His open golle in his pough  
 And the awch folle in such a wyse  
 Tyl he the knyghtes see aryse  
 And achone on other doune he lays  
 In such a maner as I haue said  
 So thus medea for Jason  
 Oredyeth and purpeth thering  
 That he no thyng foregete shold  
 And also she purpeth hym that he wold  
 When he had al his armes done  
 To the grounde knele e thowke anone  
 The goddes and so forth by the  
 The fles of gold he shold seise  
 And when he had seised soo  
 That then he were some go  
 Without ony taryng  
 When this was said vnto wepyng  
 She felle as she y was thowgh nomay  
 With due and so forth ouercomen  
 That all her world on hym she fide  
 But when she sawe there was no lide  
 That he ne must nedes parte her fro  
 She took hym in her armes two  
 A hunderd tymes e gan hym kysse  
 And said O al my woordes blisse  
 My tryst/my lust my luf my hile  
 So he thy help in thy quare  
 I praye vnto the goddes alle  
 And with y word she gan doune falle  
 On sloumyng e he her vp name  
 And forth with the maiden came  
 And ther he led anone by thowght  
 And than Jason hyr lufought



And to hye said in this maner  
 my worthy lusty ladyes deir  
 Comforted you for by my trouthe  
 It shalbe not fayle in my southe  
 That I ne wyll thurgh oute fuffill  
 Your comendement & your othe  
 And yet I how to powe to byng  
 Wishing a while such tyding  
 The which shal make be tothe gane  
 But for the world kepe hye name  
 Wishing that it wylt it was nede day  
 He said adieu my wyte may  
 And forth with hym he took his geyn  
 The which he had take hym there  
 And sturght into his chamber he wylt  
 And gothe to bed / & a slepe hym lene  
 And say that no man hym alowe  
 For Hercules lene of hym toke  
 Tyl it was vnder of the day & more  
 And than he ganne to speke son  
 And ferdly abasped of slepe  
 And than they took of hym lene  
 His chamberlaine ben soon there  
 And make wry of his geyn  
 And he arose / and vnto the kyng  
 He went and said how to that thyng  
 For which he cam / he wold go  
 The kyng therfore was wonder woo  
 And for the world hym fayne withdraue  
 He wold hym mane a dourful sawe  
 But Jason wold it not moue  
 And at the last they were accord  
 Wishing that he wold not adde  
 A lene was wry at the tye  
 In þ which this worthy knyght of gree  
 Full armed vp / at every pte  
 To his batayle that lenger  
 Toke othe on hond & fow hym lenger  
 Tyl he the water possid were  
 And when he cam to that pte then  
 He set hym on his knee down sturght  
 And his arrow as he was lenger  
 He said & made his sacrifice  
 And speke anoynted hym in þ wylt  
 He medea hym both lene  
 And than he arose hym fro the stee

And With the glasse the fire he quene  
 He anone after gan arpynt  
 The grete serpent and hym slough  
 But erst he had fow the pnowgh  
 For that serpent made hym to trowale  
 So hard and fow of his batayle  
 That now he stood / & now he felle  
 For long tyme soo it felle  
 That With his swerd ne With his spere  
 He myght not that serpent deir  
 It was so shelled / al aboute  
 It fowd al edge tole withoute  
 He was soo rude and hard of slepe  
 That myght no thyng goo ther in  
 Comyn and fow to geder he cast  
 That he Jason greued fow With blast  
 And pf it had not ben his oynement  
 His tynge & his enchaunement  
 The which medea took hym to fow  
 He had With that wrym he lene  
 But thurgh þ vertu that throw cam  
 Jason the dragon ouercom  
 And he anone the tye oute drowe  
 And set his oren in a pte  
 With the which he brake a pte of lond  
 And sette he in With his olue hond  
 Than myght he grete merueyle for  
 Of every toke in his degre  
 Spetig vp a lenger With spere & shet o  
 Of the which rpyght anon in the feld  
 Echone slough othe / & With that  
 Jason not medea forgat  
 On tothe his lene he gan doune fall  
 And gaf thankyng to the godde all  
 The fies he took & gothe to the toke  
 The sonne hymen bryght & hote  
 The fies of gold / shone forth With all  
 The water gyltewy oueralle  
 Medea wryd / and speke ofte  
 And stode vpon a to wry aloft  
 Al pteuety Within þe self  
 Ther lene it not lene on self  
 He prayd and said god hym spere  
 The knyght that hath my maiden lene  
 And as he lene to wryd the pte  
 And when he sawe lene a while  
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The flees glistering agayn the sonne  
 She said O lord al is wonne  
 My knyght the feld hath ouercomen  
 No wold god that he were comen  
 O lord god I wold he were in honde  
 But I dare take this on honde  
 If that he had wynges I wo  
 She wold haue flowne to hym the  
 Streete there he was vnto the hote  
 The day was clere the sonne was hot  
 The grekes were in grete doute  
 The while that hyr lord was out  
 They wiste not what shold betide  
 But waited vpon the tyme  
 To see what ende shold falle  
 There stood also the nobles alle  
 Forth with the compyn of the towne  
 And as they looked vp & doune  
 They were warr within a while  
 Where as cam þe hote as they wel knowe  
 And saw how Jason brought his pryce  
 And than they gan al to crye  
 And cryden al with one voyce  
 O where was euer vnder heuyn  
 So noble a knyght as Jason is  
 And wel nyke al saiden this  
 That Jason was a fayre knyght  
 For it was neuer of mans myght  
 The flees of gold so for to wyne  
 And thus to tolk they begynne  
 With that the kyng forth anone  
 And sawe the flees how that shone  
 And when Jason cam to the honde  
 The kyng hym self took his honde  
 And kyssed hym and grete ioy made  
 The grekes were wonder glade  
 And of þe thyng right mery thought  
 And forth with hym þe flees they brought  
 And euery man gan pryce in  
 For well was hym that myght wyne  
 To see there of the proprete  
 And thus they passen the cyte  
 And gone vnto the place straught  
 Medea the which forgate hyr naught  
 Was redy there and said anone  
 Welcome O worthy knyght Jason

She wold haue kyssed hym wether fayne  
 But shame turned hyr agayne  
 It was not the maner as she  
 For she durst not do so  
 She took hyr true and Jason went  
 In to his chambre & she hym sente  
 Hyr maide to see how he ferd  
 The which when she sawe and herd  
 Told that he had faren out  
 And that it stood wel al about  
 She told hyr lady what she wast  
 And she for ioy hyr mayden kyst  
 The bathes were than arrayed  
 With herbes amply and assayed  
 And Jason was vnarmed soone  
 And vnto as it befelle to done  
 In to his bathe he went anone  
 And wysshed hym cleane as ony bone  
 He took a sope and out he came  
 And on his best array he name  
 And kempt his hede when he was glad  
 And goth hym forth al mery & glad  
 Knyght sterpyght in to the kynges halle  
 Among the grete lordes alle  
 And made hym glad welcomyng  
 And he hym told the tythyng  
 Of this & that how it befelle  
 When that he was the steype felle  
 Medea when she was after sent  
 Came soone to that parliament  
 And when she myght Jason see  
 Was none so glad of al as she  
 There was no ioy for to seke  
 Of hym made euery man a speche  
 Som men said one / somme saide other  
 But though he were goddes sower  
 And myght make fire and thonder  
 There myght be no more wonder  
 Then was of hym in that cyte  
 Eche man taught other this is he  
 That hath in his power within  
 That al the world myght not wyne  
 To haue the best of al goode  
 Thus said they that there stood  
 And also that walked vp and doune  
 Of the Court & of the towne



The tyme of souper cam anone  
 Thy Wyllam & theris they gone  
 Medea was with Jason set  
 Tho was there many a wynter set  
 And set to fore him on the bord  
 But none soo lyklyng as the word  
 Which was ther spoke amog hem two  
 Soe as they wold speke the  
 Wat though they hadden lyght spore  
 Yet they acciden in that place  
 How Jason shold come at nyght  
 When' eury tache & eury lyght  
 Were out / & than of other thynges  
 They speken a lunde for supposynges  
 Of hem that stoden there about  
 For lunde is curiouse in doute  
 If that it be wysely gouerned  
 Of hem that be of lunde lerned  
 When al was doo that dysse & cuppe  
 And clothe & bond & al was byp  
 Thy wylke wyple hem lyste to wale  
 And aser that they lunde take  
 And gone to bedde for to rest  
 And when hym thought for the best  
 That eury man was fast a slepe  
 Jason that wold his tyme kepe  
 Goo forth staland al pryncely  
 Into the chamber & wryte  
 There was a mayde which hym kepte  
 Medea wold & nothyng slepe  
 But neethles she was a bed  
 And he with al hast hym spedde  
 And made hym naked & al warme  
 Anone he took hyr in his arme  
 What mede is for to speke of ese  
 Hem lyste eche other for to plese  
 Soe that they hadden ioye ynough  
 And tho they seiden when a hou  
 That she with hym alwey shal stede  
 With wendes such & other fele  
 When al was tured to an ende  
 Jason took lunde & gan forth wende  
 Into his owne chamber in pces  
 There wylt it none but Detraies  
 He slepe & woe when it was tyme  
 And when it fel to ward pryne

He took to hym such as he lyste  
 In sece that none other wylte  
 And told hem of his counseyl there  
 And sayde that his wylte were  
 That they to theyr lady al thyng  
 So pryncely in thauyng  
 That noman myght her dede aspre  
 But that were of companye  
 For he wold goo without leue  
 And lenger wold he nought byleue  
 But he ne wold of thyll thowde  
 That kyng or quene shold it knowde  
 They sayde al thys shal be doo  
 And Jason trust wel ther to  
 Medea in the more wylde  
 Which thought hyr fader to begyle  
 The tursour which hyr fader had  
 With hyr al pryncely she lad  
 And with Jason at tyme sett  
 A wey she stal and fonde no let  
 And straught she goth hyr in to theyr  
 Of gree with that felashyp  
 And they anone drough by the seyle  
 And al that nyght this was couseppe  
 But erly when the sonne shone  
 Men sen hou that they were gone  
 And come into the kyng & told  
 And he the soth knowde wold  
 And ayes where his dongharr was  
 There was no word but out alas  
 She was a goo / the moder wepte  
 The fader as a wood man lepte  
 And gan the tyme for to warpe  
 And wene his othe he wold not tarye  
 That with Calpurne & with galeye  
 The same cours the same weye  
 Which Jason took he wold take  
 If that he myght hym ouertake  
 To this they sayden al yre  
 Anone they wren at the se  
 And al as who sayd at one word  
 They gone with in shypes bord  
 The seyle goth by & forth they sturzt  
 But none wylt thewof they must  
 And so forth they tomen home ayene  
 For al that laboure was in theyn



Jason to grete With his prey  
 Gode thowgh the see the ryght weye  
 When he ther come & men it told  
 They made ioye yong & old  
 Eson when he wyte of this  
 How that his sone comen is  
 And hath achieved that he soughte  
 And home With hym Medea broughte  
 In al the Wyde World Was none  
 So glad a man as he Was one  
 To geue ten these louers tho  
 Tyl they had sones thoo  
 Wherof they weren bothe glade  
 And olde Eson grete ioye made  
 To see the ences of his bygnage  
 For he Was of so grete an age  
 That men aWayen euery day  
 When that he shold gone aWay  
 Jason Whiche saue his fader old  
 Upon medea made hym hold  
 Of art magyke Whiche she couth  
 And prayd her that his fader youth  
 She wold make agenehard newe  
 And she that Was toward hym trewe  
 Behyghe hym that she wold it do  
 When that the tyme saue ther to  
 But what she dede in that matre  
 It is a wonder thyng to here  
 But yet for the noueltye  
 I thynke tellen a grete partye

Nota quibus medicamentis Eson  
 senectute decrepitem ad sue iuuentutis  
 adolescentiam prudens Medea reduxit,

Thus it byfel vpon a nyght  
 When there Was nought but sterre lyt  
 She Was vnyssed ryght as her hys  
 That no wyght but her seuen it wylde  
 The world Was styll on euery syde  
 And that Was at mydnyght tyme  
 With open fyre & foot al bare  
 Her hys to spawd she gan to fare  
 vpon her clothes gyrt she Was

Al speckles & on the gres  
 She gyde forth as an adder doth  
 None other wyse she ne goth  
 Tyl she cam to the fresshe flood  
 And there a while she withstood  
 Thys she toid her about  
 And thys she the she gan doune hute  
 And in the flood she wet her hute  
 And thys on the water then  
 She gasped With a dretchyng onde  
 And tho she wold her speke on fonde  
 First she began to crye & alle  
 vward vnto the sterres alle  
 To Wynde to ayre to he to land  
 She prayd & hild vpon her hand  
 To Echatre & gan to crye  
 Whiche is the goddesse of Sorrowe  
 She seyd helpe at this nyde  
 And as ye madye me to fynde  
 When Jason cam the fates to fynde  
 So helpe me now I you besynde  
 With that she loked & Was Ware  
 Doune fro the sky ther cam a char  
 The Whiche dragons about drough  
 And tho she gan her hys doune lough  
 And vpon the stryde & fayer & wel  
 She drof forth both char & wel  
 Aboue in the ayre amonge the skyes  
 The lond of Cyre & tho partyes  
 She fought & gan fast her bynde  
 And then vpon the bulles bynde  
 Of Othryn and Olympo also  
 And eke of other bulles moo  
 She fonde & gadeth herles suete  
 She pulleth vpon som by the wete  
 And many With a knyfe she stremeth  
 And alle in to her char she stremeth  
 Thus when she hath the bulles fought  
 The fildes there forpaie she nought  
 Erydan and Amphrydos  
 Penxer & the Sparydos  
 To hem she went & there she nome  
 Botte of the water & of the fume  
 She fonde & eke the smal stones  
 Whiche al she chese out for the nomes  
 And of the wete se a part

That was schueler to hyr art  
 She took / & after ward about  
 She sought sondry seces out  
 In feltes & in many graces  
 And eke a part she took of leues  
 Out thynge which myght hyr most auas  
 ple / She fond in Certe & in thessaple  
 In dayes & in nyghtes nyne  
 With grete trauayle & grete pyne  
 She was punyrd of curyng pr  
 And turned homward in to grete  
 Wyfdom the gates of Eson  
 Hyr charre she let alyke to gone  
 And took oute fyre that was therin  
 For the she thought to begyn  
 Such thynge as semeth impossyble  
 And made hyr self inuysyble  
 As she that was with a pr enclosed  
 And myght of no man be dyschord  
 She took of turues of the lond  
 Without helpe of mans hond  
 And heled with the gume gums  
 Of which an Auldar made chere was  
 Conto Echard the Goddesse  
 Of art magyke and sorowse  
 And eft another to iuente  
 As she which dyde her hole entente  
 Tho took she felwood & trunegne  
 Of herbes be not litar t weyne  
 Of which anone withoute lill  
 Tere aulders ben aboute set  
 Two sondry pytres fast by  
 She made / & with that hastely  
 A water which was blak she stuz  
 And oute therof she the blood drough  
 And dyde in to the pytres t woo  
 Warne mylk she put also ther  
 With honp meyn / & in such wyse  
 She gan to make hyr sacryfyce  
 And a pr & praye forth with al  
 To plese the god infernal  
 And to the quene prosperpys  
 And so she sought oute the lyne  
 Of hem that lingen to that craft  
 Wherof was noman last  
 And paid hem alle as she was couth

To graunte Eson his fyrst pouth  
 This old Eson brought forth was the  
 A wyf she had al other goo  
 Wypon pryl that myght falle  
 And with that word they wenten alle  
 And litan there them t wo alne  
 And tho she began to gaspe & gone  
 And made spynes many one  
 And sayd hyr wordes therupone  
 So that with spekyng & hir charmes  
 She took Eson in to the hyr armes  
 And made hym for to slepe fast  
 And hym wypon hir herbes cast  
 The blak wether tho she took  
 And hwe the fleske as doth a Cook  
 On eyther auldar part she lye  
 And with the charmes that she seyd  
 A fyr doune from the sky alyght  
 And made it for to berne lyght  
 And when Medea sa we it berne  
 Anone she gan to sterre & renne  
 The fyr aulders al aboute  
 That was no best which goth oute  
 More wyld than she semeth there  
 Aboute hyr holders linge hyr lere  
 As though she were oute of her mynde  
 And turned in to another kynde  
 Tho lay there certayn wode clefts  
 Of which the peas now & eft  
 She made hem in the pytres wete  
 And put hem in the fyr hte  
 And toke the brend with al the blase  
 And thys she began to use  
 Aboute Eson there as he slepe  
 And eft with water which she kepte  
 She made a cerche aboute hym thys  
 And eke with fyr of sulphyre t wyes  
 Ful many another thynge she dede  
 Which is not wryten in the sece  
 But she can by so & doune  
 She made a wonder soune  
 Somtyme lyke vnto the colt  
 Somtyme vnto the lauerolt  
 Somtyme cacketh as an henn  
 Somtyme speleth as done menne  
 And ryght so as hir iargon strugeth



In sondry Wyse hyr forme chaungeth  
 She semeth fayre & no Woman  
 Frath With the craft that she can  
 She was as who seith a goddesse  
 And what hyr lyst more or lesse  
 She dyde in toke as we fynde  
 That passeth ouer mannes kynde  
 But who that wol wondree be  
 What thyng she wrought in this matre  
 To make an ende of that she gan  
 Suche memayle herd neuer man  
 Appoynted in the newe mone  
 When it was tyme for to done  
 She sett a caldron on the fyre  
 In which was al the hool a tyer  
 Where on the medycyne stood  
 Of Iuse of Water & of blood  
 And let it boyle in such a plye  
 Tyl that she sawe the spume whyte  
 And tho she cast in rynde & roote  
 And seed & flour that was for to  
 With many an herbe & many a stone  
 Whereof she hath there many one  
 And eke the Cymphreyus the serpent  
 To hyr bath al hyr scales lent  
 Chelydore hyr yafe his adders skyn  
 And she to boyle cast hem in  
 And part eke of the horned oult  
 The which men lere on nyghts houl  
 And of a Raven which was told  
 Of nyne hunderd wynter old  
 She took the fed With al the bylle  
 And as the medycyne it Wyll  
 She took therafter the to Wels  
 Of the see Wolf & for the lile  
 Of Eson With a thousand mo  
 Of thyngis that she had tho  
 In that caldron to gyder as bypue  
 She put & took than of olyue  
 A drye brumche hem With to stee  
 The which anone gan flour & be  
 And weye al freshe & gume ager  
 When she this vertue herd kynn  
 She let the last droppe of alle  
 Wrogh the haw flowe doune falle  
 Where as the droppe falle was

Anone there sponge flour & gume  
 And weye anone al mede we gume  
 So that it myght wel be sene  
 Medea than knele and Wylt  
 Hyr medycyne is for to tyste  
 And goth to Eson there he lay  
 And took a swerd was of assay  
 With which a wounde upon his fete  
 She made that ther out may styde  
 The blood within which was old  
 And felte & trouble felle & cold  
 And tho she took into his Wye  
 Of herbes al the best Iuse  
 And poured it in to his wounde  
 That made his wyne ful & founde  
 And tho she made his wounde close  
 And took his hond up to wote  
 And tho she yafe hym dymyl a draught  
 Of which his pouth agayn he caught  
 His fed his bert & his bylage  
 Lye into tenty wynter age  
 And lye into the freshe may  
 His son lere wey away  
 When passed by the coldy stours  
 Nyght so recouert he his stours  
 Loo what myght ony man deuyse  
 A Woman shewe in ony Wyse  
 More braky lue in ony stede  
 Than Medea to Jason dede  
 First she made hym the fere to Wynn  
 And from alle her lye & lynn  
 With gret trefour With hym she stal  
 And to his fader forth With al  
 His elde hath turned in to pouth  
 Which thyng none other man coult  
 But thou it was to hyr agyt  
 The remembraunce duellith yet  
 Kyng Petrus his cme was ded  
 Jason hatte coroune on his hede  
 Medea hath fulfilled his Wyll  
 But when he shold of nyght fulfyll  
 The trouthe which to hyr afor  
 He had in the yle of Colchos Wore  
 Tho was medea moost deuyed  
 For he hath another wayed  
 Whiche daughter was to kyng Caron



Cruela she bright, thus Jason  
 As he that was to be the  
 Medea left a while a while  
 But that was afterward for abought  
 Medea with her art hath wrought  
 Of cloth of gold a mantle rype  
 Which semeth worth a kynges rype  
 And that was vnder Cruela sent  
 In name of rest and of present  
 For sufferthood: Was he in byddene  
 And when the pong fresshe quene  
 That mantel lappede her aboute  
 Anone therof the tye spang oute  
 And bent her to the flesshe & bone  
 Tho cam Medea to Jason  
 With both his sonnes on her hande  
 And sayd O thou of euery kynde  
 The moost vntrew creature  
 Loos this skal be thy forfetture  
 With that she to the his sonnes slough  
 Wyfow his eye & he oute drough  
 His swerd & Gold haue slayn her tho  
 But fere wel she was a go  
 vnto Pallas the court above  
 Where as she plymeth vpon lute  
 As she that was with that goddesse  
 And he was left in great distresse  
 Thus myt thou see what sorow it doth  
 To wene an othe which is not soth  
 In hys cause namely  
 Myng sonne he wel warr for thy  
 And here that thou be not forwore  
 For this which I haue told tofore  
 Oupde tellyth euery de  
 My fader I may leue it well  
 For I haue herde it oft saye  
 How Jason toke the fleshe a weye  
 For Colchos for yet herd I nought  
 By whom it was first wyder brouzt  
 And for it were good to here  
 If that thou lyst at my prayere  
 To alle I wold you speche  
 My sonne who that wol it seeke  
 In tolles he may fynde it weye  
 And neithers of thou wolt weye  
 In the maner as thou hast prayere

I that the telle thou it is seyd

Nota qualiter autrum bellus in par  
 te Insule Colchos primo deuenit A  
 themas Rex phalen habuit coniugem q  
 qua Japum genuit et Hellen/Mortu  
 a autem Hellen Athemas Junonem  
 Regis Cadmi filiam postea in Hyocem  
 duxit / que more Nouera dictos infā  
 tis in tantum recollectit odio q ambo  
 in mari proia penes Regem procuta  
 uit / vnde Juno compaciens quemdam  
 Arietem grandem auro vestitum bel  
 lere ad litus natantem destinauit / super  
 cuius dorsum pueros apponi iussit quo  
 facto Arias super vndas regressus cum  
 solo Japuo sibi adherente in Colchos ap  
 plicauit / vbi Juno dictum Arietem cu  
 suo bellere prout in alijs canitur conu  
 cis sub arca custodia collocauit

The fame of thyll shepes telle  
 Which in Colchos as it befelle  
 Was al of gold skal neuer deye  
 Whereof I thynke for to seye  
 How he cam fyrst in to that Ile  
 That was a kyng in thyll whyle  
 To wardes grece and Athemas  
 The Cronycle of his name was  
 And had a wyf which phalen bright  
 By whome so as fortune it dyght  
 He had of chyldren pong two  
 Japuo the fyrst was of the  
 A man chylde ryght fayre with all  
 A doughter elle which men call  
 Hellen he hade by this wyf  
 But for ther may no mane lye  
 Endure vpon this erthe lere  
 This worthy quene as thou myt here  
 Er that the chylde was of age  
 Took of her ende the passage  
 With grece forshyn & was bygrane  
 What thyng it spaketh god to haue

It is grette treason to lye his  
 For thy thyse kyng so as it is  
 With grette suffura it vnderfongeth  
 And afterward as hym belongeth  
 When it was tyme for to wedde  
 A newe wyf he toke to bedde  
 Which Iuno hyght & was a mayde  
 And eke the daughter as men sayde  
 Of Cadme which a kyng also  
 Was holden in thyllke dayes tho  
 When Iuno was the kynges make  
 She askt thou that she myght make  
 These chyldre to hyr fader both  
 And shope a wyle agene hem both  
 Which vnto the kyng was al unknowe  
 A yre or ille she let doo folwe  
 The lande With soden thete about  
 Whereof no corn may spryngen out  
 And thus by slepygh & by cougne  
 Awoos the derthe & the famyne  
 Thowgh oute the lande in such a wyse  
 Soo that the kyng a sacrifice  
 Cowen the poynt of this dysseise  
 To Ceres which is the goddesse  
 Of corne hath shap hym for to geue  
 To like yf it may be forpene  
 The meschyt which was in his lande  
 But she which knewe to fore the bond  
 The ciraunsaunce of al thys thyng  
 Agyen the comynge of the kyng  
 In to the Temple hath shap soo  
 Of hyr acord that al tho  
 Which of the Temple prestes were  
 Haue sayd & ful declared them  
 Vnto the kyng but yf so be  
 That he despyre the countre  
 Of Frynyus & of helen both  
 With whome the goddes lye so brothe  
 That wyle tho chyldre lye within  
 Suche tyllthe shal no man begyn  
 Whereof to gett hym any corn  
 Thus was it sayd thus was it sworn  
 Of al the prestes that there are  
 And she which causeth al this farr  
 Seyd eke thereto what that she wolde  
 And cury man than after told

Soo as the quene had hem purged  
 The kyng which hath his en lye  
 And kureth al that curt he orde  
 Vnto her tak thus answerde he  
 And seyth that leuer is hym to chese  
 His chyldren both for to lise  
 Than hym & al the timentunt  
 Of hem which are appertendant  
 Vnto the land which he shal kepe  
 And hade his wyf to take kepe  
 In what manere is best to done  
 That they despyred were sene  
 Oute of the world & se anone  
 Two men wyppeth for to gone  
 But first she made hem for to swere  
 That they the chyldren shold lye  
 Vnto the see that none it knowe  
 And hem therein both thewde  
 The chyldren to the see lye lade  
 Where in the wyse as Iuno had  
 These men he orde for to doo  
 But the goddesse which Iuno  
 So hote/awereth in the see  
 And hath vnto the men forlode  
 That they the chyldren not se see  
 But had hem lye in to the see  
 And taken lye of that they segen  
 There swam a shepe to fere hye  
 Whose flece of burned gold was al  
 And this goddesse forth with al  
 Comaundeth that without let  
 They shold anone the chyldre set  
 About vpon the shepes balle  
 And al was do ryght as she spak  
 Whereof the men gone home agene  
 And felle so ge the loken syne  
 Hellen the yong mayden tho  
 Which of the see was so bego  
 For yure doted hyr lye both lye  
 That fro the shepe which hath hyr lye  
 As she that was swoundenly ferynt  
 And felle & hyr self deuynt  
 Faryus & this shepe forth swam  
 Tyll he to the Ile of Colches cam  
 Where Iuno the goddesse he fonde  
 Which toke the shepe to the lande

And feld it there in fuch a Wyfe  
As thou to fow haft bred tynge  
Wherof am I after al the Wo  
Why Jafon was foirfoure foo  
Unto meere as it is fpoke

My fader wold that both to booke  
His trowth as yf done here told about  
He is not worthy for to due  
He fe feburdy as me fmethe  
Out every due ne the quement  
To hym which ne the fangle is  
And netheles now after this  
If that thou left to talen fe  
Upon my fterpe to proorde  
In done caufe ayne the fter  
Of cuntyfe and Auarice  
What there is more I wold fpeke

My fone this fpace I fpeke  
There is yet one of thyfe brood  
Which only for the worldes good  
To make a Turloum of moneye  
Out al confcience a Wye  
Wherof in thy Confellion  
The name and the condycion  
I fhal here afterwarde declare  
Which maketh one rpech another faw

Plus capit Hum sibi quam defuit  
et illud/ Grande colenda fex latenter  
agit/ Sic amor quassus quam fex suos  
Et enatio/ Spirit et Unus two capit  
ipfe deo

Hic tractat de illa specie Auaricie  
que Hum dicitur/ cuius creditor in po  
cunia tantum numerata plus quam fis  
bi de iure defuit incrementum lucri ad  
auget

Don the knete fpend on hye  
With auarice fter I fpeke  
ful chedde of his o lene fute  
Which after good maketh chofe a fute  
With his fweours that tynne about

Epele Unto rathe on a waul  
Suche lucre is none about ground  
Which is not of the rathe founde  
For wether they fee fter fter  
That fhal hem in no Wyfe aftere  
But they it deyne in to the net  
Of lucre which fter both fet  
Wether With the rpech ducleth  
To al that euer fe byeth a felleth  
He hath ordyned of his ftergha  
Meffure double a double Wepgha  
Outward fe felleth by the loffe  
And With the more fe maketh his taffe  
Wherof his hous is ful Withynne  
He wretch nought fe foo fe Wynne  
Though that fe lene an or tuelue  
His due is al toward hym felue  
And to none other but fe fee  
That fe may Wynne fuche fter  
For wether fe fhal ought prue or lene  
He wold ayne Ward take a lene  
There fe hath lent the smal pefe  
And rpeht fo there fe many of thefe  
Louers that though they due a lpe  
That fcarfely wold it Weye a myte  
Yet wold they haue a wound ageyne  
And doth fter in his bargeyn  
Out arde fuche fter Unpche  
It felleth more Unto the rpech  
Also Wel of due as of fter  
Than Unto hem that fe not greet  
And as Wdo fapth fe fimple a pouer  
For felden is Wden they tceouer  
But yf it fe thorough greet deferte  
And netheles men fee pouerte  
With purfute a contrauna  
ful ofte make a greet chrauna  
And take of due his auantage  
For With the fterpe of his brocage  
That maken fene Wether it is nought  
And thus ful ofte is due bought  
For fter What and mochel take  
With falo Wepgha that they make  
Now fone of that I fapd about  
Thou wold What fter is of due  
Telle me for thy What fo thou Wylt



If thou therof hast any gylt  
 My fader nay for ought I am  
 For of the popnas he tolden he  
 I wol you by my trouthe assure  
 My wepgha of lue & my misfure  
 Hath be more large & more careyn  
 Than euer I took of lue agerne  
 For so yet couthe I neuer of strenght  
 To tak: agerne by double wepgha  
 Of lue more than I haue yue  
 For also wys mota I be shypue  
 And haue remysfion of synne  
 And so yet couthe I neuer Wynne  
 Ne yet soo mochtel soth to syn  
 That euer I myght haue half ageryn  
 Of so ful lue as I haue lnt  
 And myn hap were so wel went  
 That for the woole I myght haue half  
 My thyngketh I were a goddesse half  
 For where shure wold haue double  
 My conseruance is not trouble  
 I byd neuer as to my dele  
 But of the hole an heluen dele  
 That is none waste as me thyngketh  
 But nethels it me forthynketh  
 For wel I wote that wol not be  
 For every day the letter I see  
 That thou so euer I yare or lene  
 My lue in place ther I mene  
 For ought that euer I age or cause  
 I can nothing openeward haue  
 But for that I wol not let  
 What so befall of my lypet  
 That I ne shal yare & lene  
 My lue & al my thought soo clene  
 That toward me shal nought bylene  
 And yf she of hyr goodde lue  
 Rewarde me wold nought ageryn  
 I wote the last of my bargeyn  
 Shal stonde vpon so gude a lnt  
 That I may neuer more the cost  
 Recouer in this world tyl I dye  
 Soo that touchend of this partye  
 I may me wel excuse & shal  
 And for to speke forth with al  
 If oup brocour for me went

That wout am'ner in myn entraf  
 Soo that the more me menapeth  
 What thyng it is my lady thyng  
 That al myn lnt & al my tyme  
 She hath & doo no better bynt  
 I haue herd sayd that thoust is fre  
 And nethels in pryuate  
 To you my fader that heu lnt  
 Myn hole shypet for to lnt  
 I dar myn lnt wel dyschale  
 Touchend shure as I suppose  
 Which as ye tellen in lue is wld  
 My lady may not lnt excuse  
 That for one lypet of hyr eye  
 Myn hol lnt lnt tyl I dye  
 With al that euer I may & can  
 She hath me wonne to hyr mon  
 Wherof me thyngketh good wifon wold  
 That she somdel w'orde shold  
 And yare a part ther she hath al  
 I not what falle beafter shal  
 But in to now yet dar I seyne  
 Hyr lnt neuer yare agerne  
 A good word in such a lnt  
 Wherof myn lnt myght arys  
 My gude lue to comense  
 I not how she hyr conseruance  
 Excuse wol of this shure  
 By large wepgha & gude misfure  
 She hath my lue & I haue nought  
 Of that which I haue den adought  
 And with myn lnt I haue it yare  
 But al this is after lnt  
 But I go lntes about  
 Hyr ought stonde in rypht gude dought  
 Tyl she wisse such a synne  
 That she wol al my lue Wynne  
 And yare me not to lnt by  
 Nought also mocht as gaudy mery  
 Hyr lnt to lnt of which I myght  
 Some of my gude lnt alight  
 But of this wout to lnt I lnt  
 As be that wout for his chaffar  
 And lnt it lnt & yet hath none  
 So mocht be nedes yare gone  
 Thus lnt I am & haue no lnt

That I ne may not adoue  
 To Wyane of hie none encreas  
 Out I me Wyle neuer the leste  
 Touchend Wylt of hie acquyte  
 And yf my lady be to Wyte  
 I pray to god such grace hie sende  
 That she my tyme it must amende  
 Myfome of that thou hast answered  
 Touchend Wylt / I haue al herd  
 How thou of hie hast Wommen made  
 Out that thou tellest in thy tale  
 And thy lady therof accuseth  
 And thendeth thy Wordes thou myfufest  
 For by thyne owne knowlechynge  
 Thou saist that she for one Wylng  
 Thy hie herd fro the seer took  
 Wile may be such that hie one hold  
 No Worth the herd many fold  
 And than hast thou thy herd wel sold  
 Whon thou hast that is more Worthy  
 And also that thou tellest for thy  
 How that hie Weyght of hie Trauay  
 May to thyfymng Underfeyn  
 Stande euer euen in that balounce  
 The Wylch stonde in hies gouernance  
 Such is the statute of this lalle  
 That though thy hie more deuile  
 And praye in the balounce more  
 Then may not aske agayn therfome  
 Of doubt / but all of grace  
 For hie is herd in euery place  
 Ther may no lalle hym Justyce  
 Wylt without ne by companye  
 That he ne Wylle after hie Wylle  
 Whon that hym liketh to fpeke or fpeke  
 To hie a may may wel begynne  
 Out whether he shalle lise or Wyne  
 That Woe no may till at the last  
 And therfor coneynt not to fast  
 Myfome / but alpe thyfome  
 Per mas al may to good Wente  
 Out that thou hast me told and faldy  
 Of one thyng I am ryght wel payd  
 That thou by fpeake ne by gyle  
 Of no hie may hast other Wylle  
 Enyngd hie for such Wylle

Is more baged as I was

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos  
 maritus / qui ultra id quod proprias  
 habent uxoribus / ad noue Voluptatis in  
 incrementum. alias mulieres superflue lu  
 cent non veniunt / Et narrat qualiter  
 Juno vindictam in Eas lucas ad  
 quicquid de consilio mariti Iouis me  
 diatus esset

¶ Roberto of hie that Weyn

No Wylt though they Weyn  
 After the Wylt that they Weyn  
 For fomyne they goo and fene  
 And doo pifaunce for a Wyle  
 Per at the last her owne gyle  
 Wpon hie owne herd descendeth  
 The Wylch god of hie bengerat ferdeth  
 As byfample of tyme a goo  
 A may may fpende / it hath be fo  
 It felle fomyne as it Was fene  
 The hie goddes and the quene  
 Juno than had in company  
 A mayden ful of trechery  
 For she Was euer in one acorde  
 With Iubiter that Was hie lord  
 To gete hym other hie ne We  
 Though such borage / a Was vnter W  
 Al other Wylt than hym needeth  
 Out she the Wylch no fhome derdeth  
 With queynt Wordes and with fpeke  
 Wylnded in fuch a Wylt for lades eye  
 As fhe to Wylome Juno tpeft  
 So that ther of fhe no thyng Wylt  
 Out fo piquely may be no thyng  
 That it ne cometh to knowlechynge  
 For thyng f is done on the derk nyte  
 So after knowen Whon the day is lye  
 So it felle at the last  
 Al that this ftyght mayden caft  
 Was ouer caft and ouerthrowen  
 For as the felds must be knowen  
 To Juno it Was done Underfonde  
 In what manere hie hufhonde  
 With falo borage both taken Wylt  
 Of hie more than hie mcfure  
 Whon he took other than hie Wylt

Wherof this mayden Was gyltyf  
 For which hath ben of his assent  
 And thus was all the game shent  
 She sufferd hym as she must ned  
 But the bewoure of his mysfede  
 She that hir conncypse gaf chere  
 On hyr is the bengeaunter deo  
 For Juno With hyr Wordes b:pygh  
 This mayden which Tuto bygh  
 Reproued and saith in this wyse  
 O traitresse of such senyssh  
 Hast thou thyne owne lady serued  
 Thou hast grete pyne wel deserued  
 Thy slegh Wordes for to pynte  
 With flattery that is so queynt  
 To wards me that am thy quene  
 Wher though thou madest me to went  
 That my housbond for we went  
 When that he loueth els wher  
 Al be it soo/hym nedeth ne-ual  
 But vpon the it shall be bought  
 The which are pyne to these dogges  
 And me ful oft of thy lesgages  
 Deceyued; best now is the day  
 That I the whyte wel quye may  
 And for thou hast to me counayld  
 That my lord hath with other tyled  
 I shalle the set in such a kynde  
 That euer vnto the Wordes ende  
 Al that thou seest/thou shalt talle  
 And clape it out as doth a kelle  
 And With that Word she was forshope  
 Ther may no byr her mouche escape  
 What man that in the world cryeth  
 Withouten faile Hecco wphreth  
 And what Word that hym lust to sayn  
 The same Word she saith agayn  
 Thus she that somtyme had true  
 To be at large/is now moredd & me  
 An Woodes & on hyles sothe  
 For such bewage is Wyues & he  
 The which doth wdes lre & chaunge  
 And here in other place strunge  
 For thy/ps euer it soo befall  
 That thou semfar in chamber or halle  
 Be wedded man hold that thou hast

For thy of other here is well  
 One wyf that well to the suffe  
 And that of thou for courtly  
 Of due Wold aske more  
 Thou sholdst done agayne the deo  
 Of all my that in the is  
 my fader as in this daye  
 my consenar is not ourside  
 For I no such bewage haue  
 Wher though I be of last is Wold  
 For thy spech for/as in legons  
 Of auarice vpon my streyt  
 my sonne I shal the bancher shyt  
 Wher as they ben set  
 Of Whome no good is well best

*Quare Verbis Verba munus pro munus  
 nec reddi/Conumit si vendit equis  
 statim gent/ Pertra cupido non dat  
 sua dona cupido / Nam qui nulla frui  
 gamina nulla metat*

*Hic tractat Aucto super illa specie  
 Auaricie que patrimonium destruit. cum  
 natura tenet aliqualem sui substantie  
 portionem/aut deo aut hominibus par  
 ticipem nullatenus consensit*

And auarice of his bynaye  
 For counayld/ & for chynaye  
 To Withold agayne laughe  
 Hath out the Wold name is sturynesse  
 The which is lre of his felle  
 And is so thorough auarice  
 That he no good well lre out of fons  
 Though god hym self shold send  
 Of gift shold he no thynge haue  
 And if a may it Wold come  
 He must than fyle at nre  
 Wherof hym self may not spee  
 And thus sturynesse in cury place  
 Of wof may no thynge purcha



after xvij  
ppp  
ppp  
ppp

And nevertheless in his tongue  
Aboue all other most prynces  
With Amartye & stoutness he  
That he is nurtured in the  
In his estate of his office  
After the will of that wyse  
He taketh his tyme & howeth & lenth  
That lenth is to see the flent  
That gett of hym as hard as nesses  
Only the beth of a Resse  
Of good in lapping of another  
He thought & then his othe broder  
And in the mas of gyft and bus  
Wherewith every man for hym aboue  
Thynketh of his Unkynship  
That hym neddeth noo fellowship  
So that the lenger and he acorde  
Hym whereth not what man want  
Of hym then it saye or good  
For all his trust is on his good  
And so allene he fullen of  
When he left lenth to stand on lenth  
As wel in bus as other wyse  
For bus is cur of somme myght  
To hym that wol his bus lenth  
For thy my lenth as thou art lenth  
Conclud of this tale me thy myght  
Dast thou to lenth of large gyft  
Wold thy lenth to whom thou lenth  
For after that thou lenth lenth  
Of gyft thou myght & the lenth  
For that good I lenth & lenth  
For I lenth thou myght I lenth lenth  
Lenth is no lenth for to lenth  
For this man lenth in every lenth  
He was lenth that lenth made lenth  
For lenth as lenth may not lenth  
I lenth lenth lenth other lenth  
Lenth of lenth of his lenth  
That lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth as many a lenth lenth  
For thy my lenth lenth the lenth  
And lenth the lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
That of the lenth of lenth

With all the good of Octavian  
And the ryche of Indyan  
Of pryce and of ryche stones  
Went al to gyde myn at ones  
I let it at no maner account  
Than wold have lenth amount  
To gyde it lenth at on a day  
So that to that lenth may  
I myght lenth more or lenth  
And thus the cause of my lenth  
He may lenth lenth and lenth  
That I shall not the lenth lenth  
The purpose which is in my lenth  
But of that I lenth lenth lenth  
He lenth lenth a lenth lenth  
For wel I lenth lenth lenth lenth  
And gyde lenth lenth lenth lenth  
He is lenth lenth of lenth lenth  
And thus I lenth lenth lenth lenth  
To lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
That lenth lenth of lenth  
Lenth as much as a lenth  
But to lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
He lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
That as by the lenth of lenth lenth  
He can lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
That every man lenth lenth lenth  
But lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
And lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
To lenth lenth in al my lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
For that lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
He must lenth lenth lenth lenth  
For god lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
And al my good lenth lenth lenth  
And al my lenth lenth lenth lenth  
As lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
He lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
So that lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
To lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
To lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth  
Lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth lenth

For oftyme of her nesse  
It hath ben sent that for the lisse  
To lost the more as thou shalt see  
A tale lyke to this matre

Hic loquitur contra istos qui auaritia  
stricti largitans beneficium in amo-  
re causa confundunt / Et ponit exem-  
plum quoddam Croesus largus et his-  
toris habionem auarum et auarorum  
de amore Diodi qui pulcherrima fuit /  
toto largissimus circumuauit

Carance & hure deid nare  
For curp thyng is wel þeuer  
When y a ma hath don't it dre  
And for to spele in this matre  
For sparyng of a lytel cost  
Ful oftyme a man is lost  
The large coe for the hore  
What man that scarce is of his god  
And wylle not geue he shall not take  
With gyfte a man may undertake  
The hyge god to please & quene  
With gyft a man the world may tame  
For every creature y love  
If thou prur hym is glad therfore  
And curp gladship as I fynde  
Is comfort vnto hure hym  
And causes of man to spece  
So was he wise that first gaf mete  
For mete deyrth hure in toke  
But when the man ben couetous  
And spaw to geue a party  
They knowe not of Cupides orde  
For his fortune and his apyr  
Deapureth al couetyse  
And hateth al negardry  
And for to be on this party

A both example that it is so  
I fynde Weyng of Diodo  
That had a hure of his manage  
That was no figure of her age  
And hyge spale by name  
The which ful of yowthe & of gloure  
Was of her self large and so  
Out such another chynch as he  
May wylle not be of the hure  
And had ayned to his hure  
His frangunt which Diodo  
Was called / and in this hure was  
The hure good of suffysance  
Was had but laryng & petyne  
Of that that laryng & petyne  
Of hure stood in gude dystre  
So that this hure laryng  
Of the hure that hure to hure  
Was curp hure ouerall  
That he was so laryng hure  
Tyl that Cupide and Diodo  
A mede for to hure  
Diodo wold in this hure  
Hure as fortune they was  
Of hure vpon the hure  
It hure tyll as it hure  
A hure a hure hure  
That naught of hure hure  
The which hure by name hure  
And was tyll of our tyll  
And hure as hure hure in hure  
The hure hure hure of hure hure  
And amorous and glad of hure  
So that hure hure hure hure  
The goodly hure that hure  
And hure of hure hure hure  
It was of hure al that hure  
And for that he hure hure hure  
He gaf hure hure hure among  
Out for hure hure hure hure  
But was hure hure hure hure  
For as it hure of hure hure  
This hure hure hure hure  
And he hure hure hure hure  
Of hure hure hure hure  
For hure hure hure hure

That was with hym none other free  
 Out for to pynche & for to spare  
 Of wylde murther to gete mares  
 So goth the wylde houndes  
 Edward for his starre  
 And is that large was and free  
 And sit his lere to dispend  
 This Cuning his to the lath lende  
 For which wylde murther him for to hold  
 And that as oft as he wold  
 So thus trusteth but his at the  
 That what may wot not be false  
 To great & spread as I the wille  
 It is not thought for to dwell  
 In these countes to be wylde  
 In this my fere of I be lured  
 Thou shalt be large of thy dispend  
 My lere in my countre  
 If there be any thyng amys  
 I wylle amend it of at this  
 To wot my but namys  
 any fere wot & wylle  
 Thou shalt so I wot paid with of  
 I am/and frethmoun I shall  
 wote thy frethmoun  
 Of ancynt the pynche  
 That wylle lere of at this  
 Thou shalt lere wylde to I hit is  
 Among the fere in many Regne  
 That such a wylle myght wylle  
 That is comyn to all affayres  
 No may may fere now a dayes

Cuncta creatura deus/et qui cuncta cre-  
 avit. Dampnant ingratia dicta qz fies  
 in dea/ Non debet a longe stat quo sis  
 si talis amicum. Tunc et in fine des-  
 tit esse fides

Hic dicitur super illa calida fides  
 de amicum qui ingratia dicta est

cuncta creatura non debet a longe stat  
 et cuncta creatura abominabilem des-  
 titantur

He wylle lere into the fere  
 That never yet was mado fere  
 And cleped is frendship  
 Of Couyn & of felouship  
 With ancynt he is wylde  
 And trusteth that he hold be hold  
 wote the moder that hym gave  
 Of hym may never man be wate  
 He wot not lere the merpe  
 For that he wot not acquyte  
 That in this world is mado fere  
 And fere lere then wylle  
 To lere of hym is mado  
 And thus I lere nevertheles  
 wote as this wylle cometh to lere  
 That trusteth no mado his wylle of hode  
 Though he wylle at his myghte fere  
 He shall of hym no thyng wylle  
 He trusteth what ony man may give  
 That wylle be lere one day to lere  
 He wylle nothyng wylde agayne  
 He trusteth to give agayne  
 wote he lere a lere fere  
 That maketh a lere lere dulle  
 To lere his lere in such frendship  
 wote as he fere no frendship  
 And for to speke wylde plyn  
 Thus lere I many a man compleyne  
 That now on dayes thou shalt fere  
 At neta fere frendes lere  
 In what thou hast done for lere lere  
 It is forgotten as it were lere  
 The wylle speken of this wylle  
 And thus wote that god of his justice  
 wote wylle of lere & also of nature  
 And every lere creature  
 And the lere also wote that it can



Liber quintus

Ther dampne an Unkynde man

Nro et natum Castus sit omnia iura  
Dampnat ingratum lamentantur fore  
natum

Hit is all one to sep Unkynde  
No thyng that done is ogerne kynde  
For it with kynde neuer stood  
A man to yelde anylle for good  
For he that wold take lye  
A bestie is glad of a good dede  
And bueth that creature  
Afar the lawe of his nature  
The which doth hym ese & for to see  
Of this matre auctoryte  
Full of tyme it hath befall  
Wherof a tale among vs alle  
The which of old exampyls  
I thynke it for to specefy

Hic narrat quod bestie in suis benes  
ficijs hominem ingratum naturaliter  
percutiunt. Et ponit Exemplum de ad  
riano Rome senatore qui in quadam  
foresta venacionis insilens/ dum per  
dicta insequeretur in aeternam profus  
da nestia familia corruit/ Vbi puenit  
quidam pauper nomine Vardus in  
missa cordula putans hominem getay  
isse primo Simeam getavit/ Secundo  
serpentem/ Tercio Adrianum/ qui paus  
perem despiciens aliquid pro benefacto  
reddere recusa bat. Sed tam serpens qui  
Simeam gratuita beniuolentia ipsum sin  
gulis donis sufficienter amaneant

O speke of an Unkynde man  
I fynde so somtyme Aduer  
Of wome that a grette lye was  
Opon a day as he per cas

To the Woods in his hunting Went  
It hapeth at a fedyng Went  
Afar the chase as he putsaeth  
Therigh hape that no man escheweth  
He felle Vnkynde in to a pye  
Wher as it myght not be let  
The pye was drey & he felle hille  
That of his may none myght knowe  
Wher he liam/ for none was so nygh  
That of his felle the mychyl leghe  
And thus alme them he lag  
Clapnd and aynd all the day  
For secour & descurment  
Til ogerne eue it felle per chaunce  
A while on it liam to nyght  
A yowr man that Vardus hight  
Come forth Wathund with his Ass  
And had gaderyd hym a taffe  
Of gurne sylles & of wy  
To felle whome that wold hym lye  
As he that had no lyche  
But when he myght fuch a hood  
To to Wnt with his affe cary  
And as it felle hym for to tary  
That same tyme nyght the pye  
And had his taffe fast lye  
And herd a voyce that cryd byme  
And he his eue to the lymme  
Wath lye & lye it was a may  
That fnd O lye Aduer  
And I wille geue al my good  
The yowr man this Vnderlood  
As he that wold gladly lye  
And to this lye that was lye  
He spak & said yf I the lye  
What silernes shalte I haue  
Of couenaunt that ostarlode  
Thou wilt me geue such a word  
As thou behyghdest now before  
That ether hath his othe sworne  
O lye & lye godde alle  
Yf that it myght so befall  
That he hym out of the pye brought  
Of all the goodes that he ought  
He shal haue eue haldend  
This Vardus fnd he wold lye

And with this word his affe anone  
 He did bestow & shewen  
 Doune goddys word in to the ppe  
 To the which he hath an endinge  
 A staf wherby he said he wold  
 That Aragon hym shold hold  
 But it was thene per mas fulley  
 In to that ppe was so fulley  
 An ape the which at that tyme  
 Whan that the word came to the  
 And suddenly thereto he steyde  
 And it in hisse his armes clyppe  
 And hardus with his affe anone;  
 Hym both by the hand & is gone  
 Out wher he sawe it was an ape  
 He wend all had ben a iape  
 Of farty & few hym deader  
 And Aragon clyppes gadder  
 For his & apes feet  
 And he clyppes his and cast  
 Out whan it come vnto the grounde  
 A gader serpent it hath be wounde  
 The which hardus anone by drough  
 And than hym thought wel ynough  
 That was but fantasye but yet he herd  
 The voyce & thereto he answered  
 What art thou in goddes name  
 I am quode Aragon the same  
 The which good thou shold haue any  
 half/ O hardus than a gods half  
 The thyrd tyme assay I shall  
 And make his and forth with all  
 In to the ppe/ & whan it came  
 To hym this lord of Rome it name  
 And shewen hym hath vassid  
 And with his hand ful of blyssid  
 And than he had hardus hold  
 And he that vnderstood his tale  
 clyppes hym & his Affe at fote  
 hath den by & he hym by a lye  
 without harme all espy  
 And he had not ones gunt metey  
 Out forth hym went to the Cpe  
 And he the more hardus he  
 And neuertheless this simple may  
 His command so as he may

hath assed & y other answered & said  
 That yf so were y he hym by swide  
 Of ought that hath he spoken or done  
 It shall he wolden on hym soone  
 That hym were better to be dore  
 And he can none other woe  
 Out on his affe agerpe he cast  
 His tuffe & byd hym homeward fast  
 And whan that he cam home to bedde  
 He told his wyf how he spode  
 Out finally to speke ought more  
 Vnto this bed deader hym for  
 So that one word he durst not seyn  
 And so vpon the morowe agerpe  
 In the maner as I wroide  
 hath with his affe & with his word  
 To gader woode as he did er  
 He goth/ & whan he cometh ther  
 Vnto the place wher that he wold  
 He gan his ape anone to hold  
 The which had gaderd al aboute  
 Of styllies her & ther a wiler  
 And leyd hym wry to his hond  
 Wherof he made his tuffe & bonde  
 For day to day & in this wyse  
 Thus profred he his scruple  
 So that he had of woode ynough  
 And vpon a tyme as he drough  
 Toward the woode he sawe he side  
 The gader gastly serpent glyde  
 Til that he came to his presen  
 And in his hand a true trax  
 He hath hym done & forth with all  
 A stone more bryght than a Castalle  
 Out of his mouthe in his way  
 He let doune felle & went his way  
 For that he shold not be adrad  
 Thanne was this yowre hardus gladd  
 Thanked gode & to the stone  
 He goth & tuffed it by anone  
 And hath gader wnder in his wyte  
 How that the best hym hath quyte  
 Wher that the man hath faulde  
 For whome he had most tynayled  
 Out all he put in goddes honer  
 And thence home & what he found

Unto his Wyf he hath it sellde  
 And they that were both he & she  
 Accorded that he shold it selle  
 And he no longer wold dwelle  
 But forth anone vpon the tale  
 The stone he profert to the sale  
 And ryght as hym self he fetter  
 The Jeweler anone hym fetter  
 The gold and made his payment  
 Therof was none delayment  
 Thus when this stone was lost & sold  
 Homeward with ioye many fold  
 This hardus goeth. & when he came  
 Home to his howe and that he name  
 His gold out of his purse withyn  
 He fond also his stone therein  
 Wherefor for ioye his hart playde  
 And to his Wyf thus he said  
 Loos here my gold/loo here my stone  
 His Wyf had wonder thereupon  
 And asked hym how it myght be  
 Now by my trouthe quod he  
 But I dare sweere vpon a booke  
 That to my marchaunt I it wold  
 And he it had when I went  
 So knowe I not to what entent  
 It is now here but thurgh gods grace  
 For thy to morow in other place  
 I wyl assay it for to selle  
 And yf it wol not with hym dwelle  
 But cepe in to my purse agayne  
 Than dare I sauely sweere & seyne  
 It is the vertue of the stone  
 The more we cam/ & he is gone  
 To selle aboute in other stede  
 His stone to selle & so he dede  
 And left it with his chapman then  
 But when that he cam eto where  
 In presence of his Wyf at home  
 Out of his purse anone he nome  
 His gold & fond his stone with al  
 And thus it selle hym curial  
 Where he it sold in dyuerse place  
 Such was the fortune & the grace  
 But so wel mope no thyng he hyde  
 That it ne is at the last hyde

This fume goth aboute Rome  
 So forth that the wordes come  
 To the Emperour Justynian  
 And he let send for that man  
 And asked hym how that it was  
 And hardus told hym all the cas  
 How that the serpent & eke the best  
 Al though they made none best  
 His tynopple had wel quyt  
 But he that had a mannes Wyf  
 And made his countaunt by mouth  
 And sweere therof at that he wote  
 To part & gyue helus his good  
 Hath now forgotten how that it stood  
 As he that wold no trouthe helde  
 This Emperour of that he tolde  
 Hath herd & that vnkynnysshe  
 He said he wold hym self wyllysse  
 And thus in Courte of Iugement  
 This Aduer was of set sent  
 And the quarell in and gynn  
 Declard was in his pynne  
 Of the Emperour & many moo  
 Whereof was moche speche tho  
 And gude wyllysng among the pite  
 Out at the last netherlyste  
 For the party which both plyned  
 The lawe had demed & ordeyned  
 Yp hym that was oupheld best  
 That he shall haue the heluynge  
 Thorough out of Aduer's goodde  
 And thus of that vnkynnysshe  
 Standeth the memorye vnto this day  
 Where though I every Wyf may  
 Ensamplen hym & shal in mynde  
 What shame it is to be vnkynnysshe  
 Agayne the which wyllysng debaith  
 And every creature it hateth  
 For thy myfent in thy offaith  
 I wote thou shalt that telle vnto  
 For right as the Campell sayth  
 How Aduer is his feith  
 Forgette for weeldes awaith  
 Full oft in such a maner Wyf  
 Of shewe now a man may be  
 Full many that vnkynnysshe



For Wel to promise & eue to last  
 That is true lye for at the last  
 When that they haue his myde done  
 But here is gone after soone  
 What saist thou soone to this man  
 My fader I wol saye alas  
 That eue was such a man borne  
 That when he had his myde done  
 And had of here what he wold  
 That he ony tyme shold  
 Euer in his lere after fynde  
 To be false or to be vnkynde  
 What fader as touchend of me  
 I may not stonde in that degre  
 For I toke nought of here why  
 That I ne may goo after by  
 And doo my profite els wite  
 For ony spede I fynde there  
 I may wel mynde of about  
 But I dare not speke it out  
 And if I durst I wold praye  
 That she for whom I suffer praye  
 And here eue hys & hys lode  
 That nother gyt nother hys  
 In warding of my fader  
 But hys hys in no maner wite  
 I wold not say that she is kynde  
 And for to saye that she is vnkynde  
 That dare I not but god above  
 The which tyme & tyme here of here  
 He wold that on myn othe she  
 Shold not vnkynde as here  
 If that I shold wite my lode dille  
 That of dare I no more wite  
 How good fader as it is  
 Telle me what pryncle of this  
 My fere of that vnkyndship  
 The which toward the ladyship  
 Thou prayest for the wyl the nought  
 Thou art to blame in that thought  
 For it may be that the desyre  
 Though it beane aye as doth the fere  
 Out may to be honour myght  
 Or the tyme comyth not yet  
 The which stonde by the desyre  
 For the my fere I wite the

Thynke Wel what eue the shalle  
 For no man hath his luste alle  
 But as thou woldst me before  
 That thou to here art not forswore  
 And hast do no vnkyndnesse  
 Thou myght therof thy grete blysse  
 And here not for thy conuynce  
 For ther may be no such conuynce  
 To here as it is vnkyndship  
 Wite for to kepe thy worship  
 So as the olde lode talle  
 I shalle the alle a wyl talle  
 How lode & the wyl wite therby  
 For I wyl alle it openly

Die ponit exemplum contra istos vi-  
 ros amori ingratos. Et narrat quatuor  
 Cæsus adami filius consilio suffultus  
 Adriane Regis Mynos filie in do-  
 mo qdæ Labyrinthus dicitur Minotauri  
 cum vincit / Unde Cæsus Adriane  
 sponsalia certissime promittens ipsam  
 una cum fedra sorore sua a Cæsa secum  
 nauigio duxit / Sed statim postea ob  
 alio gratitudinis beneficio Adrianam  
 ipsam saluantem in insula etiam spes-  
 tam post argum relinquit. & fedra Athe-  
 nis sibi sponsatam ingratia coronauit

Innos as talleth the poete  
 The which was soyme synge  
 of Cæsa / A fere he had & an-  
 droch / De hysde and so talle that he  
 comth Athenis for to lode  
 Was fere / & so he saw hym thew  
 In that he was of his synge  
 Much poete he wote in his conuynce  
 That he forgeten hath the fere  
 And in tyme among foles

He dyd many thynges strong  
 And used that lye so long  
 Til at the last of that he wrought  
 He found the meschance þ which he sought  
 Where thowgh he felle þ he was slayn  
 His fader the which it herd sayn  
 Was wrothe / & all that ouer he myght  
 Of men of armes he hym dyght  
 A strong power & forth he went  
 Vnto Athens wære he bent  
 The pleyne countre al about  
 The Cytyes stode of hym in doubt  
 As they no defence hadde  
 Agyne the power that he hadde  
 Egeus that was then kynge  
 His counsaile took vpon this thyng  
 For he was than in the Cyty  
 Soo that of pres in to tyme  
 Wit were Mynos and Egeus  
 They felle & ben accorded thus  
 That kynge Mynos fro yere to yere  
 Keapue shal as thou shalt see  
 Out of Athens for tynage  
 Of men that were of myghty age  
 Persones nyne of which he shal  
 His wyll doo in special  
 For vengeance of his sonnes deeth  
 None other grea there ne geth  
 But for to take the Jupys  
 And for that was done in such a wyse  
 The which stood in a wonder was  
 For that tyme so it was  
 Wroth that men yett red and synge  
 Kynge Mynos had in his keepynge  
 A cruel monstre as feith the geste  
 For he was half man & half best  
 And Mynotaurus he was hote  
 The which was bigoden in a rock  
 Vpon Phalse his owne wyf  
 Whiles he was oute vixn the stuf  
 Of that grea syge of Troy  
 But she that lye hath al iore  
 When that she sawe this monstre how  
 Bad men ordeyne another fore  
 And it felle that same tyme thus  
 There was a Clerk one Dedalus

That had ben of his assent  
 Of that his word hath myght bent  
 As he that made of his owne wyf  
 Wroth of the tymbrechaunce is yet  
 For Mynotaurus such a hore  
 That was so strong & meury was  
 That what man within went  
 There was so many a dyuers went  
 That he ne shal come oute  
 Out go amaspe al aboute  
 And in this to be to like & wode  
 Was Mynotaurus put in wode  
 That what lye that theryn cam  
 Man or best he ouercam  
 And he we and fedde hym thennyng  
 And in this wise many one  
 Of Athens for tynage  
 Deuoured were in that tyme  
 For euery yere they shopen ben so  
 Tyn of Athens as they go  
 Toward the the woful channell  
 As it was set in ordynance  
 Vpon fortune he he they cast  
 Til that Theseus at the last  
 The which was þ knyghts sonne then  
 Amonges other that there were  
 In that there as it befelle  
 The he vpon his chounce felle  
 He was a knyght worthy with al  
 And when he sawe his chounce falle  
 He ferd as though he wold no be  
 But al that ouer he myght fere  
 With hym & with his felawshyp  
 Forth in to grea he goth by this  
 Where that the kynge Mynos he fought  
 And profreth al that hym is ought  
 Vpon the point of his acorte  
 This sterne kynge / this cruel wyde  
 Tole euery day one of the nyne  
 And put hym in to dyscipline  
 Of Mynotaurus to he deuoured  
 But Theseus was so fauoured  
 That he was kepte till at the last  
 And the more wofle he cast  
 What more thyng hym were left to do  
 And felle that Argant the

The which was the daughter of Mynos  
 And had bred the worthy do  
 Of Chrysus and of his myght  
 And saide that he was a lusty knyght  
 For he had been on hym the lady  
 And he that also of due hit purpoyse  
 So farforth that they were alone  
 And admyred that among  
 In what maner he shold hym save  
 And how so that he dyd hym save  
 A childe of thurs the which withynne  
 Spoke at the dore to that knyght  
 And when he wold agayne ward wende  
 With hym to take that one ende  
 He myght as the same way  
 And oute this so as I sey  
 Of speche he took hym a while  
 The which he shold in to the throte  
 Of Mynosaurus cast ryght  
 Such wey also for hym he dygged  
 That he by wey may not faple  
 To make an ende of his battayle  
 For he hym taught in dyuerse wyse  
 Tyl he was conyng of that myght  
 Do as he this last shold fynde  
 And thus shakely for to alle  
 So as this mayden hym had taught  
 Chrysus with his monster fought  
 And smote of his hede & which he namy  
 And by the thred so as he cam  
 He gothe agayne til he went oute  
 Eden was gret wonder at aboute  
 Mynos the tynant such mervayle  
 And so the weye was al hardy  
 Oute wente Athenis & hem of Certe  
 But now to speke of that wyte  
 The which he had was withoute wane  
 This fayne mayden Arpan  
 When she saw Chrysus sounde  
 Was never yet upon this grounde  
 A gladder wyght than she was the  
 Chrysus dwellyd a day or two  
 With this mayden spak & wolwed  
 That she to hym was abandouned  
 In all that euer she couthe  
 So that of hys lusty youthe

At prynces beddene hem I sey  
 The first thur he took a wey  
 For he so fayne hys than he myght  
 That euer whyle he spak myght  
 He shold hys tyme for his wyf  
 And as his owne lere he sey  
 He shold hys due & trowthe hys be  
 And he that myght not fortere  
 So for duech hym agayne  
 That what as euer he wold seyne  
 With al his best he it dryght  
 And thus his purpoyse he accomplishe  
 So that assurde of his trowthe  
 With hym she went & that was wouth  
 Feda her yong suster eke  
 A lusty mayden sober and meke  
 Fulfilled of al curtesye  
 For susterhode and compayny  
 Of due/the which was hem brydewe  
 To see her suster he made a queene  
 Her fader lere & forth she went  
 With hym that al his first entent  
 Fagat within a hal the wyte  
 So that it was al ourthe to be  
 When that she wend that it shold stonde  
 The ship was bidden fro the londe  
 Wherein they lay sailend there  
 This Arpan had moche fere  
 Of that the wynde so bidden be  
 As she that of the see ne knewe  
 And perid for to tise a whyle  
 And so felle that upon an ylle  
 That this nyght they ben dreue  
 Where he to hys lene hath yue  
 And she shal londe & take hir rest  
 But that was nothyng for hir best  
 For when she was to londe brought  
 The which at þe tyme thought nouzt  
 But al trowthe & took no kep  
 Hath layd hir doune to slepe  
 As she that long hath ben for watchyng  
 But eris she was eue matchyng  
 And fer from all lene londe  
 For more than the best vylente  
 Chrysus the which no trowthe kept  
 While that this yonge lady slept



Fulfilled of his Unkyndeshipp  
 Hath forgotten al godshyp  
 The which Adryan had hym done  
 And he had the shypmen soone  
 Wale vp the saile & not abyde  
 Out forth he gothe the same tyme  
 Toward Athens & there on land  
 He left his lady in the stonde  
 Slepend til that she awoke  
 Out when that she cast vp hyr like  
 Toward the stonde and saw no wyf  
 Hyr hert than was sore assyght  
 That she ne wyf what to thynke  
 Out drowe hyr to the water bynche  
 Where so she biled the see at large  
 She sawe no ship / she sawe no barge  
 No ferforth as she myght kenne  
 O lord she said such a synne  
 As al the world shal after here  
 Wypon this woful woman here  
 This worthy knyght hath done & woof  
 I wend I had his loue bought  
 And so defenied at newe  
 When that he stode wypon his derys  
 And also the loue he me he myght  
 It is greet wondre how he myght  
 Towardes me now he Unkynde  
 And soo to lere out of his mynde  
 Thynng that he said his o'wne mouth  
 But after this when it is couthe  
 And deawen to the wordes fame  
 It shal be hynderpnyng for his name  
 For wel he wote and soo wote I  
 He gaf his trouthe bodyly  
 That he my honour sholden kepe  
 And with that word she gan wepe  
 And sorowed more than ynough  
 Hyr fair tresses she to drough  
 And with hyr self she took such a staf  
 And she bitwene the teth & the tef  
 Swoundend lay ful off amonge  
 And all was this on hyr long  
 The which was to hure Unkynd so  
 Whereof she wrong shal curio  
 Stonde in Cronycle of uncomfyt  
 And also it aske a vengeance

To he Unkynde in hure as  
 So as thesue than was  
 Al though he was a noble knyght  
 For he the lawe of hure tpyght  
 Forspad hath for al wyf  
 That Adryan he putt a wyf  
 The which was a grette Unkynde  
 And after that so as I was  
 From the which he suffer is  
 He took in fere of hyr and this  
 Fel after ward to mellet hure  
 For that wyf of which I mene  
 Unkyndeshipp where it fallith  
 The trouthe of mannes hert it fallith  
 That he can no good derys argue  
 So may he stonde of no mercy  
 Towardes god and also  
 Men calle hym the wordes for  
 For he no more than the fende  
 Wote another mannes fende  
 But al toward hym self alone  
 For thy myfent in thy persone  
 This wyf alone all other fere  
 my fader as wote me  
 I thynk to doo in this matre  
 But ouer this I wold sayn hure  
 Whereof I shal me shew more  
 my good sonne and for thy hure  
 After the wylle of couetyse  
 I shalle the propre drupe  
 Of cury wyf by & by  
 Now hertly & he wel wote hertly

Vincibus et clamoribus tollit hanc impietatem /  
 Iste et iuncta Virgine mella co-  
 pit

Sic tractat super illa specie anacide  
 que Rapina nuncupatur / cuius matre  
 edocis ipsam ad testandum magi-  
 natum curio specialius commendauit /

3 At the bygnage of Nalrye  
 my sone yet there is a byr  
 His right name is Raupne  
 The which hath a wote of his couyne  
 Raupne among the maysters dyllers  
 And which his seruantes as may tell  
 Exterion is no w withoute  
 Raupne of other mannes folde  
 maketh his lre & payeth nought  
 For wher as euer it may be sought  
 In his so the ther shall no thyng lack  
 And that ful oft abeth the pack  
 Of poun may that d'wellen aboute  
 Thus stith the comyn peple in doubt  
 The which can doo none amenderment  
 For when hym payeth payment  
 Raupne maketh none other sylp  
 Out taketh by strength the what he will  
 So by other in the same bys  
 Louers as I that deup  
 That when not els may auayp  
 Anone with strength they assaye  
 And gate of due the signe  
 When they see the tyme by Raupne  
 Of due / Certes fader no  
 For I my lady here so  
 For though I were as was Pompey  
 That al the world me wold obey  
 Or els such as Alisandre  
 I wold not do such a fcaundre  
 He is no good man that soo doth  
 In good ferech sone thou seest sooth  
 For he that wol of purteannre  
 By such a wepe his lust auauant  
 He skal it after soue abynt  
 Out of these old examples lye  
 How good fader take me one  
 So as they want many one  
 Touchend of due in this matre  
 How lye my sone / & thou shalt see  
 So as it both befallen or this  
 In lues canst thou that it is  
 A man to take the Raupne  
 The pyn the which is fimeyns

Dicunt Exemplum contra istos  
 in amoris causa impetores / Et narrat  
 qualiter Pandyon Rex Athenensis du  
 as filias propter auti Regi Egei dres  
 tre desponsatas contigit quod cum Ter  
 tus ad instantiam d'omis sue Philis  
 miam de Athenis in Troiam secon  
 Bistacionis causa suam quodam die  
 produxerit in concupiscentia Philomene  
 tanta fuerit in p'neur dilapsus est  
 quod non solum ipse Bistancia sue co  
 pine Virginitatis oppressit / sed et ipsius  
 linguam non factum detegerit forpice  
 intulauit / Unde impetrat memorie co  
 niam sancti capitis postea vindictus

Her Was a rool noble kynge  
 A tye of al woldes thyng  
 The which of his proper wyltyde  
 Athens had in gouernaunce  
 And who so thyngeth thereupon  
 His name was kynge Pandyon  
 His daughter had he by his wyf  
 The which he lured as his lye  
 The first daughter progrene bygh  
 The second as she wold myght  
 Was called salte philomene  
 To whom felle after moche tene  
 The fader of his purteannre  
 His daughter progrene wold auant  
 And gaf hir into marpage  
 A worthy kynge of his bygnage  
 A noble knyght also of his honre  
 So was he lye in eueri land  
 Of Troye he byghit Egeus  
 The Chirch Oupre taketh thus  
 This Egeus his wyfe some lade  
 A lusty lye with hir he lade  
 Till it be felle upon a tye  
 This progrene as she lay hym lye  
 Othougth he wold that it myght be  
 That she his fader myght see  
 And so he had his wyf she said

With goodly Wordes & hym paid  
 That she to hyr myght goo  
 And yf it tyked hym; not so  
 That than he Wold hym self Wende  
 Or els by somme other sende  
 The whiche myght hir dore susteyn  
 And shap hold they myght mete  
 Hir lord anone to that he had  
 Gane his accord; & thus answered  
 I Wille he said for your sake  
 The Wey after your susteyn take  
 my self and byng hir yf I may  
 And she With that there as she lay  
 Wigan hym in hir armes to clype  
 And kyssed hym With hyr softe lype  
 And said swee graunt mercy  
 And he sone after was wedd  
 And toke his lue for to go  
 In fory tyme dyd he soo  
 This thurus goth forth to shipe  
 And With hym his felous shipe  
 By se the right couro he nam  
 In to the Country til he cam  
 Where Whilomene Was dwelling  
 And of hyr susteyn the tydynge  
 He told & than they Weren glade  
 And moche ioye of hym they made  
 The fader and the moder bothe  
 To leue hir doughter they Weren lothe  
 But yf they Weren in persone  
 And neuertheles at the tructure  
 Of hym that Wolde hym self trowde  
 They Wold not that he shold fynde  
 Of that he paid to gyue hir lue  
 And she that Wold not behynde lue  
 In al last made hir iare  
 Toward hir susteyn for to fare  
 With Thurus and forth she Went  
 And he With his hole entant  
 When she fro hir frendes is gone  
 So sottilly hym on hyr lue anone  
 That his eyen myght he not Wythold  
 That he ne must on hyr behold  
 And With the sight he gan desyre  
 And set his owne lere a fyre  
 And fere When it to the appoynted

To hym anone the stronge daroch  
 Till With his lere it be deuourde  
 The toke ne may he succourde  
 And so that Timent auerent  
 When that she Was in his power  
 And he thereto saue tyme and spore  
 And he that lere hath al gure  
 Forgaue he Was a Wedded man  
 And in a myn on hir he can  
 Myght as a Wolf that taketh his prey  
 And she began to crye & pray  
 O my fader and moder dre  
 Now help; but they ne myght it dre  
 And she Was of to tyde myght  
 Defente agayne so rude a myght  
 To make when he Was so Wood  
 That he no wesen understode  
 But lere hir Under in such a wyse  
 That she myght not crye  
 Out lay omyssid and dysfide  
 And yf a Gouernante had fynde  
 A byrd the Whiche darst not for fere  
 Remoue; and thus this Timent thre  
 Wyse such thyng as may fere  
 May neuer more be holden agere  
 And that Was the wyngynge  
 Of such myn Was pre  
 Out When she to her self came  
 And of meschyn her name  
 And knewe how that she Was no maid  
 With Woful lere thus she said  
 O thou of al men the Wurst  
 When Was there euer man that darst  
 Doo such a dre as thou hast do  
 That day shall fynde I hope soo  
 That I shall telle out my tale  
 And With my spech I shall fulfille  
 The Wyde World in lere and lre  
 That thou hast done to me With strenght  
 And yf that I among the pryde dwelle  
 With the pryde I shall it alle  
 And yf I be With in Wall  
 Of stonys chyd than I shall  
 With the stonys chyd and lre  
 And alle lre of the fere  
 And yf I to the Wyde Wende



Thus shall I tell all an ende  
 And say it to the byrdes oure  
 That they shall heare it at aboute  
 For I so lorde shall write  
 That my byrd shall the drum play  
 That it shall soone in goddes ear  
 O fole man what is thy feare  
 O more cruel than ony best  
 Do w shall thou hold thy byrde  
 For which thou vnto my suster madest  
 O thou that of lout Bagdadest  
 And art an example of al vntrews  
 How wold god my suster knowe  
 Of thy vntrewche how that it stood  
 And he than as a lyon wode  
 With his vntrewp honours stronge  
 He caught her by the tuffes longe  
 With the which he bond his armes  
 That was a felde dore of armes  
 And to the ground anone hys cast  
 And ouer he clippeth also fast  
 Her long with a part of heres  
 So þ what with lode & what with he  
 re/ Oure of his eyes & of his mouthes  
 He made his face from vntrewche  
 His lap / so saying vnto the dore  
 There was vntrewche ony birth  
 But yet when he his long rest  
 A lout part he left  
 What she no wold with al may so wold  
 What chere & as a bird iargowne  
 And notwithstanding that wode sounde  
 Her body bent by fro the ground  
 And put her in a wode strong  
 Where that for night or for wronge  
 He putted that for al way  
 He stood abyde to his byrding day  
 What notwithstandinge howe calch he  
 What after felle of this myfde  
 When al this misthief was befall  
 This Edmunde that so lout hym befall  
 When he was comen his palape new  
 His byrd anon with myfde chere  
 With al murther honourably hym kept  
 And when he his lout / anon he kept  
 And that he did for disseye

For the lout & of the lout  
 Where is my suster / & he said  
 That he was dore & wouge aboute  
 As he that was a woful byrd  
 And stood by wode his dore & lout  
 By cause the lout this tpyng  
 But for the lout he lout wpyng  
 He wode not but al touth  
 And had wode the more wouth  
 He wode wode than forsaken  
 To his & black chere taken  
 As he that was gentyl & lout  
 In wode of his susters mynde  
 He made a lout entremet  
 For the founde none amandment  
 To lout fobbe or fowde more  
 So was there gyle vnder the gow  
 Now lout he this lout & quene  
 And lout he agerpe to philomane  
 As I lout to lout lout  
 When he cam to lout lout  
 It thought a loutis doughter strange  
 To make so fowde a chaunge  
 So wode vnto so gow a lout  
 And she lout to lout lout  
 Though she by mouth no lout praid  
 With her lout thus she said  
 O thou almyghty Iudger  
 That lout lout & lout lout  
 Thou lout many a woful lout  
 And yet it is not thy lout  
 To the there may no lout be lout  
 Thou knowest how it is lout  
 I wold I had not lout lout  
 For then I had not lout  
 My lout and my lout  
 But good lout all is in the  
 When thou lout wode no lout  
 And lout my lout lout  
 And lout among the lout lout  
 And lout that she lout lout  
 To be a woful woman lout  
 And that she lout lout  
 But oft lout her lout lout  
 Her lout lout on this lout  
 And said O suster & lout lout

Of myn estate yf wolde it be  
 I trowe and my deservement  
 Ye wolde shap and doo vengeance  
 On hym that is so false a man  
 And nevertheles so as I can  
 I wyl you send somme collenping  
 Wherof ye shal haue som knowlechynge  
 Of thyng I wote shal possibly be  
 The which ye toucheth & me to the  
 And than within a whyle as I do  
 Seke wate a clothe of sylke al whyle  
 With letters and ymagery  
 In the which was al the folp  
 That Tereus to hir had done  
 And lapped it to gedre sone  
 And set hir signet thereupon  
 And sent it to propyne anon  
 The messenger that forth it bare  
 What it amounted was not ware  
 And nevertheles to propyne he goth  
 And pryvely taketh hir the clothe  
 And went agayne ryght as he cam  
 The Courte of hym no frede nam  
 When Propyne of Whithemene herd  
 He wolde knowe how it frede  
 And opened that the man had brougt  
 And wote ther by what hath he brougt  
 And what myscheyf there is to falle  
 In swoune she gan doune falle  
 And eft aroos and gan to stonde  
 And eft she taketh the clothe on hond  
 And byld the letters & the ymages  
 But at the last out of such outages  
 She said to wepe is no lode  
 And swerth yf that she leue moche  
 It shall be venterd otherwys  
 And with that she gan hir auyse  
 How fyrst she myght vnto hyr wyf  
 Hir suster that no man withyn  
 But only they that were swore  
 It shold knowe & shope therfore  
 That Tereus no thyng it wyl  
 And yet ryght as hir selum byt  
 Hir suster was despyred soone  
 Out of the pryson & by the mone  
 To Dwyne she was brougt by nyght

And when ech of othre had a segge  
 In Chamber then they were alone  
 They made many a pious moue  
 But Dwyne most of sorowe made  
 The which sawe hir suster pale & sad  
 And speeketh and dishonoureth  
 Of that she had ben despyred  
 And also vpon hir hed she thought  
 Of that so so vnturely brougt  
 And had his sponser broken  
 She made a sovereyn shold to broken  
 And with that word she kned downe  
 Weeping in grette deuotion  
 Unto Cupide and Venus  
 She prayd and than said thus  
 O ye to whom no thyng afterd  
 Of hure may for cury lode  
 Ye knowe as ye that ben alone  
 The god and the goddesse of lode  
 Ye wyl wel that ever yet  
 With all my praye and al my wyl  
 With first ye shope me to wedde  
 That I lay with my lord in bedde  
 I haue ben trewe in my degre  
 And ever thought for to be  
 And neuer to lue in othre place  
 But al only the kyng of Tereus  
 The which is my lord & I his wyf  
 But now allowe this woful wyl  
 That I hym thus agaynward frende  
 The most vntrewe & the most vndyde  
 That ever in lady armis lay  
 And well I wote that he may  
 Amend it his wrong is so grette  
 For ful tyll of me he lode  
 When he myne owne suster toke  
 And me that am his wyf forsoke  
 Los thus to Venus and Cupide  
 He prayd & furthermore she prayd  
 Unto Awoke the byst  
 And said O myghty god of all  
 Thou doo vengeance on this wretch  
 My suster and al her estate  
 Thou knowest & how she hath forsoke  
 Her maidenhode and I therfore  
 In al the world shal ben a blame

Of that my suster both a shame  
 That Thrus to hir I sent  
 That wel thou knowest that myn will  
 Was al for wysshyp and for good  
 O had that greuous lynes fore  
 To every wyght I pray the be  
 The woful susters that ben ben  
 And laste to not to the be lorde  
 We ben thy othe women be  
 Thus playmeth prynces & a lorde  
 And though hir suster lack speche  
 To hym that al thyng doth  
 Hir lorde is not the lorde lorde  
 But he that than lorde ben lorde  
 Hym ought to have some lorde  
 For some that was ben lorde  
 With signes prynces phylome  
 And prynces such the shall it be  
 That all the world therof shall speche  
 And prynces than lorde lorde  
 Wythout lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And paid the myght hir chamber lorde  
 And as hir lorde lorde lorde  
 And he lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And thus to god he lorde lorde  
 That wold hym but a lorde lorde  
 Now lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 O woful prynces that be lorde  
 These susters that ben lorde lorde  
 And that was not on lorde lorde  
 But only on the greuous lorde  
 The which Thrus had lorde lorde  
 They purpouse to lorde lorde lorde  
 This Thrus by prynces his lorde  
 A lorde had that as his lorde  
 Reduced/and this he lorde lorde  
 Add his moder lorde lorde lorde  
 Do lorde no more lorde  
 Than lorde his child that was so lorde  
 Thus lorde lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Of lorde lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Without insight of moder lorde  
 For lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And in the chamber prynces  
 That child without lorde lorde  
 The lorde lorde lorde lorde lorde

And after with dynter lorde  
 The lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 The lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And the lorde at his lorde  
 The lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 That he ne lorde lorde lorde  
 But thus his othe lorde lorde  
 Hym self lorde lorde lorde  
 To hym that was to lorde lorde  
 And than as that he can lorde  
 For that his lorde lorde lorde  
 To lorde lorde his child was lorde  
 This phylome lorde lorde lorde  
 Wythout lorde lorde lorde  
 So can lorde the suster lorde  
 And lorde it on the lorde  
 And prynces than lorde lorde  
 And said O lorde of all lorde  
 Of conspency lorde no lorde  
 May lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 So lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 O lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 With lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Thou lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 So no lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 The lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 In lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 For lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 That it lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 With lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 That they lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Lorde lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 That they lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And in the lorde lorde lorde  
 The lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Lorde lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Eche of lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Was lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Delphic lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 After lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 Lorde lorde lorde lorde lorde  
 And as it lorde lorde lorde



The first in to a nyghtingale  
 Was shapen & that was Philomen  
 The which in the wynter is not sene  
 For than be the leues falle  
 And naked ben the bushes alle  
 For after that she was a byrde  
 Hir wyll was cur to be byrd  
 And for to dwelle in prync place  
 That noman shold see hir face  
 For shame that myght not be lassyde  
 Of thyng that was before passid  
 When that she lest hir maydenhode  
 For aier upon hir womanhode  
 Though that the gods wold hir chage  
 She thynketh & is the more shame  
 And holdeth hir clos the wynter day  
 But when the wynter goth alwey  
 And that nature the goddesse  
 Welle of hir oone see largesse  
 With herbis & with floures tothe  
 The felde & the medowes clothe  
 Also the woodes & the greues  
 Ben hyllid all with grene leues  
 So that a byrd hir byrde may  
 Wythene maro Apryl & may  
 Se that the wynter lerd choos  
 For pure shame & not awos  
 When that she sawe the bowes thygh  
 And that there is no bare stygh  
 But al is byd with leys grene  
 To wode cometh this Philomen  
 And maketh hir playnre nyght & day  
 Sayng as euery man her may  
 O why ne were I yet a mayde  
 For soo this old wyse said  
 The which vnderstoode what she ment  
 Hir notes ben of such entent  
 And eke they said how in her songe  
 She maketh grete ioye & myrthe among  
 And said now I am a byrd  
 And now my face may be byrd  
 Though I haue lost my maydenhode  
 Shal no man see my carkes wode  
 Thus medlith she with ioye wo  
 And with hir sowthe myrthe also

Soe that of dures maladye  
 She maketh dynerse melodye  
 And said she is a woful byesse  
 A wysdom that can no man wesse  
 A lusty feuer a wounde soft  
 This note she uttereth oft  
 To hem that vnderstand her tale  
 Now haue I of this nyghtingale  
 The which erst was clerd Philomen  
 Told al that aier she wold mene  
 Gothe of hir forme & of hir note  
 Wythof may may the story note  
 And of hir suster Pwigne I fynde  
 How she was turnede out of kynde  
 In to a swalwe byt of wyng  
 That also in wynter lerd folowng  
 Ther as she may no thyng be sene  
 But when the wold is wogen grene  
 And comen is the fomer tyde  
 Then flyeth she forth & bygn to chere  
 And chaateth out in hir langage  
 What falshe is in marriage  
 And tellyth in a maner speche  
 Of armes the spouse breche  
 She wol not in woodes dwelle  
 For she wold openly telle  
 And also for that she was a spouse  
 Among the folkes she cometh in howse  
 To doo these wyse vnderstonde  
 The falshe of hir husbonds  
 That they be wof of hem also  
 For there be many vntrewe of the  
 Thus ben these susters byrdes wyse  
 And ben to hard the men so be  
 That they ne wylle for pure shame  
 To no mans honde be tame  
 For aier it dwelleth in hir mynde  
 Of that they fond a man vntrewe  
 And that was false Trewe  
 If such one be among be  
 I note but his condycyon  
 Men say in euery Regyon  
 Withyn to wne & the without  
 How myght comonly about  
 And namely in remembrance  
 I wyl declare what vngourment

The goddes had hym intermede  
Of that the fulters had playnde  
For anone he was chawged  
And from his owne kynde strauinge  
A lapidencie made he was  
And thus he boweth on the gras  
And on his side stondeth vp ryght  
A crose in token he was a knyght  
And yet vnto this day may seith  
The lapidencie hath left his feith  
And is the best falshe of alle  
Confess

De Wam my four on that is so falle  
For of thou he of such a couple  
To gate of lue the Raigne  
The lue it may falle the thus  
As u befall of Taurus  
Amans

My fader god forlode  
The Wam wure he forlode  
With Wpld horses & to die he  
Et Jagerne lue & his laide  
Dyd ony thyng in blood or styll  
The Wiche Wam not my lades Wille  
May seyn that cury lue hath dide  
So feldeth it that J hir dide  
For J hir lue / & who so dide  
To passe his lue & seme hym neteth  
Thus may he knowe by what styll  
That no man doo J Wpl  
Agreue hir Wille by such a Wep  
Out Wpl J lue J Wpl ody  
Abpoynte on hir cury  
If any man wold byt ppe  
For thy my fader as of this  
J Wot not that J haue too amys  
But fethermon J shalle byfide  
Thou that som other wout is me trede  
And askest forth of them he ought  
That J may be the better taught

Quia si e spolijs grandi quam  
sp. tumultum / Quo graditur p. pui  
das latio p. pui iat / Sic amor e co

si potuit quo arper p. pui / Si lous  
est ap. pui aram multa times

Hic loquitur super cupiditatis spes  
cir. quam furtum vocant / cuius minis  
ta aliamus legis offensam non metu  
re tam in amoris causa qua alia / su  
am quam sepe conscientiam offendunt /

W Dan Couetise in pure e late  
Stondeth With hym self. Don  
Wbat / Thurg lack of my / 30  
uermaunt / That he vnto his sustenau  
He can none other Wep spnde  
To gate hym good than as the blinde  
The Wiche seeth not what shalle afor  
fall / That p. l. 3. / Which me alle  
Of Robbery he taketh on honde  
Whter though the Water & the bonde  
Of thyng that other men forspnde  
He geteth hym chiche mete & digne  
Hym wiche not what to do he lagg  
Though thet soo that he may luy  
For thy to make his purchas  
He luyth Wartug on the pas  
And what thyng y he seeth ther passe  
He taketh his pas more & lasse  
If it be ought Worth for to take  
He can the pallies wel renfale  
So p. p. l. l. none about  
His gold ne he it spndeth out  
Or other Jewel what it be  
He taketh it as his proppre  
In Wodes & in felde eke  
Thus Robbery goth to sele  
Whter as he may his purpos spnde  
And right so in the same kynde  
my good sene as thou myght lue  
To speke of lue in this matre  
And make a Wam ressemblance  
Right as a thefe maketh his churcel

And wolletth mannes goodes aboute  
 In Wood in feld & in he goth oute  
 So ben there of these luyers some  
 In Wyld feldes & by theyr come  
 And fynd there a woman alle  
 And thereto space couenable  
 Withoute let or that they fare  
 They take a pæce of that chaffare  
 Ye though she were a shepherdesse  
 Ye wold the lord of Wandounesse  
 I say all though he be vylmate  
 For other mannes good is sware  
 But therof wote nothing the Wyf  
 At home / the Which luyeth as hit lyf  
 Hir lord and spæth al day Wysshynge  
 A far hir lordes home comynge  
 But when he cometh home at eue  
 Anone he maketh his Wyf to lue  
 For she not els shold knowe  
 He telleth hir how his hilt gan blowe  
 And how his houndes haue wyl to wone  
 And how there shone a mery sonne  
 And how his hawkes flew by wone  
 But he wold telle hir neuer a tale  
 How he to lue vnterwe was  
 Of that he robbed in the pas  
 And toke his lust vnder the shawe  
 A geene lue & ageene his lade  
 The Which thyng my sene I the forde  
 For it is an vngoodly dede  
 For who that taketh by Robbery  
 His lue he may not Iustifye  
 His cause & so ful oft speth  
 For onys that he hath ben blythe  
 He shall be after fory thyng  
 Examples for such robberys  
 I fynde wyten as thou shalt here  
 Accordynge vnto this matere

Die loquitur contra istos in am-  
 tis causa p[ro]dones / qui cum suam fur-  
 sine concupiscentiam aspirant / fortuna  
 in contrariu operatur / Et narrat quod

cum Neptunus quondam Virginem no-  
 mine Cornicam solam in sua montibus  
 sustinentem opprimere suo furto voluisset  
 sit superueniens pallas ipsam de mani-  
 bus eius Virginis semina gemitus li-  
 beravit

3. Next to this Whilome Was a mayde  
 As farr as Dux said  
 That Was in hir tyme the  
 And she Was of the chanceler also  
 Of allas that is the goddesse  
 Wyfe to mare / of Whome the p[ro]fess  
 So geuen to these worthy knyghtes  
 Yr he is of so gret myght  
 That he gourneth the batayle  
 Withoute hym may not awaye  
 The strong hande but he it he  
 Ther may no knyght of armes yete  
 Wat he fyght vnder his baner  
 But nold to spele of my matere  
 This faire frellis lufte may  
 Alone as she went on a day  
 vpon the stonde for to play  
 Then cam Neptunus in the Bay  
 The Which hath the fer in gournall  
 And in his hert such p[re]saunce  
 He toke when he this mayden spide  
 That all his hert awoos on hyde  
 For he so soverly in Wam  
 Bewild the herte that she bare  
 And ast anone in his hert  
 That she shall hym no wey aserth  
 But yf he take in auauntage  
 From that mayden some p[re]sage  
 Not of no hertes ne of no thynges  
 But of somme other smale thynges  
 He thought to haue part or yf he will  
 And hir in toke his armes bent  
 And put his hand to ward the Coste  
 Wherfor to wille he made a p[ro]fess  
 That lufte t[er]four for to stie  
 The Which passeth other goodes fide



That fille by old dages gone

That maked is the maydenhead  
The which is the shame of womanhead  
This maye that Cange by name  
Was cleped Daryng al thame  
Salle that she myght not debate  
And yet she byt to hold algate  
Fulfulle his lust of Roberta  
None began to wepe & crye  
And said O pallas nobis quene  
Whiche now thy myght & lare be shene  
To help and save myr honoure  
Help that I be not myr shame  
The which now under lye is shame  
That wote was not so soone spoken  
Wher pallas shone myr  
After the wylle & the wyse  
Of hir the which a mayen was  
And soonly upon this cas  
Out of hir womans lynde  
In to a byrde lyfene I fynde  
She was transformyd forth with all  
So that Neptunus no thyng feeld  
Of thyng that he wold have stole  
With fowles black as ony cole  
Out of his armes in a thowbe  
She flete before his eyes a crowe  
The which was to hir shone wyse  
To help her maydenhead wylle  
Conder the wote of fethers blade  
Whan in wryte wote to forsaile  
That no lye may wryte agayne  
What thus Neptunus his lute in trye  
Hath upon wylle set  
The byrde was shewen & he was led  
The first maye is fro hym scaped  
So that for ever he was strande  
And fownd of that he hath her  
Myr fowle to thou was her fowle  
That thou no maydenhead fete  
Wherof man se dyfite fete  
At day fende in dyfite lye  
So as I that the yet tyngh  
Another tale thensyon

Hic ponit respuell etiam istos in causa  
Virginittatis lise perdonis et narrat qd  
cum Calistona Regis Richantis mtr  
pulcritudinis fida suam Virginittatem  
Diane confirmat castissimam soluis  
set. Et in suam que agna dicitur in s  
er alias ibidem Nymphas mortuum m  
se transiit. Juberet Virginis castitas  
am subiti furto succipiens quendam fi  
lium qui postea Archas nominatus e  
et ea genuit. Unde Juno in Calistona  
femel eius pulcritudinem in vris tur  
pissime deformitatem subiti transfigur  
avit

¶ Png Dycaon Upon his lye  
A daughter had a goodely lye  
And cleue mayen of wothp  
fume/Calistona whose right name  
Was cleped & of many a lye  
She was brought/ but byt accorde  
To lye myght no man lye  
As she that had no lust therein  
But swore in her lye & lye  
That she wold ever be a maid  
Wherfor to lye her self in lye  
With such an amadryades  
Wen cleped wen mayden tho  
And with the Nymphs she lye  
Upon the spring of fessle lye  
She lye to dylle & no lye lye  
And thus was this Calistona  
In to the wote to Tegera  
Wher she byngmyr lye  
Cone Dyane & lye lye

But trowthe vpon the hollowe ground  
 To kepe hit maydenlike chere  
 Till whicht afterward vpon a day  
 Was puruely stolen away  
 For Iubiter through his curpnysse  
 From hir it toke in such a wyse  
 That fornyly forth With alle  
 Hyr wombe awose / & she to walke  
 So that it myght not be hydde  
 And Mercury it is sayde  
 That Dyane the which is herd alle  
 In prync place vnto a well  
 With Nymphes at a compaign  
 Was comyn and in amercys  
 Shesaid that she hath wold  
 And had that euery mayden shold  
 With hir al naked bathe also  
 And than began the prync woo  
 Calistona to orde for shame  
 But they that knewe not the game  
 To whom such thyng was to falle  
 Anone they made hym naked alle  
 As they no thyng wold hyde  
 But she withdrew hir ever asyde  
 And netherles in the fode  
 Where that Dyane hir selue stode  
 She thought to come vnperceyued  
 But therof she was all wayued  
 For when she cam a lytell nyght  
 And that Dyane her wombe kyght  
 She said alwey thou folle best  
 For thy estate is not honeste  
 This chaste watre for to touche  
 For thou hast had such a touche  
 The which neuer may be hole agayne  
 And thus goth she that was forlorn  
 With shame & the Nymphes frowde  
 Till when that nature hir spedde  
 That of a sonne that hyght Archas  
 Was named she delpyerd was  
 And Iuno that was the wyf  
 Of Iubiter woth and lastyf  
 In purpoo for to doo vengeance  
 Come forth vpon that channer  
 And to Calistona she spakke  
 And set vpon hyr many a lacke

And said a now thou art take  
 That thou thy wyl may not forsake  
 A thou vngoodly prync  
 Thou art guilty for to syn  
 But now thou shalt not for agh  
 That yll the firste and myghty  
 That thou hast to the take & doo  
 Wherof thy fader Archas  
 Shall not be glad when he is told  
 Of that his daughter was so bold  
 That she hath broken hir chaste wolle  
 But I the shall chastysse now  
 Thy gyfte haue that is to me  
 Though which I thou hast to myght  
 ned / Thy large frowde thy syn gny  
 I shall by chaunge in othe way  
 And of the fete of thy fow  
 In such a wyse I shall deface  
 For euery man the shal forfear  
 And forchtly the tyllens of a fere  
 She wold and was forshapen anon  
 And within a tyme Mercury  
 Wyfelle that with a toke in fowte  
 To hunt and gamen for to fowte  
 In to that wode goth for to playe  
 For sone Archas and in his waye  
 He hoped that this fere come  
 And when that she good fere name  
 When that he stood vnder a toke  
 Shesaid hym well & to hym dwelle  
 For though she had hir forme lye  
 The lye was not lost therfor  
 The which hym hath set vnder his  
 lye / When she vnder the wode shawde  
 Hyr child befre she was so glade  
 That she with both hir armes spande  
 And though she wem in womanhood  
 To ward hym come & wold no fere  
 How that he cam a toke fere  
 And he with that an awle fere  
 And gan to kysse it in his toke  
 As he that can none othe knowe  
 But that it was a best wyde  
 But Iupiter that wold shewde  
 The moer and the fere of so  
 Outpued for hym toke so

That they for auct were saue  
 Out thus my song thou myght haue  
 Ensample to it is to flee  
 To wote the vergynite  
 Of a yong Iamant a wyg  
 And auct this by our wyg  
 In old booke as I wote  
 Such a coler is for to wote  
 And namely of that good  
 The which auct woman that is good  
 Dispar for to be a good  
 As some men was by days old  
 In yf thou see my tale wel  
 Of that was than thou may fonde  
 Of old ensample take here  
 Well that the fount of maydenhede  
 Was that time holyn in pte  
 And so it was and so it is  
 And so it shall for auct stonde  
 And for thou shalt it understonde  
 Hold the same the tale not it wote  
 Well maydenhede is to commend

Die sequitur de Virginitate commu-  
 datione Vbi dicit quod nupte Imperas  
 tura obstanti status dignitatem Vir-  
 ginibus stant in via

¶ Rome among the gesses old  
 I fynde to be wote to be  
 The what man so auct were  
 Empire/Of some he shold to honoure  
 To a wygyn & in the wey  
 Wote he hit more he shold obeye  
 In worship of vergynite  
 That was than of gess dignite  
 And not only of the woman the  
 Out of the clater may also  
 It was commended out all  
 And to speke thereof in special

Die sequitur qualiter Phocas in  
 uenit romae pulcherrimus de illi sui  
 Virginitatem conseruaret ambo oculos  
 tuos vultu sui decorem abominabilis  
 de constituit

¶ Our lord of men ensample I fynde  
 Phocas & was of mase kynde  
 Above al other the fapast  
 Of Rome & also the comfist  
 That well was hys that myght  
 Wote & haue of hym a spight  
 Thus was he ampted of a fow  
 But for he wote he no more  
 Among the woman so couerdy  
 The fauer of his face serdy  
 He hath & thurst out to the his eyen  
 That all wymmen that hym seen  
 Then a farward of hym he wought  
 And thus his maydenhede he bought  
 So may I pene wel for thy  
 About al other vnder the sky  
 That maydenhede is for to pte  
 Who that the verue wote pte  
 The which as the apocalypis wote  
 To cast in heuyn list auct

Die sequitur Agnum quocumque leuit

So may I the we wel therfore  
 As I haue told it for a fow  
 In heuyn & in erthe also  
 It is wote to the fow  
 Out of his fleshe a man to leuyn  
 Gygyn hath this ensample geuyn

In carne perit carnem viuere vo-  
 luit in angelis est quam humana



And Ierom sayth it shall wither & be sold  
 Ephe to an Angel many fold  
 Than to the lye of mans kynde  
 There is no tison for to fynde  
 But only thowgh the gyfte about  
 In fleshe without fleschly lous  
 And may to lye chaste be  
 And neuertheless a man may be  
 Of such as haue ben or this  
 And yet there ben/ but for it is  
 A vertu that is seldom wonne  
 Nold I this matter haue begonnt  
 I thynke to telle thereof more  
 The which my sone for thy lye  
 If that the lye to take he be  
 To tye vpon maydenhede

Ut Rosa de spinis spineto persuadet  
 or: ut filij flore aspicit plura Valli  
 Sic sibi Virginitas carnis sponsalia ven  
 at/ Eternos fetus que sine labe parit

The booke seyn that a mans lye  
 vpon knyghthode in verte & stuf.  
 No let among his enemyes  
 Night so the freel flesch whos nature is  
 As wdy for to spurne & felle  
 The fyrst foman is of alle  
 For that verte is wdy as  
 It beareth nyght/it beareth day  
 So that a man hath neuer tist  
 And therefore is that knyght the best  
 Thowgh myght & gyfte of gods sode  
 The which that bataill may withstode  
 Wherof it dwelleth the memory  
 Of hem that somtyme the victorie  
 Of that wdey were hadden  
 The hylt prowesse & which they hodd  
 Wher thowgh & so the stood amended  
 vpon this crthe is yet commended

Hic hauiat qualiter Constantianus  
 Imperator ipse octogenarius plume pro  
 uincias Romano Imperio militiger sub  
 ingauit/dixit se super omnia magis gau  
 det de eo quod contra sue carnis concu

piscendam victoriam optinisset / nam  
 et ipse Virgo omnibus ductus Vita sue  
 castissimus permansit/

¶ An Emperour by old dayes  
 That was & he of al offayres  
 A worthy knyght was of his  
 sode/ That was no such in all the lode  
 But yet for all his vassellage  
 He stood vpon wedded at his age  
 And in Cownsele as it is told  
 He was an honerd wynter old  
 But when men told his wdey prys  
 And his knyghthode of armes prys  
 Of that he did with his sodes  
 Wdy & the knyght & the sode  
 To his subiection put vnder  
 Of all that prys he had no wonder  
 For he it set at none account  
 And said all that myght not amount  
 Agayn one poynt that he had nemy  
 That his flesch he had overcome  
 He was a virgin as he sayde  
 On that batayle his prys he laide  
 So now my sone auge the  
 Gader all this may wel be  
 But and al othe did soo  
 The world of men were sone ago  
 And in the laste may may fynde  
 How god to man the lalle of kynde  
 Hath set the world to multiplye  
 And who that wdey hym Iustifye  
 It is not to do the laste  
 And neuertheless your good saue  
 Is good to keep wdey so may  
 I wol not ther agayne saye  
 My sone take it as I say  
 If maydenhede he taky a way  
 Without laue or dynaunt  
 It may not fynde of vengeaunt  
 And if thou wylt the sode wdey

Which is the which is the which  
 How that the king of Agamemnon  
 When he the City of Laceda  
 Had wonnen/ a mayden there he founde  
 That was the fairest of the lande  
 In that time that maye weft  
 And he had of her what hym self  
 Wrote that she was dangerous  
 Of þe thing þe which was most prei  
 us. This maye mayden chyd is  
 Ceryse the daughter of Ceryse  
 The which was that time speciall  
 Of that time byffyn principal  
 When Prius had his sayfety  
 So was it that the more by  
 Agamemnon was then in way  
 To Troy ward and took a way  
 This maye that he with hym ladde  
 And gret lust in her he hadde  
 But Prius þe which had gret dis  
 tyme/ for þe this mayden was for lym  
 Anone as he to Troy came  
 Congaunne upon this de name  
 And sent a comane petytunt  
 They sought then for a petytunt  
 And made a mactadon  
 To knowe in what condicpon  
 This maye was in fowlyte  
 And at the last in dyle  
 The maye & offe the maye they founde  
 And forth with all the same stounde  
 Agamemnon owenly was  
 The which both knowledged all þe  
 Of the fely that he had brought  
 And thenyon mery they sought  
 Toward the god in dyuerse wyse  
 With praye & with sayfety  
 And the maye some they sende  
 And gafe her gold enough to spende  
 For ever whyle she wold lye  
 And thus the lym was forgyn  
 And all the petytunt hard  
 Doe what it is to be mayde  
 Of that which is the wone  
 A new lym he Undegonne  
 They take a thing without lym

Which thou must after nedes lye  
 And yet have mauger forth with all  
 For thy to wether ouerall  
 In lym cause of thou lym  
 I not what ease thou shalt wyne  
 My fader so wyl I lye  
 My lym he wyl lye of this  
 But now your exemplary  
 In lym is cause of Robbery  
 I have it right wyl Undestonde  
 Out over this so wyl it fonde  
 Per wyl I wyl of your apyl  
 What thinge is more of Couerse

Invidando latens tempus timatur  
 et horam/ Fur quibus occulto tempore  
 furta parat. Sic amor insidie facit et  
 sub argumet laudes/ Prius furuos  
 nocte fauente queat

Dic tractat super illa cupiditatis spe  
 cie que scitum latrocinium dicitur, cu  
 ius naturam custodit trum nescientia ea  
 que cupit tam per diem quam per noc  
 tem absqz strepitu clauculu furtatur/

þe Couerse of I fynde  
 A fermanet of the same kynd  
 Which steth is for e mych  
 er. With hym is euer in company  
 Of whome of I shall alle sooth  
 He steth as a petytunt doth  
 And teth his pray so couer  
 That no man wote it in apyl  
 And wote the lym at home  
 Then wold he steth about e come  
 And what thing he fynd in his way  
 When that he salve the maye alway  
 He steth it e goth forth with al  
 That therof no man knowe hal  
 And the ful oft he goth a nyght  
 Withouten mone on stete lym  
 And with his craft the wote Unpyl  
 And teth them what hym lym

And yf the doer be so fast  
 That he be of his entre lere  
 He wille at the Wyndowe in crepe  
 And wylle the lord is fast a strepe  
 He steleth what thyng hym best lyst  
 And goth his wey on it he lyst  
 Ful ofte also by lycht of day  
 Per wold he seke & make assay  
 Under the oke his hond he put  
 And with a knyfe his purse he cut  
 And rapueth what he fynde therein  
 And thus he aunteth hym to wyng  
 And kretch an horne & not blytheth  
 For no man of his counseill kene wylle  
 That he may geve of his mychtyng  
 It is al hysle Under the wyng  
 And as an hound goth to feld  
 And hath ther taken what he wold  
 His mouth vpon the gawe he wyndeth  
 And so with feyned chere hym styndeth  
 And what do curer of shepe he stangeth  
 Ther is no man therof shal iangle  
 No for to knowe who it dede  
 Ryght so doth steele the in curer steele  
 What as hym lyst his purp take  
 He can so wel his cause make  
 And so wel feyne / & so wel glasse  
 That ther ne shalle no man supposse  
 But that he were an Innocent  
 And thus a mannes eye he blent  
 So that this craft he may vye  
 Withoute helpe of ony refuse  
 Ther ben lours of that degre  
 With all his lust in pryuate  
 No who sepe gotten al by steele  
 And ther of attaynen to grette welthe  
 And for the tyme that it lasteth  
 For loue awayerth ever & casteth  
 How he may stele & catch his prey  
 When he therw may fynde a way  
 For he it nyght or be it day  
 He taketh his parte when he may  
 And yf he may no more doo  
 Per wol he stele a kysse or two  
 Telle yf thou curer dydest so

In ony wyse the lady vnde  
 My fader shold my sone chuse  
 If thou haue stolen ony lous  
 Or other thyng that sherte hangeth  
 For no man such thoure longer  
 Telle on for thy & thy tynthe  
 My fader may / & that is wylle  
 For by wylle I am a thefe  
 What he that is to me moost best  
 Per durst I neuer in pryuate  
 Not once take hyr by the lene  
 To stele of hit as this or that  
 And yf I durst I wold wel what  
 And natheles what yf I lye  
 Wy steele ne by wylle  
 Of loue which felle in my thought  
 To hit dyd I neuer nought  
 But as mi lye wher hit is fyghe  
 Ther shalle no castel be offyghe  
 But though I had hit the day  
 And were as strong as all may  
 If I be not myn owne man  
 I durst not vye that I can  
 I may my self not wauer  
 Though I be man neuer so prouer  
 I lye on lye / ande it is  
 Doo that me faulth vnt in this  
 How that I shold of myn amys  
 The seruauit lye agens the lady  
 For yf my fader wold othre go  
 Or that my fader wold els do  
 When that my lye is then agens  
 The seruauit is all in lye  
 And thus me locketh al wech  
 And yet ne durst I not steele  
 Of thyng which hangeth vnt hang  
 And eke it is so be adue  
 I may not wel therw ouer  
 But so be at tyme of spech  
 Ful feld yf that I steele may  
 A word on lye & go my way  
 What yf hit / his estate & me  
 Comparyson ther may none be  
 So that I felle & wel wote  
 It is to lye & to lye  
 To set on hond Withoute lye



And thus I made algaie true  
 To see that I may not take  
 And in this wyse I made forsake  
 To try a these agayne my wylle  
 Of thing which I may not fulfill  
 In that respect which neuer stirre  
 The fides of gold so wel ne lepe  
 In Colchos as the tale is told  
 That my lady a thousand fold  
 Is later pined and distressed  
 When she is chesed as he nallied  
 To see his body nyght and day  
 Whiche is so wonderful a myght  
 That hym no man may myght  
 With swerde ne wepy may daunce  
 He hath no slepyght of chorme enchaunt  
 Wherof he myght be made tame  
 And dunger is his right name  
 Which vnder he & vnder he  
 That no man may her see a way  
 And at the tyme vnderfonge  
 That vnder he may be longe  
 The last bying of his eye  
 That more is stole yf he it see  
 And who so gatcheth for so lye  
 He wold fow sit a wyse  
 On hym that wold stille more  
 And that our gawney wonder fow  
 For this power is our netle  
 That stinging hales making trewe  
 At that vnder he and pyke  
 For so wel can no man lye  
 Whiche hym netle by no other more  
 To whome dunger wold true or lye  
 Of that tyme he hath to lye  
 So though I wold stille or cipe  
 And wape on our & che on more  
 Of dunger shall I no thing knowe  
 And still I wold wel may I noue  
 And thus I am right wel thought  
 While dunger stoueth in his offra  
 Of steth which is chesed a wyse  
 I shall be gylty haunting  
 Therefore I wold be wete ago  
 So sit that I neuer of hym trewe

How so afterward it fere  
 For than I myght after wold peme  
 Of due maile somme purchaas  
 By steth or by somme other way  
 That no wyltome fere me for a way  
 Out fere as yf told about  
 Who steth god a nyght for due  
 I may not wete that poper forsake  
 That oftymes I ne wete  
 On nyghts when that other steth  
 Out to I pray you take lye  
 When I am laded in such a wyse  
 That by nyght I may cipe  
 At somme wyltome lode out  
 And see the wyltome al about  
 So that I may the chamber knowe  
 In which my lady as I trewe  
 Leth in her bed & steth sofor  
 Than is my bet a these ful of  
 For then I stonde to beholde  
 The long nyghts that lye cold  
 And thynk on her that lye her  
 And than I wylle that I wete there  
 As wye as was Nechanabus  
 Or as was Prothaus  
 That wyltome both of nygromance  
 In what lokene in what semblance  
 Nyght as lye lye lye self transforme  
 For yf I wete of such a forme  
 I say that I wold fere  
 In to her chamber for to see  
 If ony gma wold fere  
 So that I myght vnder the pale  
 Somme thing of due pyke or steth  
 And thus I thynke thought as fere  
 And though wete of no thing be sooth  
 Yet cast as for a tyme it doth  
 Out at the last when I fynde  
 That I am fere in to my mynde  
 And see that I haue stonde long  
 And haue no prosper vnderfonge  
 Than shall I to my lye wete  
 And here to thynke I begyn  
 Of due when I shall be nyght  
 my wylle is good but my myght  
 me lacketh wete & of my gma

For what soo that my thought enbrave  
 Yet haue I not the letter fride  
 My father / do no w haue y fride  
 What I by steth of due haue doo  
 And hold my wyle hath to theris  
 It I be worth to pronaunc  
 I put it into your ordinaunce  
 My sone for steth I the bythe  
 Though it be for a tyme / were  
 At ende it doth but spall good  
 As by ensample ho w that it stood  
 Whilome I maye the alle now  
 I pray go w father alle me ho w  
 My sone of hym which gothe by day  
 Wey of steth to assay  
 In due cause e takeh his pray  
 Ourde said as I that say  
 And in his methamor he tolde  
 A tale which is good to holde

*Dic in amoris causa super isto latet  
 cinio quod dietim contingit punit eum  
 plum / Et narrat quod cum Linchote  
 Orchanni filia in camera sub Archa  
 matris custodia Virgo conseruabatur /  
 Quibus eius pulchritudinem concupis  
 cius in concubine domus clam lux sub  
 intrano Virginis pudiciam matris ab  
 sente defleauit / Unde ipsa inpergnata  
 iratus pater filiam suam ad sepeliendu  
 sua effodit ex cuius humulo fidem sol  
 sequium vocant / dicunt consequenter  
 punitus accuisse*

He wrote vpon this matter  
 Of steth wrote in this matter  
 Venus which hath p lath in hde  
 Of thynge which may not be withstode  
 As he with the tursou to war d

Of due hath within byr Ward  
 Quibus to due hath so conseruaty  
 That is without nre is prynced  
 With all his fride to counce  
 A maye which was Warded sturp  
 Within chamber e kept so choo  
 That selden was when she dethoo  
 Gode with her moder for to play  
 Linchote so as may say  
 This mayden byght / e Orchanus  
 Her father was and he telle thus  
 This daughter that was kept so true  
 And had ten bifore her to put  
 Under her moder discipline  
 A chere maten and a conpynne  
 Wpon the thos natypa  
 Of comelyte e of haute  
 Nature hath set at that she may  
 That speke into the frellie may  
 With ether monches of the pte  
 Soumounthe so without pte  
 Was of this mayden the fature  
 Whos pteus out of mesur  
 Byr hureh on cury pte  
 A Warder of so may litye  
 That he thought on sturpthe myght  
 Her lusty maydenhede vnyght  
 The which were at his Warder litye  
 And thus luthyng vpon his steth  
 In his allayr so longe he lay  
 Till it be felle vpon a day  
 That he thought out her chamber wall  
 Came in at seldny e stille  
 That thynge that was to hym so litye  
 What woo the wyle f he was a thest  
 For Venus which was enmy  
 Of thyll lures mychery  
 Discourthe all the pte mas  
 How it be felle e how it was  
 Toward pteus his conpynne  
 And she to her the Coupe  
 Of thyll due drake twolte  
 To pteus vps this maye to gath  
 And told her father how it stood  
 Whos for how he well nre wode  
 Under her moder thus he said

Zoo What is to him a mayde  
 To Phobus dar I no thing speke  
 But upon this I shall be worke  
 Zoo that these mayntes after this  
 Mode take example What it is  
 To suffer for mayntence to be stole  
 When that she the dech may thole  
 And had with that/ go make a pyte  
 When he hath his daughter sette  
 As he that wold no pyte haue  
 So that she was al qupet he graue  
 And deid anone in his presence  
 But Phobus for the tuerment  
 Of that she had ben his due  
 Hath brought thowz his power aboue  
 That she swong by our the molde  
 In to a fidur was named golde  
 Which stont gourneth of the sonne  
 And thus when due is cupl wonne  
 Full of it cometh to repentyle  
 Whi fader that is no mentyle  
 When that the counayll is be wredde  
 And oftyme due hath pleyde  
 And stole many a prius game  
 Which neuer yet am to blame  
 What that he thynketh when hysde  
 What in yowr tale as hysde  
 Venus disturbed all the mas  
 And eke also hysde dape it was  
 When Phobus such a fytche brought  
 Wroth of the maide in blame brought  
 That after ward she was so low  
 What for he sepen no w to fow  
 How strech of due goth by nyght  
 And doth his thynges out of syght  
 Thow me lust also to be  
 A tale toke to the maide  
 Wroth I myght example take  
 My good sonne & for thy sake  
 So as it is felle by dapes olde  
 And so as the wote it told  
 Copen the myghter myghter  
 How telling a tale of Phobus

Sic ponit exemplum super eodem  
 quoddam nocte contingit. Et narrat qua  
 liter Hercules cum Eola in quadam  
 spelunca nobis Thopis dicta sub mō  
 et thimolū ibi silua sacra ē hospicio per  
 nocturnum. Et cum ipsi variis lectis se  
 prout iacentes dormierant / contigit  
 lectum Hercules Vestimentis Eole lec  
 tum qz Eole pelle leonis contra Her  
 culis induebatur operari super quo sob  
 nno a silua descendens speluncam sub  
 intenui temptans si forte cum Eola su  
 e concupiscens Voluptatem. nesciens  
 Hercules furari posset / Et cum ad lec  
 tum Hercules mulier palata hōte  
 ex casu prauenisset putans Eolam fuis  
 se cubiculum nudo corpore ingreditur  
 quem sciens Hercules manibus ap  
 prehensum ipsum ad terrā ita fortiter al  
 lūit ut inuolans sui corporis effectus  
 Blas mane ipsum requirit / Cui Sa  
 ba cum Nymphis siluestribus superue  
 niens ipsum sic illūsum detrahebat

He mightest of all men  
 When Hercules with Eola  
 Which was s due of his cou  
 inge / To geet vpon a pylgrimage  
 Toward Rome sholten goo  
 It felle hem by the way so  
 That they vpon a day the caue  
 Within a rocke founden haue  
 Which was ycall e goryous  
 And of entayle curious  
 Whi name e Thopis it was hote  
 The sonne stōne the wonder hote  
 As it was in somet tyme  
 This Hercules which by his spee  
 Hath Eola his due then  
 When they at thys caue were  
 He said it thought it for the best  
 That she shoulde for hir use



At this day and at this night  
 And she that was a lusty wyght  
 In every thyng to hym obeye  
 But spaketh hit al that he seide  
 The long day / & so he fille  
 This came was under the sphe  
 Of thymolus which was begonne  
 With Vertice / & at this thyme  
 Janus with Saba the goddesse  
 And other Nymphus of his kyndenesse  
 In this tyme stood gouerned  
 Were in a place as I am lerned  
 Nrght by which bachus woode lye  
 This janus took a grete insight  
 Of colen that was nrght  
 For when thet he hit beaute spgh  
 Out of his wpt he was affoord  
 And in his herte he hath so notyd  
 That he forsoke the Nymphes alle  
 And said he wold howe so it falle  
 Assay another for to wyne  
 So that his herte thought withynne  
 He hit & cast how that he myght  
 Of lue pple asey by nrght  
 That he by day in other wpt  
 To stele myght not suffyse  
 And then upon his tyme he wpatth  
 Now take gode he & to lue offaith  
 Hym which is with lue al ouercome  
 Fair Colen when she was come  
 With Hercules in to the caue  
 She said that she wold haue  
 His clothes of a fire tothe  
 And eke of hem sheld other clothe  
 And all was doo right as she bade  
 He hath hit in his clothes clade  
 And cast on hit his gyppon  
 Which of the skyn of a lpon  
 Was made & he upon the feg  
 It slough & cur thus to plye  
 She took his grete max also  
 And knyfted at hit gyrdel the  
 So was he speke to man awyd  
 And Hercules both than assayed  
 To clothe hym in her array  
 And thus they iape forth the day

Till that hit souper wdyt  
 And when they hadden souped then  
 They shopen hem to goo to rest  
 And as it thought hem for the best  
 They had as for this nrght  
 Two sondry beddes shold be byght  
 For they a geder lpgge nold  
 By cause that it was offer wold  
 Upon the morowe hit sayd  
 The seruante dny her offer  
 And sonde beddes made anon  
 When in that they to rest gone  
 Eke by hem self in sonde place  
 Fair Colen hath set the max  
 Beside her beddes her about  
 And with the clothes of hit lue  
 She bylded all hit bedde about  
 And he which had of no thyng doubt  
 Her wmpel wond about his chole  
 Her kpral & hit mantell che  
 A brode spyn his bedde spredd  
 And thus they slepy tothe a bedde  
 And what of tynaple & what of wpy  
 The seruant lye to a monay wpy  
 Wygan for to tothe fast  
 This janus which his steele cast  
 Was than comen to the caue  
 And fonde they were of lue  
 Without nrght & in the wnt  
 The nrght his spgh blent  
 And yet it hapedy hym to goo  
 When Colen a bed the  
 Was lpyd alone for to slepe  
 But for he wold toke lpy  
 Whose bed it was he made assaye  
 And of a lpon when he lay  
 The wnt he founde & che & felch  
 The max & than his herte lych  
 That them durst he not abyde  
 But stallyd upon curpy side  
 And sought about with his fong  
 That other bed till he fond  
 When lay wmples a lpage  
 Tho was he glad in his courage  
 For he lpy kpral fonde also  
 And eke hit mantell tothe the

*Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom of the page, including a large signature and several smaller ones.*

Despise I was a led abill  
He made hym nathe than self  
In the bed in water he crept  
Where Hercules that tyme slept  
And there he was the  
And thus in strete of Gods  
Anone he profect hym but  
And he which felt a man about  
This Hercules hym thur to ground  
So far that they have hym fond  
Layd down upon the mowle  
And so was not a tyme forwile  
That fannus of hym self made  
What els they were all glade  
And bolen hym to faine about  
Daba with nymphes all the mowle  
Cam down to lake so that he ferd  
And when that they the sooth herd  
He was feigned out of  
any fone he thou than with al  
To be such myceltye  
But yf thou have the better affyre  
In aundre yf the so better  
No fannus did mythe tye  
Whereof thou myght be shamede so  
my holy fater oute no  
But yf I had right good due  
Such myceltye I thynke lene  
my fater herd not fone  
For maner wylle I not deserte  
In mythe place where I lue  
But for yf thou fere alone  
Of Courteys & his pylage  
If there be more of that language  
Which toucheth to my shute I pray  
That there yf me wold assay  
So that I may the vper churche  
any fone thou hast herd me the  
The vper so they stont on wile  
Of Courteys thou shalt lue we  
There is yet one which is the last  
That is myceltye he thou fast  
For he with god hym self delate  
Whereof that alle the fone hym lue

Sacilegus tantum furto sua sas  
tra propheant. Ut sibi sint agri sic dos  
mus alma dei/ Nec deus est in quo nō  
temptat amans quod amat / Si que  
posse nequit carperit Velle capit

Hic tractat super Vltima Cupidinis  
De specie que sacrilegium dicitur/cas  
ius fructum ea qz altissimo sancti s  
cantur bona deperdano ecclesie tantum  
spolijs insidiatus

De hys god with all good  
Myceltye hath for mans fone  
Of clothes of mete & drynke  
Gade Adam that he shold swynke  
To geten hym his sustenance  
And eke he set in ordynance  
to my fater of Moses  
That though a man be boules  
He shall not by thet seke  
But now a daye there be fete  
That wold no labour undertake  
But what they may by stete take  
They hold it spheche wone  
And thus the lare is overcome  
Which god hath set/ & namely  
With hym that so vnterly  
The goddes wille of holy churche  
The west which they than wyche  
My name is clerd sacplege  
Myne whome I thynke as lye  
Of his condicion to telle  
Which riseth to both look & selle  
So forth with all the amonant  
To goddes so we awertynant  
Where that he shold hode his bed  
He doth his thet in holy fete  
And latheth what he fene thet  
For why he fere that he may wye

He wondereth for no curiouse  
 That he ne holdeth the holynesse  
 And doth to god no trueuene  
 For he hath lost his conscience  
 That though the prest therfor to curse  
 He seyth he fawth not the worse  
 And for to speke it otherwys  
 That man that tasseth the fraunchyse  
 And taketh of holy chirche his peng  
 I note what heere he shall peng  
 When he seeth god the which hath yue al  
 The propriete in speciall  
 Whiche vnto Caste hym self is due  
 Whynemeth/ he may not wel eschewe  
 The payne comyng afterwarde  
 For he hath made his forwarde  
 With sacrilege for to dwelle  
 Whiche hath his heritage in helle  
 And yf we rede of the old lawe  
 I fynde wyte in thyllie daue  
 Of pyntes there were thre  
 Comparable al in this degre  
 And one of hem was cleped thus  
 The proude kyng Antiochus  
 That other Nabuzardan byght  
 Whiche enforced with al his myght  
 The temple for to destroye & waste  
 And so he dyde in al haste  
 The thyrde whiche was after shamed  
 Was Nabo godonosor named  
 And he Ierusalem put vnder  
 Of sacrilege & many a wonder  
 There in the holy Temple he wrought  
 Wiche Balchazar his treye abought  
 When mane trekel Phares wryt  
 Was on the wall as thou myght wryt  
 So as the byble hath declard  
 But for all that it is not spard  
 Yet now a day that men it pyle  
 And maken argument & style  
 To sacrilege as it belongeth  
 For what man that trasfarr longeth  
 He taketh no heed what he doth  
 And right so for to telle sooth  
 In lues cause yf I shall tere  
 There ben of such synale & gres

If they no byter fynde els  
 They wyl not leten for the lilles  
 Ne though they see the prest at masse  
 That wol they leten ouerpasse  
 If that they fond hee due there  
 They stande & alle in her ere  
 And aske of god none other grace  
 Whyle that they ben in hooky place  
 But as they go somme anawntage  
 There wylle they haue & some pylage  
 Of goodly wordes & of bystie  
 Or els they take at the last  
 Out of hir bond a ryng or ghus  
 So vnto the worder they wyl stoue  
 And as he said he shall not forget  
 Now I this tokyen of hir can gete  
 Thus haue we they the hys fiste  
 Such theste may no chirche awste  
 For al is hful that hem bysteth  
 To wome that els it mysteth  
 And eke right in the self kynde  
 In grete Cytes men may fynde  
 This lusty folk that make hem gay  
 And wape vpon the holy day  
 In chirches & in mynstres eke  
 They gone the women for to seke  
 And where that such one gooth about  
 To foue the faprest of al the wote  
 Where as they speyn al a wote  
 There wylle he his body most stowe  
 His croked heynede & beton set  
 An ouche with a chaplet  
 Whiche late come out of the greues  
 Or els one of the grent leues  
 And all for he shold seme fresshe  
 And thus he dwelth on the flasse  
 Right as an haube whiche hath a fyst  
 Upon the folde where he shall lyste  
 And as he were a fapere  
 He sheweth hym to foue her eye  
 In hooky place where they speke  
 Al for to make hir lures stete  
 His eye nowhen wol abyde  
 But luke & pry on awer syde  
 On hys & her as hym best lyste  
 And otherwylle among he lyste



Thynketh of hem that was for me  
 And so ther thynketh I to be  
 And yet I doubt none at alle  
 But I know as euer his chaunce falle  
 And needles to say soothe  
 The cause why he so dooth  
 Is for to stele an herte or two  
 Out of the Church on that he go  
 And as I said it he about  
 It is a sacrilege of due  
 For wel may he that he steleth a way  
 That he neuer after prede may  
 Telle me for thy my sone anon  
 Hast thou doo sacrilege or none  
 As I haue said in this maner  
 My father as of this maner  
 I wylle go wille wylle  
 What I haue doo but truly  
 I maye cause myn entent  
 That I neuer to church went  
 In such maner as ye me shynne  
 For no man that is on lyue  
 The cause why I haue it last  
 May be for I vnto that craft  
 Am no thyng able for to stele  
 Though they were neuer so felde  
 Out yet wylle I not say this  
 When I am there my lady is  
 In whome I see wolp my quarelle  
 And she to church or to Chappelle  
 Soo to make as to masse  
 That tyme I wylle wel e passe  
 To church I come e there I stonde  
 And though I take a look in honds  
 My contramance is on the look  
 Out to ward hys is al my doo  
 And yf so felle that I pray  
 Wnto my god e somewhat say  
 Of patre noster e of Credo  
 Al is for that I wold speke  
 So that my herte in holy church  
 Ther myght somme myracle wylde  
 My lady herte for to change  
 Which euer to me had be sturunge  
 So that all my deuotion  
 And al my contemplacion

With al my herte e my courage  
 Is only set on hys ymage  
 And euer I wylle I on the tye  
 If she like any thyng a spe  
 That I me maye on hys auple  
 Anone I am with Couetise  
 So myght that me were lief  
 To be in holy church a cheef  
 Out not to stele a Vestment  
 For that is no thyng my talent  
 But I wold stele yf that I myght  
 A glad word or a goodly sight  
 And euer my sturpe I profess  
 And namely when she goth offer  
 For her I lede then yf that I may  
 For somewhat wold I stele a way  
 When I becompe hys on the wast  
 Yet at the last I stele a taste  
 And other while graunt mercy  
 She seith e so wyne I therby  
 A lusty touch a good word eke  
 Out al the remenante to seke  
 Is fro my purpos wonder ferre  
 So may I say as I said ere  
 In holy church yf that I wolde  
 My conscience yet wold I also we  
 As soo that vpon amendement  
 I myght gette assignement  
 Wherefor I speke in other place  
 Such sacrilege I hold a gawe  
 And thus my fader sooth to say  
 In church right as in the wey  
 If I myght ought of loue take  
 Such hantell haue I not forsake  
 But finally I me confesse  
 There is in me no holynesse  
 Why I hys se in ony ste  
 And yet for ought that euer I dede  
 No sacrilege of hys I took  
 But as it were a word or boke  
 Or els yf that I herd frede  
 When I toward offeryng hys lede  
 Take herof what I take may  
 For els I wold ought els haue  
 For though I wold ought els haue  
 At other thyngs I so saue

And kept With such a pryuelige  
That I may doo no sacrilege  
God wote my wyll ne theles  
Though I must needs kepe pces  
And in all gree sone myn let it passe  
My wyll thereto is not the lasse  
For I myght other wyse aduise  
For thy my fader I go w prey  
Telle what thou thyngkest thereupon  
If I therof haue gylt or none  
Thy wyll my sone is for to blame  
The remenaunt is but a game  
That I haue the teld as yet  
But take this lere in to thy wyll  
That all thyng hath tyme & stede  
The which semeth for the dede  
The Chamber is of another speche  
But yf thou wytest of the treche  
How sacrilege it hath abought  
Thou sholdest be it ryght nought  
And for thou shalt the more amende  
A tale on the I wol dispende

*Hic in amoris causa super istius vi  
cij articulo ponit exemplum. Et narrat  
pro eo quod patris priami Regis filius  
Helenam Menelai uxorem in quadam  
grata Insula a templo Venere sacre  
gis abduxit / illa Troie famosissima  
obsidie per vniuersum orbis clauis di  
uulgata precipue causabat / ita qd hui  
usmodi sacrilegium non solum ad ipsi  
us Regis patriam omnium qd suoru  
interitum / Sed ad perpetuam vrbis de  
solacionem vindiactm fomicam minis  
trabat*

O al men as who saith know  
It is in y world thow shold  
How that of Troie lamedon  
To Hercules and to Iason

When toward Colchos out of gree  
By se seyling vpon a pee  
Of londe of Troie wite pryde  
But he wrongfully conueyde  
And for they found hym so vglyne  
When they cam in to gree agerne  
With powder that they gate myght  
Colchardes Troie they haue hem byght  
And they took such vengeaunce  
Wherof stant yet in remembraunce  
For they destroyed byng & alle  
And lutan but the burnt walle  
The garkes of Troies many shewe  
And prysoners they took pnowe  
Among the which ther was one  
The kynges daughter lamedone  
Espona the fayr thyng  
Which vnto helamen the kyng  
By Hercules and by the assent  
Of all the holt parliament  
Was at his wyll pue & graunte  
And thus both gree Troie dunnid  
And hym to wint in such maner  
But after this now shalt thou heere  
The cause why the tale I telle  
Upon the chouners that biselle  
Kyng lamedon which dyed thus  
He had a sone one priamus  
Which was not wyllike tyme at home  
But when he herd of this he come  
And fond to w the Cete was falle  
Which he bygon vpon the walle  
And made ther a Cete nelle  
That they which other londes knewe  
Tho saden that of tyme & stene  
In all the world so farre was none  
And on that one side of the towne  
The kyng let make pyro wne  
That he wote that strong place  
Which was adrad of no maner  
Of quatill none nor of engyne  
And though men wold make a myne  
No mans craft it myght approche  
For it was set vpon a rock  
The walles of the towne about  
Hem stode of al the world no touth

And after the promysyon  
 Hys gatre Wex then of the dun  
 Of such enforme / of such entayle  
 That hem to see Was gatre merye  
 The detyes Wex boud & dety  
 And for the man it myght lere  
 From al the world as femyth the  
 Out of the goddes Wex foo  
 Gatre puce into that Cete dre We  
 So that there Was of pple pnowe  
 Of burgeys that thery dWelles  
 Tere map no mane long lere  
 How that Cete Was reche of good  
 Wex all Was made & all Wel stood  
 Kyng Pryamus the hym lathought  
 What they of gatre Wexome Wrought  
 And What Was of hir fWerd truound  
 And so his fuster dishonourde  
 With thelamon a Wex Was ladde  
 And he thynkyng he Wex Englad  
 And set anone a parlament  
 To which the lordes Wex assent  
 In many a Wex there Was spoke  
 How that they myghten lere allwile  
 Out at the last netheres  
 They seid al accord and pce  
 To seten cyther party in rest  
 It thought hem al for the best  
 With resonable amement  
 And thus Was Anthenor forth sent  
 To aske Espousa agene  
 And Wex What they Wold lere  
 So passeth he the se by barge  
 To gatre for to see his charge  
 The which he said wrode  
 Com to the lordes by and by  
 Out there he spak in gatre aboute  
 He lere not but lordes stoute  
 And nametpce of thelamon  
 The mayden Wold he not for gone  
 He said for no maner thynge  
 And had hym gone home to his kyng  
 For there gad he none amende  
 For ought he couthe do or sende  
 This Anthenor agene goth home  
 Com to his kyng / & Wex he come

He told in gatre What that he lere  
 And how that thelamon ansWerd  
 And how they Wex at hir aboute  
 That they Wold neyther pce ne lere  
 Out every man shall done his best  
 Out for men lere that nyght lath rest  
 The kyngs lathought hym all p nyte  
 And erly Wex the day Was lath  
 He took his counayll of this matre  
 And they accord in this manere  
 That he Withouthy ony let  
 A certeyne tyme shold set  
 A parlament to lere augst  
 And in this Wex it Was ansted  
 Of parlament he set a day  
 And that Was in the moneth of may  
 This priamus had in his sight  
 A Wex & Deuils the lathought  
 By Whome that tyme he & he  
 Wexes lath had & doughters ther  
 Wex lath and thery mo  
 And Wex lathghas al the  
 Out not upon his Wex lathghas  
 Out els Wex he myght hem get  
 Of which he had knowe  
 Such Was the world that pce thow  
 And so he Was of chidren lath  
 And therof Was no man hym lath  
 Of parlament the day Was come  
 Ther lath the lordes al & some  
 The Was pronouned & purposed  
 And all the cause hem Was disclosed  
 How Anthenor in gatre lath  
 Ther lathen ap styll and lath  
 And the spak every man aboute  
 Ther Was alledged many a douth  
 And many a prothe Wold spake also  
 Out for the moost party as the  
 Ther Wexen not What Was the best  
 Or for to Wexen or for to rest  
 Out he that Was Withouthy fere  
 lath among the lordes ther  
 His tale told in such a Wex  
 And said lordes p lath Wex  
 p knowen this as Wel as I  
 About al other moost Wathp

*Montgomery - J. J. J.*



Stand now in greet manfode  
 Of Worthpnes and of knyghthode  
 For who so will it wel agowp  
 To hem bylongeth al Europe  
 Which is the thyrd part cum  
 Of alle the World vnder the sun  
 And we be but folke a felle  
 So were it uson to eschelle  
 The pryse or we fulle therein  
 Better is to leue than to bygyne  
 Thyng which may not be achieved  
 He is not wylle that fynde hym greued  
 And doth so that his greue be more  
 For who that loketh all to fore  
 And wylle not see what is behynde  
 He may ful of his harmes fynde  
 Wylle is to seke & haue the wylle  
 We haue nichyson for to wylle  
 This word I wylle for to haue  
 The greke/ but or we debate  
 With hem that ben of such a myght  
 It is ful good that euery myght  
 Be of hym self ryght wel byought  
 But as for me thus sey I nought  
 For wylle that my lyp may stonde  
 If that it taken were in honde  
 Falle it to the best or to the worst  
 I shall my seluen be the first  
 To geue hem what auer I may  
 I wylle not onco say nay  
 To thyng which I pour conseil demeth  
 For vnto me more wel it cometh  
 To beere ardre than the pre  
 But this I say nethelco  
 As me belongeth for to say  
 Now shalpe in the best way  
 When Decca had said his troupe  
 Next after hym the spak parpe  
 Which was his broder and alad  
 When hym best thought thus he seyde  
 Strong thyng it is to suffer wrong  
 And suffer shame is more stronge  
 But we haue suffred both the twoo  
 And for al that yet haue we doo  
 What soo we myght to reforme

This Wrong & shame in better forme  
 Bente Andromas as ye wel knowe  
 And they hir greet wodes shewe  
 Wypon hir wingfull wyde she  
 And who that wol not hym self meke  
 To prece & lye no uson telle  
 may seyn Reson wylle hym forsaile  
 For in the multitude of may  
 Is not the strongeste/ for wylle  
 It hath be sent in turbe quantite  
 Agene an hunderd haluandite  
 And hath the better by goddes grace  
 Thus hath befaile in many place  
 And yf it lyke vnto you alle  
 I wylle assaye how so it falle  
 Our enemy yf I may geue  
 For I haue caught a greet byste  
 Wypon a pleyne poppe I wol declare  
 This yonder day as I gan fare  
 To hunt vnto the greet fere  
 Which was to fore my boundes sterte  
 And euery man went on his pte  
 Hym to purselle and I to ryde  
 Wigan to chase/ & sooth to say  
 Within a whyle out of my way  
 I wode/ & nylt where I was  
 And slepe me caught & on the gras  
 Beside a well I leyde me downe  
 To slepe and in a dylpoun  
 To me the god Mercur came  
 Goddesse wyth hym be name  
 Myntus Venus and Juno  
 And in his hond an Appel tho  
 He held of golde wyth letters wyth  
 And thus he dyd me to wylle  
 How that they put hem wyth me  
 That to the fayrest of hem the  
 Of gold that Appel stode I geue  
 With eke of hem I was shrewt  
 And echone faine me behaght  
 But Venus said yf that she myght  
 That Appel of my geft geue  
 She wold it naur more forgete  
 And said how that in greet honde  
 She wold byngre in to my honde

Of at this rather the sayest  
So that me thought it for the best  
To her and yet that apell tho  
Thus hope I well yf that I goe  
What she for me wylle so entreyne  
That they make for to playne  
What haue on that I come ageyne  
Now haue ye herd that I wold saye  
Saye ye what stont in your auge  
And every man tho said his  
And sondry causes they woude  
But at the last they coude  
That parps shall to grea vende  
And thus the parment took an ende

Cassandre when she herd of this  
Th which to parps suffer is  
Amonge she gan to wepe and wape  
And said alas what may be ayle  
Fortune with hir blinde wile  
H: wylle not let be stonde wile  
For this I dar wel undertake  
That yf parps his wey take  
As it is said that he shal doo  
We ten euer than fordoe  
This mayden Cassandre spight  
In al the world as it hereth spight  
In holles as men fynde wepe  
Is that wylle of whome ye wyle  
That al men at charyn sage  
Whan that she wylle of the spage  
How parps shold to grea fare  
No woman myght wylle fare  
He seculer more than she dyde  
And wylle so in the same stede  
Ferd Helenus which was hir brother  
Of prophesy/and such another  
And al was holde but a iape  
So that purposo which was thape  
O: wylle hem leif or wylle hem leife  
Was holde and in to grea goth  
This parps wylle his wanaunce  
And as it telle vpon his chaunce  
Of grea he bndeth in an yll  
And hym was told that same wylle  
Of folk which he began to saye

Th wdo in that yll quene Elyne  
And eke of countres then aboute  
Of ladyes many a lusty wdo  
With moche worship wylle also  
And wylle they comen theertho  
The cause stood in such a wylle  
For worship and for sacryfte  
That they to venus wold make  
As they to for hady undertake  
Some of good wylle & some of blythe  
For than was hir hylle feste  
Within a temple which was there  
Whan parps wylle what they were  
Anone he shoo his wynaunce  
To gone & done his okeyfaunce  
To venus on hir holpe day  
And dyd vpon his best amay  
With grea rycheffe & hym leynge  
As it to such a wylle longeth  
He was not armed neffele  
But as it were in bnde of pres  
And thus he gothe out of ship  
And taketh with hym his felawship  
In such maner as I row say  
Wylle the temple he hold his way  
Tydyng which gothe ouertal  
To grea & smal forth with all  
Come to the quenes ew & told  
How parps come & that he wold  
Doo sacryfte vnto venus  
And whan she herd telle thus  
She thought to w that euer it be  
That she wylle hym abpe and see  
Forth cometh parps with glad bylage  
In to the temple on pylgrymage  
Wylle vnto venus the goddesse  
He yueth & offereth grea rycheffe  
And prayeth her that he pay wold  
On that other spe he gan to hold  
And see wher this lady stood  
And forth in his frestle mode  
Goth wher she was & made her chere  
As he wel couthe in his maner  
That of his wylles such plesaur  
She took that al hir acquyntaunce

As forth as the first day  
 He staid or that he went a way  
 So goth he forth & took his leue  
 And thought anon as it was eue  
 He wold dene his sacrifice  
 That many a man shal oblige  
 When he agene to ship was come  
 To hym & both his counsell nome  
 And all deuised the matere  
 In such a wyse as thou shalt here  
 Within nyght al pryncely  
 His men he warneth by and by  
 That they be armed wth soone  
 For certeyn thyng which was to done  
 And they anon be wth alle  
 And eke on other gan callye  
 And wente hem oute vpon the seonde  
 And took her purposos there on londe  
 Of what thyng they wold doo  
 Towards the temple / & forth they go  
 So fyll it that of deuotion  
 Helpeyn in contemplanon  
 With many another worthy wyght  
 Was in the temple and wolke al nyght  
 To hye & pray to the ymage  
 Of venus as was than usage  
 So that parys right as hym lyste  
 In to the temple or they wyfte  
 Came with his men al fowndly  
 And al at ones set a styte  
 On hem which in the temple were  
 For tho was moche pyle there  
 Wnt of defence was no hote  
 So suffer they that suffer moche  
 Parys vnto the quene went  
 And hit in both his armes bent  
 With hym & with his felawship  
 And forth they be to ship  
 Wy goth the sayle / & forth they went  
 And such a wynd fortune hem sent  
 Till they the haven of Troy caught  
 Where oute of ship / anon they sturmt  
 And gone hem forth to ward the towne  
 Eke which cam with proasson  
 Agene parys to seue his pray  
 And eury man began to say

To parys and to his felawship  
 All that they couthe of worship  
 Was none so spall man in Troy  
 That he ne made myrthe and ioy  
 Of that parys had wonnen Elynor  
 Out of that nyght is fewe & pray  
 To helenus and to cassandre  
 For they it taken shame & schandur  
 And losse of al the comon gaur  
 That parys oute of holy place  
 By force the both take a mans wyfe  
 Wherof he shal lose his lyf  
 And many a worthy man shert  
 And the cyte he for doo  
 Which neuer shal be made agene  
 And so it felle right as they seyne  
 The sacrifice which he brought  
 Was cause why the grettes sought  
 Vnto the towne & it was  
 And wolden neuer part a way  
 Tyl what by strenght & what by stryde  
 Troy had it wonnen in batre & londe  
 And burnt and stonyn that was thern  
 No w so myr some such a syn  
 Jo sacrifice in holy stede  
 Adwar therfor / & byd they bide  
 And doo no thyng in holy church  
 Out that thou myght by wofon byrde  
 And eke take batre of achilles  
 When he vnto his lue chere  
 Polixena that was also  
 In holy temple of Apollo  
 Which was the cause that he dyde  
 And al his lust was lyste aspre  
 And Euryalus vpon castres  
 Also his first lue lyste  
 In holy place & hold he ferte  
 As who seyth al the world it batre  
 For sake he was for Dromete  
 Such was of lust his last mede  
 For thy myr some I wold wite  
 By this ensample as thou myght wite  
 Wch eke wite thou wylt thy gaur  
 And wate the wel in holy place  
 What thou to lue do or speke  
 In aunter yf it be so wille



As thou hast herd me telle to fore  
 And telle good to alle therfore  
 Upon what forme of Avarice  
 More than of any other vice  
 I have trauced in maner  
 The branches which of compaignes  
 Though out the world in generall  
 As in now few hall  
 Of Couetyse and priuie  
 Of false bawage and of thurp  
 Of flatteries and falschidie  
 Which naue brought to schandish  
 Of Robbery and of pryue thethe  
 Which done is for the wylde wylde  
 Of Rauen and of hawke  
 Which take the conuoy of a gage  
 Al though it may recheffe attayne  
 It sheweth but it shal not geyne  
 Conde the fete of night wylde  
 What who that wold be largesse  
 Upon the wylde as it is true  
 So myght a man wylde thoughte true  
 Toward his god / & the alse  
 Toward the wylde / for he the wylde  
 Largesse a wylde as wylde  
 To negher part that he wylde  
 He sheweth hym self a wylde his fens  
 He sheweth he shal be both his wylde  
 In such wylde that he be true  
 That he wylde no more  
 What my son thou shalt wylde  
 As a Philosophur hath wylde

Proterius et pater duo sunt  
 ma qz largue / Est focius medius pater  
 his in car bonis

Nota hic de virtute largitatis que  
 ad oppositum auaricie inter duo quos  
 ma virtutis prauitiam et prodigal  
 et in specialiter consistit /

Of the two vices  
 Of the two vices

Of Vices and to proue it so  
 Take auarice and take also  
 The vice of prodigality  
 Which is the virtue of largesse  
 Want & gouerneth his noblesse  
 For the two vices in discord  
 Want ever as I fynd of record  
 So that but wylde debate  
 Largesse ruleth his estate  
 For in such wylde as Avarice  
 As I to fore have told the vice  
 Though sturp holdyng & scarcenesse  
 Want in contrary to largesse  
 Right so prodigality  
 Rulers but not in such degree  
 For so as Avarice spareth  
 And for to lye his tynfour carth  
 That other at his othe & more  
 Ayme the wylmans lye  
 Proueth and dispendeth lye and then  
 So that hym wylde neuer wylde  
 Wylde he may lough be wylde dispende  
 Til at the last he hath I wylde  
 But that is spoken at to late  
 For than is pouerte at the pater  
 And talleth hym euen by the floure  
 For wylde wylde he no wylde lye  
 And right as auarice is spene  
 That wylde his tynfour lye & wylde  
 Right so pouer prodigality  
 But of largesse in his degree  
 Which euen want but wylde the two  
 The hylde god & the man also  
 The virtue eche of hym commendeth  
 For he hym selues spere amandeth  
 That ouer at his name sporeth  
 And to al other wylde it wylde  
 He pater his good in such a wylde  
 That he maketh many a man wylde  
 Which eche shold felle wylde  
 Largesse may not be wylde wylde  
 For what end he wylde in  
 He may not felle for to wylde

Libet quintus

Of his deserts here and great  
 Where it shall sayle in other place  
 And thus he wene to mocke & lye  
 Largesse which is not to lye  
 Holdeth euer forth the myddel way  
 But who that wol come a way  
 Yw that to prodigalite  
 Anone he leueth the propriete  
 Of Vertu / & goth to the vice  
 For in such vice as Auarice  
 Leta for fearlines his good name  
 Right soo that other is to blame  
 Which turneth his best misur wardeth  
 For no man doth what harme it breedeth  
 But mocketh ioy ther leueth  
 Where that largesse an herde gredeth  
 For his misur is so gouerned  
 That he to the port is turned  
 To god and to the world also  
 He doth reason to both the tyes  
 The pore folk of his almesse  
 Relued ben in disesse  
 Of thurst / of hunger & of colde  
 The gift of hym was neuer sold  
 But freely yue and nethelies  
 The myghty god of his enaces  
 Resard hym of double grace  
 The liuen he doth hym to purchace  
 And pouerth hym elie þ worldis good  
 And thus the cox for the hood  
 Largesse taketh / & yet no spenne  
 He doth hold so that euer he wenne  
 What man hath hoise man yue hoise  
 And who none hath / of hym no foise  
 For he may than on foot go  
 The world hath euer stond so  
 But for to loken of the tye  
 A man to go the spier tye  
 Better is to yue than to take  
 With rest a man may frendes make  
 But who þ taketh out of his hand  
 He taketh a charge forth with all  
 And stant not free till it be quyt  
 So for to deme in mannes tye  
 It is spere more a man to haue  
 His owne good for to craue

Of other may / and make him sounde  
 Where els he may stonde vnsounde

Seneca / He was but litle non sufficient  
 for it was thus sufficient

Seneca counseyled in this wyse  
 And sayth but of thy good suffys  
 Wnde the tyking of thy thyse  
 Withdrowe thy lust and hold the styse  
 And be to thy good suffysant  
 For that thyng is oportunaunt  
 To trouble & causet to be free  
 After the rule of charite  
 Which first begynneth of hym self  
 For thou nichest other thyself  
 Whereof thou shalt thy self be pover  
 I not what thou thou myght remoure  
 Whyle that a man both good to yue  
 With grete mende he may lue  
 And both his frendes ouerall  
 And euerych of hym self shall  
 The which he hath his ful part  
 They say a good felawe is Jack  
 And when it feylyth at the last  
 Anone he prayeth they ouerall  
 For than is there none other to lue  
 But Jack was a good felawe  
 When they hym yue and mende se  
 They let hym passe & fane wel he  
 At that he wende of company  
 He than turned to folke  
 But now to speke in other kynde  
 Of due a man may such frende  
 That when they come in euery wynde  
 They cast and wast his lue about  
 Tyl all his tyme is outgone  
 And than haue they but none  
 For who that buyeth ouerall  
 It is no wof that he shal  
 Of due haue ony purpys  
 For thy myfone aught the  
 If thou of due hast lye to lye  
 For such a man is not to charge

And yet so be that thou hast  
 Dispended all thy tyme in wast  
 And sit thy huse in sondry place  
 Though thou the substance of thy good  
 Hast at the last it is no wonder  
 For be that put hym self in danger  
 No who said manye over alle  
 He lech the huse spendeth  
 Of my one of the be wylle  
 For but that not be the right  
 Wherof thou wylle it passeth out  
 So have I here many one  
 That were of huse that at the  
 Which after fall in gude wylle  
 Though wast of huse that they spent  
 In sondry place where they went  
 Wylle so my sonne I aske of the  
 If thou wylle putte thy  
 Hast thou in them thy huse wylle  
 thy fader may but I have to say  
 In many a place where I have god  
 And yet but I have one of the  
 What for to be put forth the day  
 In huse wylle my huse is as  
 Without me for evermore  
 All thy one for I no more  
 Desper but for but allone  
 So make I many a peple more  
 For wylle I see I have dispended  
 thy long huse & not amended  
 thy speche for ought I fynde yet  
 If this be wast to your wylle  
 Of but ande putte thy  
 How good fader cometh to  
 What of one thing I wylle me say  
 That I that for no huse thyne  
 What if for wylle me to be  
 thy sonne that may wylle I have  
 And neyther me to be so  
 For ought that thou hast yet my do  
 Of tyme which thou hast myfounded  
 It may wylle thou be amended  
 In thing which may be wylle the wylle  
 Der chauce is neyther wast me to  
 For what thing thou in amend  
 That may no wylle be amend

That in cratyne how it shall be  
 Tyl it be of may for any wylle  
 So that I note as yet therfore  
 If thou my sonne hast wonne in the  
 For oftyme as it is sene  
 When somer hath lost all his gane  
 And is with wylle wast & bare  
 That hym is left no thing to spare  
 All is wrouerd in a howe  
 The cold wylle is over the wylle  
 And yet by the hard wylle  
 And soverly agayn his faders  
 The somer happeneth & is ryche  
 And so yet was thy gane lye  
 my sonne though thou be no wylle  
 Of but yet thou myght wylle  
 thy fader cratyne graunt mercy  
 For have me taught so wylle  
 That ever wylle I have shall  
 The letter I may be wylle with all  
 Of thing which is have said or this  
 But evermore how that it is  
 To ward my myght as it shal be  
 To wylle of other popple me linge  
 Wherof that is me wylle be  
 With all my wylle I wylle be

Epilogue after quintus  
 Requiescat after Quintus



Incipit Liber Sextus

Et gula qz nostram maculas  
uit pama pandum/ Et veri  
to poma/quo dicit omnis ho  
mo/Dee agit de corpus anime contus  
tia spirat / Quo caro fit cassa spiritus  
atqz moxat. Intus e carmine si que vir  
tutis habentur/Potibus ebrietas con  
uiuata iuit/Mersa sapor lebis que ha  
ebus interit hospes/ Indignata Ves  
nus oscula caro paxit/

¶ In septo libro tractat indru  
dit de illo capitali vicio quod gu  
la dicitur/nec non et eiusdem duobus  
solummodo speciebus/ Buxiat ebrietas  
e delicata/et quibus fumane concupis  
cencie oblectamentum habundantius ar  
gumentatur

De qua speme arges  
nat/Which curty ma  
in gouernat/Upon  
his spryde hath ent  
myde/In pamyde it  
was mystymed

¶ When Adam of thyll Apel tode  
his sweete morselle was so hote  
Which dedly made the kynde  
In the lookes as I fynde  
This spee which so oute of melle  
Dath set so al is elyde gule  
Of the which the brackes lay so gule

That of hym all I wol not tute  
But only as touchyng to the  
I thynke to speke of no mo  
Wherof the first is wonderfyll  
Which touchyng the curty felawship  
Gul mang a wonder toly that spee  
He can of a Wyfman make a nyte  
And of a foode that hym that seme  
That he may at the lalle tyme  
And put curty Jugement  
Which touchyng the sprymment  
Woche of the fernes e of the mone  
And thur e maketh a gut chylt seme  
Of hym that is a lethe man  
There is no thyng that he ne can  
Wyle he both wonderfyll on fonde  
He knoweth the fir/he knoweth f lode  
He is a noble man of armes  
And yet no stronghe is in his armes  
There he was strong moche to fore  
With wonderfyll it is forde  
And al is changed his estate  
And wyerth anone soo felle and malle  
That he may nether go ne come  
But al to gyde he is benome  
The power dothe of fonde e foode  
So that algaie abyde he moche  
And al his wythe he forgaie  
The which is to hym such a lethe  
That he not neuer what he doth  
He which is felle/ ne which is foode  
He which is day ne which is nyght  
And for f tyme he knoweth no wyte  
That he ne wote so moche as this  
What maner thyng hym felaw is  
Or he be man or he be best  
That hold I reghit a fory fest  
When he that Reson vnderstood  
So sodentlych he is wyte woode  
Or els lpede the tre man  
Which nether go ne speke may  
Thus oft he is to led brought  
And thur he lpede he miche nought  
Erl e arylt vpon the mone the  
And than he fyllt/ O which a fowle  
It is a man to be vngulde

So that Iuffe dronke in fuche a we  
With my mouth he ftert hym fpe  
De fapd faply in the cuppe  
That made hym left his wight agayne  
Is then a mon that he fynes  
The cuppe is of that cur hym ptefch  
And alfo that moof hym dyfch  
It is the cuppe fchome he fcheweth  
Which of our frow hym fcheweth  
And al fchew to hym fcheweth  
In ioye wepeth in fowle he fcheweth  
It may be wight fchew in fchew  
In dronkefchew in fchew  
He dronkefchew the wight but at the laft  
The wight dronkefchew hym & fchew hym  
fchew And fchew hym in the by fchew  
And hym which is his fchew fchew  
And al in his fchew fchew  
And fchew to fchew wight fchew  
No fchew to fchew it other fchew  
It fcheweth that the moft fchew  
Wight other fchew of fchew adonke  
And fo fchew fchew and a fchew  
Of dronkefchew man / & wight fchew  
Was none which fchew fchew fchew fchew  
Of dronkefchew as fchew of fchew fchew fchew  
Which fchew the fchew fchew  
And fchew of fchew fchew fchew  
So dronkefchew that they ne fchew fchew fchew  
What fchew is moft in fchew  
Such is the fchew of that fchew fchew  
And that is not for lack of fchew  
fchew fchew is fo fchew a fchew  
That fchew fchew fchew a fchew on fchew  
fchew fchew no fchew fchew fchew fchew  
With which Salamon was none  
And fchew fchew fchew fchew  
The fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
fchew that he fchew fchew fchew  
Of fchew fchew fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
And fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
Which is fchew al fchew fchew  
And fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew

Tell me thy wryft in pynple  
It is no fchew of fchew a fchew  
A fchew man to be dronkefchew  
Of fchew fchew as I can a fchew  
And as me fchew in that fchew  
Thou fchew fchew fchew fchew  
We fchew fchew fchew fchew  
Of fchew fchew / and that is fchew  
A fchew fchew that is fchew  
That in me fchew I am fchew fchew  
That I fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
And al my fchew is fo fchew fchew  
That I am fchew fchew fchew  
And yet I may fchew fchew & goo  
But I overcome fchew  
And fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
That oft I fchew not fchew I fchew  
So that wight fchew ne may  
my fchew fchew fchew fchew  
That I am to my fchew fchew  
I fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
When I fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
With fchew of my fchew  
Of fchew which my fchew fchew  
So fchew that my fchew fchew  
And al my fchew is fchew fchew  
And my fchew fchew fchew fchew  
That I fchew fchew fchew fchew  
And fchew fchew a fchew fchew  
That oft fchew I fchew fchew  
It maketh me fchew fchew of fchew fchew  
In fchew fchew by my fchew  
No fchew a fchew fchew fchew  
Which can no fchew fchew fchew  
Or fchew as a fchew fchew  
When fchew is put to fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew I my fchew fchew  
And fchew fchew fchew fchew  
That I in fchew fchew fchew  
fchew as I must fchew fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
Or fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
I may not fchew fchew fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew  
And fchew fchew fchew fchew fchew

Libet Regius

Wherof my hymmes ben so dull  
 I may vnderstande goo a pas  
 For thno it is / euer hit was  
 Whan I on such thoughts must  
 The lust and myrth that men vs  
 Whan I see not my lady byme  
 Al is forgette for the tyme  
 So ferforth that my wylde chaunges  
 And al lustes fro me straugen  
 That they seyn al trulpy  
 And swore that I am not I  
 For as the man which ofte depneth  
 The wyne that in his stomake speketh  
 Wexeth dronke & wylle for a thowte  
 Right so my lust is ouerthowde  
 And of myn owne thought so made  
 I wex / that to myn estate  
 There is no tyme wylle me seke  
 But as a dronk man I swene  
 And suffer such a passyon  
 That may haue grete compassyon  
 And curieth by him self meuerlesly  
 What thyng it is that one replith  
 Such is the maner of my wo  
 Which tyme that I am hurte so  
 Til after agayne that I hit see  
 But than it were a nyght  
 To telle how so that I fare  
 For whan I may vpon hit stare  
 Hyr womanlike hir gentylnesse  
 My herte is ful of such gladnes  
 That ouerpasseth so my wylt  
 That I wote nowherre I hit it fyt  
 But am so dronken of that sight  
 Me thyngeth that for the tyme I myght  
 Ryght stynt though the hole walle  
 And than I may wel yf I shalle  
 Bothe synge and daunce & lye about  
 And hold forth the lusty wode  
 But netheres it faileth so  
 Ful oft that I fro hyr goo  
 He may but as it were a stalle  
 I stonde augment to take  
 And like vpon hit fayne face  
 That for the wylle out of the place  
 For all the world ne myght I wende

Suche lust cometh thow to my mynde  
 So that without me & mynde  
 Of lustre thoughts which I thynke  
 Me thyngeth I myght stonde out  
 And so it were to me leuer  
 Than such a sight for to lye  
 For wel is me that I haue lye  
 To haue so much of my wylde  
 And thus thynging I stonde stille  
 Without lymyng of myn eye  
 Ryght as me thought that I  
 Of penyng the most ioy  
 And soo then wylde I me wylde  
 In to my herte a grete desyre  
 The which is herte than the fire  
 Al forwylde vpon me wylde  
 That all my thought wylde burneth  
 And am so ferforth ouercome  
 That I note wher I am lye  
 Soo that amonge the herte stony  
 In stede of mynde I vnderfonge  
 A thought so wylde in my mynde  
 That neuer ymyned ne vnderfonge  
 Was half so stete for to burne  
 For as I wote thow I thynke  
 As though I were at myn adome  
 For so though dronke I am of lye  
 That all that my fete cometh  
 Is soothe as thow it to me smyth  
 And wylde I may the thoughts lye  
 Me thyngeth as though I were a slepe  
 And that I were in goddes barne  
 But whan I see myn owne barne  
 And that I forwylde a wylde  
 Out of my thought & herte take  
 How that the fote stant in tye  
 Than is my lymme in dale  
 And ioy turneth in to wo  
 Soo that the herte is al ago  
 Of such fete as I was yore  
 And thow inward I lye  
 To take of lye a newe thynge  
 Which me giveth all the wylde  
 For thow cometh the blanch fete  
 With chere and make me to chere  
 And so it cometh at my herte



That water is so I affecte  
 In such a point that I ne drye  
 For aske there was neuer drye  
 His founteyn is vpon the walls  
 More iulpe cold than I am alle  
 And thus I suffer the hot chyle  
 Which passeth othre poppers fele  
 In cold I burne and fete in hote  
 And thus I drinke a better wete  
 With myn herte a ceryn wete  
 And thus I tempe myn drye  
 And take a draught of such wete  
 That of myn wete is bristis  
 And of myn herte therin lyt  
 Is no like faith without wete  
 So that I proue it by wofon  
 In making of comparyson  
 There may no differens be  
 Betweene a dronke man & me  
 Out of the wete of curyng  
 Is cure that I thirst in one  
 The more that myn herte dryneth  
 The more I may so me thynke  
 My thirst shall neuer be acquyrd  
 God wete that I be not deryrd  
 Of such a superfluous  
 For wete I fele in myn drye  
 That of myn wete is curat  
 Wherof I am the more agast  
 That in defende of ladyship  
 Wex chaunce in such a dronkship  
 I may be wete in I dronk  
 For aske fider this I dare  
 Wete-like & in myn thirst alle  
 Out I a draught haue of a wete  
 In which myn wete is and myn lyt  
 My lyt is wete in the frut  
 That fider shall I neuer wete  
 Out as a dronk man for wete  
 So that in herte wete I fete  
 The lust is herte of myn wete  
 As is that may no herte fynde  
 Out this me thynketh a wete  
 As I am wete of that I drinke  
 Of these thoughtes that I thynke  
 Of which I fynd no wete

Out of I myght nethers  
 Of such a dronke as I curyrd  
 So as me lust haue one curyrd  
 I shold afforde and fete wete  
 Out so fortune vpon herte wete  
 On herte me deryrd not to fete  
 For curmow I fynd a lerte  
 The dronker is not my fronde  
 Which hath the key by the herte  
 I may wete and that I wete  
 For wete I wete so fete a wete  
 Out of myn wete is the more  
 I shall assay neuer more  
 Thus am I dronke of that I see  
 For aske is for aske me  
 And I can not myn fete stanche  
 So that my fete of this branche  
 I am gelyf to alle trouthe  
 My fete that me thynketh trouthe  
 For herte dronke is the mofest  
 About all othre the mofest chert  
 If is no lust thought assay  
 Which may herte for thurst alay  
 As for the tyme that it lert  
 To herte which othre iore mofest  
 For herte my fete about alle  
 Thynke wete so it befall  
 And herte the wete that thou harte  
 And late herte not be dronke in wete  
 Out nethers there is no wete  
 That may wete herte wete myght  
 Out why the cause is as I fynd  
 Out that there is deryrd herte  
 Of herte dronke why men playne  
 After the Coler which al orderynd  
 I wete the alle the maner  
 How lert my fete & thou shall herte

Die narrat secundū wethm quas  
 hert in suo oratorio duo dola iubiter ha  
 bet / quoniam primum liquore dulciss  
 mum / secundum amarissimum plenu  
 consistit / ita quod ille cui portata est po  
 spensio de dola potabit / Aliter vero  
 cui aduersabitur uoculum gustabit a  
 marum

Of the fortune of every chere  
 After the goddes purgation  
 To man it groweth frid aboute  
 So that the spece of every here  
 Is shapen there as it befall  
 For I bidde aboute alle  
 Which is of goddes souerayne  
 Hath in his seller as men sayne  
 Two tunnes ful of lute dynke  
 That maketh many a lute synke  
 And many an lute also to stre  
 Of the fowle or of the swete  
 That one is ful of such pyment  
 Which posseth al entandment  
 Of eny man yf he it taste  
 And maketh a iop of lute in haste  
 That other lute as the galle  
 Which maketh a mannes lute pale  
 Whose dronkeshipp is a spheynesse  
 Though feling of the lute synesse  
 Cuppe is lute of lute  
 Which to the lute & to the lute  
 Part of the lute & of the lute  
 That some me laugh & some lute  
 Out for so much as he lute is  
 Full of lute he goth amys  
 And lute the lute for the lute  
 Which lute many mans lute  
 Without cause & for lute  
 So lute of lute lute lute  
 Which ought of lute to lute  
 And some comen to the lute  
 In lute & as lute lute  
 Dynke lute of the lute  
 And thus this lute lute  
 To lute as comen lute  
 Part of the lute in lute of lute  
 So lute lute the lute lute  
 And maketh lute al lute  
 Without lute or lute  
 It lute of the lute lute  
 Lute is the lute al lute  
 Of lute lute & lute not lute  
 So to the lute lute  
 For al is lute lute  
 But lute it is not for the lute

And he the lute lute lute  
 Such dronkeshipp as lute lute  
 And lute of a mans lute  
 That lute lute lute lute  
 And of his lute lute lute  
 For lute lute lute lute  
 With dronkeshipp & lute lute  
 To go the lute lute lute  
 In which he lute lute lute  
 That he lute lute lute lute  
 And in this lute lute lute  
 After the lute lute lute  
 That all men lute lute lute  
 For some lute lute lute  
 So that it me no lute lute  
 My lute of lute lute lute  
 For I lute lute lute lute  
 That thou lute lute of the lute  
 Which lute lute lute lute  
 Such lute lute lute lute  
 Out some lute lute lute lute  
 In lute lute lute lute  
 That thou lute lute lute lute  
 Thy lute lute lute lute  
 Of lute lute lute lute  
 No lute lute lute lute  
 When lute lute lute lute  
 In lute lute lute lute

Nota hic quodammodo  
 scilicet per alios aliquando  
 Euphonia quodammodo  
 dam lute ad lute lute  
 quibusdam lute lute  
 nemo lute non lute / lute ad lute  
 uen per lute lute / lute lute lute

His lute lute lute  
 Was lute lute lute lute  
 By his lute lute lute  
 To make a lute in the lute  
 And lute lute lute lute  
 So that the lute lute lute  
 And lute lute lute lute

And tynch somewhat with his peys  
In such a Country which was large  
A myghtful folk byn the weys  
As he was with his compans  
Alpyd to the sturtes of lumbardys  
There myght they be bynly fygns  
Of watre ne of ocher synne  
So that byn liff & at his best  
Wen for default of bynly almost  
Destroyd and than bachus prayd  
To Juhiter and thus he said  
O bynly fygns that liff alle  
To watre is wylly that I shal  
O bynly fygns in every wyde  
O bynly fygns and alle liff  
This wofull thurst that we liff pene  
To thalke and gylde so for to watre  
And luff byn the Country fere  
Wen that our luff byn are  
Wapting byn our luff watre  
And luff the byn of his watre  
Which liff was to the goddes liff  
He luff anone to fere his liff  
A wofull which & gylde both fere  
ned. And wren he luff it overthurned  
Wen fere a wofull fere & luff  
Wren luff the luff luff  
After the luff of his wofull  
Pene every man to wren his luff  
And for this luff gylde gylde  
fere luff in the same place  
A wofull luff luff he luff  
Which luff shal luff luff  
To thursty man in wren luff  
For luff my luff after luff luff  
luff luff the luff to luff luff  
So for to luff byn the luff  
As wofull luff for the luff  
And luff as luff luff luff luff  
luff luff he luff & luff luff  
He luff no luff that luff luff  
For luff luff a luff luff luff  
luff luff luff and luff luff  
luff luff luff of luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff  
To luff and luff luff and luff

luff luff to luff & luff luff  
luff luff which luff the luff  
luff luff as luff luff luff  
And luff it luff luff luff  
luff luff the luff luff  
luff was the luff luff luff  
luff luff thou luff a luff luff  
And luff of luff luff luff  
And thus I luff thou luff  
luff luff in luff of luff luff  
for luff luff in every luff  
luff luff luff that it luff  
luff luff & luff a luff to luff  
And luff of in luff a luff  
luff luff luff luff luff

*Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum qualiter Castriani ad potum quod dantur bynne in manu ei porrexit et a more luffo luffo inebriatus est*

And for to luff in luff luff  
a luff the luff in luff luff  
So as it luff luff luff  
In every mans mofte it is  
luff luff was of luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff luff  
luff luff which luff luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff luff  
luff luff as it was luff luff  
And luff luff luff luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff  
In luff luff and luff luff  
Of luff luff luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff luff  
luff luff in luff luff  
luff luff luff luff luff

*Hic de potu ebrietatis causa in amor contingentibus narrat quod cu picrochus illa pulcherrimam pprochis am in luffem duxit quosdam qui*



Centum vocabantur inter alios Vici:  
nos ad nuptias inuitavit qui Vino in  
inebriati nuptiis formositatem aspiciem  
tre duplia cibitatio a mensa pectat  
am a Protheco marito suo impetu in  
puerant

His synde I Wyte in wofte  
Of thyll fayne Protheco  
Of thosse traute then as the  
Was / Spake every man & felle prase  
That Protheco so hym spedde  
That he to Wyf his hold wedde  
Wherof that he gret ioye made  
And for he wold his lye glade  
Agene the day of marpage  
By monthes toke & by message  
His frendes to the fest he praid  
With gret worship & al may said  
He hath this pong lady spousid  
And when y they were al day fousid  
And set andy seued at mete  
That was no wyf which may beget  
That there ne was plenty enough  
But Bacchus thyll the tonne drough  
Wherof by way of dronkship  
The grettest of the felauschip  
Were oute of reson ouertake  
And Venus which also hath telle  
The cause moost in special  
Hath poue hem drynk forth with al  
Of thyll coupe which queth  
The lust wher in a man despayn  
And thus by double they dronke  
Of lust that yll fere fouke  
Hath made hem as who saith half wote  
That they no reson vnderstode  
He to none other thing they seyn  
But his which to fore his eyen  
Was wedded thyll same day  
That fresshe Wyf that lusty may  
On his it was al that they thought  
And so forforth his luste leughon  
That they which named were  
Centum at the fete they

Of one offent / of one auid  
This pong Wyf mangle her lide  
In such a rage forth ladden  
As they none insight hadden  
Out only to her dronken fere  
Which many a man hath made myfere  
In lye as lye as other Wyf  
Wherof y I shal more se  
Upon the nature of this Wyf  
Of custome & of quere  
The manne gret so it ferdeth  
A tale which was whilom ferdeth  
Of foolen that so dronken were  
I shal wite vnto they ere

Ic loquitur specialiter contra Vi  
cium illorum qui nimis potione  
et consuetudine ebrii efficiuntur / Et  
narrat exemplum de Galba & Vano  
qui potando in hispania principes fu  
erunt / sed ipsi accidere ebrietate potu  
bus affuerit tanta Vanus inebriatus  
memoria quod tanta tale proclamans  
populo pna sedens capitalis in eos in  
dignitate diffinita est / qui postquam  
monstratur ut pna merito obliuiscunt  
spontanea vim ebrietatis sopiti quasi  
pna seminantur gladio praeuincunt

After in a Complaynt they  
Of Galba and of Vanus  
The which of spain both were  
The grettest of al other they  
And toke of one condition  
After the disposition  
Of ghyng & of dronkship  
That was a fere felauschip  
For this thou myght wel vnderstande  
That man may not wel lye stande  
Which is vnderstand of complaynt  
For he hath lye the vnderstand  
Wherof Keth shold hym chide  
And that was fere vnto they lye  
They saye there is no cure



No further as his appetite  
 Sufficeth to the more for  
 Wherof this lusty Beere is hold  
 Of gult the defrayance  
 Which all the hole progeny  
 Of lusty folk hath undertake  
 To fild Whyles that he may take  
 Rechasse/Wherof to be founde  
 Of abstinence he wote no bounde  
 To what prouper it shold seme  
 And yet phisik of his consue  
 maketh many a restauration  
 Conto his iracacion  
 Which wold be to Venus lief  
 Thus for the point of his relief  
 The Cooke Which shall his mete amey  
 But he the better his mouthe assay  
 His lorde thonsk shall oft be se  
 Et he be serued to the chese  
 For ther may lacke not soo lye  
 That he ne fynt anone a Beere  
 For but his lust be fully serued  
 Ther hath no wyse his thonsk defiled  
 And yet for mannes sustenance  
 To kepe and hold in gouernance  
 To hym that wyll his lorde gete  
 Is none so good as comon mete  
 For who so loketh on the booke  
 It seyth confession of Cookes  
 A man hym shold wel auyse  
 How he it toke and in what wyse  
 For who that vseth that he knoweth  
 Ful seldom spheces in hym groweth  
 And who that vseth metes straunge  
 Though his nature empyer a change  
 It is no wonder lye sonne  
 When that he doth axne his Wonne  
 For in spheces this I fynde  
 Cosaunt it is second kynde

Philosophus/Consuetudo est Altera  
 natura

And right so changed his estate  
 He that of lye is depaite  
 For though he had to his lorde

The best Wyf of al the land  
 O: the farest but of all  
 Yet wold his lorde on other falle  
 And thynk hym more deligous  
 Than he hath in his owne house  
 May seyn it is now ofte so  
 Auyse hym wel they that so do  
 And for to speke in other way  
 Ful oftyme I haue herd say  
 That he which hath no lye archmedy  
 Hym thynketh he is not wedy  
 Though that his lady make hym chere  
 So as she may in good maner  
 Her honour & her name saue  
 But yf he the surplus myght haue  
 No thyng withstanding her estate  
 Of lye more depaite  
 He set her chere at no delie  
 But he haue all his appetite  
 My sone yf it be with the so  
 Take me my fooly fader no  
 For depaite in such a wyse  
 Of lye as y me trauyse  
 He was I neuer yet gette  
 For yf I had such a wyse  
 As y speke of what shold I now  
 For than I wold neuer more  
 For lye of any woman lye  
 Thy lorde Beere none other fyde  
 And yf I dyd it were a waste  
 But all without such myght  
 Of such as y me lye aloue  
 Of Wyf or yet of other lye  
 I faste and may no footy gete  
 So that for lack of tryne met  
 Of which an lye may be fyde  
 I go fastyng to my lorde  
 But myght I gete as I lye  
 So mocht that my lady lye  
 Me seer with her glad semblance  
 Though me lacke all the woman  
 Yet shold I fownde to be lye  
 And for the tyme wel whysse  
 But wote fader he ne doth  
 For in gooder fyghe to lye



I trowe though I wold steele  
 The wold not sit in steele  
 My lere with one goodly helle  
 To seeke this for such a coole  
 I may goo fasting out mo  
 Out yf so is that ony woo  
 May see a mans lere with  
 Therof I haue at myr melle  
 Of plene more than ynough  
 Out that is of hym self so tough  
 My stomack may not it digest  
 Eoo thus is the despayre  
 Of lere which my lere steele  
 Thus haue I lere of that me nece  
 Out for al this yet netherles  
 I sege not I am gyltes  
 That I somtyme am despayre  
 For eke thus I fully make  
 Out yf that I somtyme lusty stounde  
 Of comforte & of eke stounde  
 To take of lere somtyme tyme  
 For though I with the full taste  
 The lust of lere may not steele  
 My longer oner wyls I lere  
 Of smale leres which I wyls  
 And for a lere yet they lere  
 If that yf wyls what I lere  
 How good lere wyls the lere  
 Of such leres as lere good  
 Wherof thou lere lere lere  
 My lere I shall go to lere  
 How that my lere lere lere  
 So as they lere lere lere  
 If lere is of that I lere  
 Another is of that I lere  
 The lere as I shall lere lere  
 If lere lere of lere lere lere  
 And lere lere I lere lere  
 For lere that lere lere of lere  
 He may not lere lere lere

And feden hym Upon the sight  
 For though I myght stonde ay  
 In to the tyme of doomes day  
 And boke vpon hir cur in one  
 Yet when I shold fro hir gone  
 Mygh ey wold as though he faste  
 Wen longer seourum also fast  
 Til eke ayens that he hir sye  
 Such is nature of mygh ey  
 Ther is no lust so deynatfull  
 Of which a man shold not be full  
 Of that the stomak vnderfongeth  
 But cur in one mygh ey longeth  
 For like so that a gousbaun tyneth  
 Ryght so doth he when he pyneth  
 And tutyth on his Romanesce  
 For he may neuer fully fede  
 His lust but cur p lpeche fede  
 Hym longreth so that he the more  
 Despreth to be fedde algate  
 And thus my ey is made the gate  
 Thugh which he deynates of my thought  
 Of lust len to mygh lere brought  
 Ryght as my ey with his look  
 Jo to mygh lere a lusty Cook  
 Of lues fede & lyeate  
 Ryght so my ey is in his estate  
 Where as my ey may not seue  
 Can wel mygh eyre thounk deserte  
 And feden hym fro day to day  
 With such fede as he may  
 For thus it is that ouertal  
 Where that I come in special  
 I may lere of my lady pryce  
 I lere one sey that she is wyse  
 Another seith that she is good  
 And somme men seyn of wealthy blood  
 That she is one / e is also  
 So farre that there is none soo  
 And some prais her goodly ceter  
 Thus eury thyng that I may lere  
 Which soweneth to my lady good  
 As to my lere a lusty foode  
 And eke my ey hath ouer this  
 A deynat fester lere so is  
 That I may lere her selum speke

For when anon my fast I balle  
 On such wordes as she seith  
 That ful of trouth & ful of feith  
 They len and of so good dispose  
 That to my ey gret comfort  
 They done as they that len delles  
 For al the matre and al the spere  
 That ony Lunbard couthe make  
 He be so lusty for to take  
 He so ferforth instantif  
 I lere as for mygh eyne lif  
 No len the wordes of his mouthe  
 For as the Wyndes of the southe  
 Wm moost delonaim of all delonaim  
 So when his lust to speke faim  
 The vertu of his goodly speche  
 Jo verily my lere lere  
 And if it so bisalle among  
 That she carde vpon a songe  
 When I it lere I am so fedde  
 That I am fro my lere so lere  
 As though I were in paradise  
 For artre as to mygh eyre  
 When I lere of his vois the steu  
 Me thynketh it is a blisse of lere  
 And eke my other vois also  
 Ful oftyme it fallith so  
 Mygh eyre with a good preuante  
 Jo fed of redyng & of romaunce  
 Of Prome and of Amadas  
 That whilome were in my as  
 And eke of other many a stow  
 That lere long o: I was lere  
 For when I of his lues wode  
 Mygh eyre with the tale I fere  
 And with the lust of his stow  
 Somtyme I drewe it to memory  
 How fow we may not cur lere  
 And so cometh lere in at the lere  
 When I none other foote knowe  
 And that endureth but a thow  
 Right as it were a chery fere  
 But for to counden at the lere  
 As for the while yet it esch  
 And somtyme of my lere appereth  
 For what thyng to my ey speke

Which is pleasant fownde it esch  
 With watre such as she may gete  
 Eng lust in steet of other mete  
 Soe thus my fater as I say  
 Of lust the which my eye hath seyn  
 And yet of that my eye hath seyn  
 Full oft I haue the fater seyn  
 And the rulo byngyn in the threde  
 The which hath in my fater amyd  
 His place take to my  
 The lusty fowde which assay  
 I met and nametpeth on myght  
 Wher that we lacketh al fygures  
 And that my fater is a way  
 Wher is he wip in the wep  
 My wte soupt for to make  
 Of which my fater fode I take  
 This lusty fowde name is fode  
 Wher the which hath euer his watre  
 Soe / Of hure fygure on the fye  
 With fantasie and with desyre  
 Of which full oft in this the fode  
 My fater wte I was a fode  
 And than he set vpon my fode  
 Wher the which sight e euer word  
 Of lust which I haue fode on fye  
 But yet is not my fode all pleyne  
 Out all of watre and of fygure  
 Wher of I haue my full differe  
 Out as of fygure and of taste  
 Yet myght I haue haue one watre  
 And thus as he haue fode to fye  
 I fyeke fode on the thorne  
 And as who fyeke vpon the byrd  
 I fyeke so that all is pte  
 As in effect the fode I haue  
 Out as a man that wold hym saue  
 Wher he is fyeke by medycyn  
 Wher so of hure the fume  
 I fende in all that euer I may  
 To fye and byngyn forth the day  
 Til I may haue the gretar fyeke  
 Which of my fonger myght arise  
 Soe such by my fater the  
 Of that I fyeke and fye and fye  
 I take of hure my fygure

Without tastynge or fygure  
 As the wate doeth of the byr  
 I fye and am in good espyer  
 That for none such desyre  
 I wte I do no gdwyn  
 And neethers to pour auge  
 My fode fyeke that fye wte  
 I wcommunde myn estate  
 Of that I haue fye desyre  
 My fone I vnderstonde well  
 That thou hast told I fye euerpdele  
 And as me thynketh by the tale  
 It fye desyre wonder smale  
 Wherof thou takest the hure fode  
 But fone pf that thou vnderstode  
 What is to fye desyreous  
 Thow woldst not be curpous  
 Wpon the lust of thyn estate  
 To fye to fye desyre  
 Wherof that thou wte wte  
 For in the fode thou myght wte  
 If mannes wte fode shall be the wte  
 It ought wte to fye fye wte  
 In hure as wte as other wte  
 For as these fode fode fye  
 The fode desyre alle  
 In euerp pte so wte so they fye  
 Wte the fode done gdwyn  
 And for to take in remembrance  
 A tale accordant vnto this  
 Wte of gdwyn vnderstondynge is  
 In mans soule resonable  
 I thynke to alle / e is no fable

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos de  
 fideos / Et narrat de diuid et Lazaro /  
 quoniam gesens in euangelio lucas  
 uideremus describit.

o f Caster wte who wte it wte  
 How f this byr is for to fye  
 In the euangelie it fyeke pte  
 Wte must algate be wte  
 For wte hym fye fye wte  
 And though the clerk e the clergesse  
 In fye wte it wte and fye



Libet Sextus

Yet for the more knowledgyng  
Of trouthe which is good to wyte  
I shall declare as I it write  
In Englyshe / for thus it bigon  
Last seith there was a ryche man  
A myghty lord of grette estate  
And he was che so delgate  
Of his charyng that every day  
Of purpur / & vice he made hym gay  
And ete and drank to his fylle  
As for the lustes of his wyll  
As he which stood at my delgate  
And took no hede of thyng byte  
And as it shold so betide  
A poure Lazar vpon a tyde  
Came to the gate & apeth mete  
But there myght be no thyng gete  
His delys longer for to stounge  
But he which had his ful paunch  
Of all lustes at the lord  
He wytheth not to speke a word  
Onlye a Cromme for to reue  
Wherof the poure myght reue  
Wpon the yst of his almesse  
Thus lay this poure in grette distresse  
A colde & hongred at the gate  
For which he myght goo no gate  
So was he woful becom  
That there as he lay on the gume  
The houndes comen fro the halle  
Wher that this sike man was falle  
And as he lay there for to dye  
The houndes of his maladye  
Ther lyken for to done hym eke  
But he was full of such dylese  
That he may not the deth escape  
But as it was that tyme stope  
The soyle fro the body passeth  
And he vhome no thyng ouerpasseth  
The hygh god by to the heuen  
Hym took wher he hath set hym away  
In Abrahames barne on hygh  
Wher he the heuens ioye sighe  
And had all that he haue wolde  
And selle as it befall shold  
This ryche man this same thynge

With sodeyne deth was ouerthredde  
And forth withouten any wende  
In to helle styght he went  
The fende in to the fire hym deough  
Wher that he had payne enough  
Of flamme which that ouer burneth  
And as his eye about turneth  
Toward the heuen he cast his hile  
Wher that he sawe & hede toke  
How Lazar set was in his se  
As fere as ever he myght see  
With Abraham / & than he prayde  
Wnto the patriarche and sayde  
Sende Lazar doune fro thyll se  
And doo that he his synger wete  
In water / so that he may droppe  
Wpon my tonge for to stope  
The grette he in which I burne  
But Abraham answerd thence  
And seid to hym in this wyse  
My sone thou the myght aupte  
And take in thy remembraunce  
How Lazar had grette paynaunce  
Whyles he was in that ocher lyf  
But thou in al thy lusty ioye  
Thou delys delys soughe  
For thy so as thou than thoughtest  
Now shalt thou take to thy warte  
Of delys payne transfar warte  
In helle which shall erer last  
And this Lazar now at the last  
The wordes payne is ouer wong  
In heuen he hath his lyf bigonne  
Of ioye which is endles  
But that thou praydest neuertheless  
That I shal Lazar to the sende  
With water on his syngers ende  
Thyne hot tonge for to hede  
Thou shalt not such grette fele  
For in that folle place of synne  
For erer in which thou shalt ben ynn  
Cometh none out of this place thidre  
Ne none of goys maye come hyder  
Thus he prayde now a lye  
The ryche apenward apen the  
O Abraham sith hit soo is

That Lazar may not doo me this  
 Which I haue eyed in this place  
 I wold pray another grace  
 For I haue got of bertheem spurs  
 That with my fader ben aloue  
 To geter d'wellen in one howse  
 To whome as thou art gracious  
 I pray that thou woldst sende  
 Lazar so that he myght wende  
 To warne hem how the world is full  
 That afterwarde they be not spent  
 Of such paynes as I dye  
 Doo this I pray / & this I pray  
 That they may hem self amende  
 The patiarlike anone sende  
 Of his prayer answer naye  
 And said hem how that euery day  
 His bertheem myght knowe & here  
 Of moyses in euery here  
 And of prophetes other mo  
 What hem was best & he said no  
 Out of their myght a man arys  
 From deth to lyf in such a wyse  
 To tellen hem how that it were  
 He seyd thence of purr fere  
 They sholden than be ware therby  
 Quod Adamham / nay slykly  
 For yf they noth wyll not obeye  
 To such as treke hem the wey  
 And al day perche & al day talle  
 How that it stont of leuen & hille  
 They wyll not than talen hille  
 Though it be felle so in deth  
 That ony deth man so ardey  
 To lye of hym no better ardey  
 Than of another man on lyue  
 If thou my sone canst descryue  
 This tale as Crist hym self told  
 Thou shalt haue cause to be hold  
 To see so grete an euident  
 Tyme of the sooth experyent  
 Both shewen open p'ch at the eye  
 And both by despayre  
 Of hym which proueth no almesse  
 What after folle in grete dysse  
 And that was sent vpon the tiche

For he ne wold vnto his lyche  
 A adme prync of his berde  
 Than afterwarde when he was dede  
 A droppe of water hym was berded  
 Thus may a mannes wyte be berded  
 Of hem that so wyte taken  
 When they with deth ben ouertaken  
 That erst was wete is than folde  
 But he that is gouernour  
 Of woldes good yf he be wyse  
 Within his herde he set no pyre  
 Of al the world / & yet he wete  
 The good that he nothyng refuseth  
 As he which lord is of the thynges  
 The ouer & the ryche thynges  
 The clothe of gold & the p'rye  
 He taketh & yet the despayre  
 He leueth though he were all this  
 The best mete that there is  
 He eteth & drynke the best drynke  
 And taketh none he to thyne  
 Despayre to put a waye  
 As he which goth the right waye  
 Not only for to see & clothe  
 His body / but his soule for to  
 But they that taken other wyse  
 Her luster ben none of the wyse  
 And that whyldome was shewen eke  
 If thou these old bookes seke  
 As wel by reason as by kynde  
 Of old ensamples as men fynde

*Hic loquitur de delicia Neronis,  
 qui corporalibus delicijs magis addi-  
 tus uero spiritualia gaudia minus obtinu-  
 it /*

¶ That man yf wold hym wel auise  
 Despayre is to despyse  
 When kynde accordeth not with all  
 Wherof ensample in special  
 Of Nero whyldome may be told  
 Which ayne kynde many fold  
 His luster took till at the last  
 That god hym wold all ouercast

Of Whome the Cronycle is so plyne  
 Me lust no more of hym to seyne  
 And netheles for gyltynge  
 Of bodyl despacye  
 To knowe his stomack how it fed  
 Of that no man to fore herd  
 Whiche he bythyn hym self hathought  
 A wonder subtyl thyng he wrought  
 Ther men byen election  
 Of age and of complexion  
 Lych to hym self by al way  
 He toke to wardes hym to play  
 And ete and drank as wel as he  
 Ther was no dyuerfite  
 For every daye when that they ete  
 To fore his o'ne lord they set  
 And of such mete as he was served  
 Al though they had it not deserved  
 They toke scrupel of the same  
 But after ward at thys game  
 Was in to woful ernest turned  
 For when they were thus sojourned  
 Within a tyme at after mete  
 New which had not forgotte  
 The lustes of his freel estate  
 As he which al was despacye  
 To knowe thyslike experyence  
 The men let come in his presence  
 And to that one the same tyme  
 A Courser that he shold ryme  
 In to the felde anone he had  
 Wherof this man was wonder glad  
 And goth to pryke and daunce aboute  
 That other whyle that he was oute  
 He leyd upon his bed to slepe  
 The thyrd which he wold kepe  
 Within his chambur fayne and softe  
 He gothe now by now doun ful oft  
 Walkyng a pace that he ne slepe  
 Tyl he which on the Courser leyde  
 Was comen fro the felde ageyne  
 Newe than as lookes seyne  
 These men dyde done take al the  
 And stode byn for he wold see  
 Whooes stomake was best desired  
 And when he hath the sooth tryde

He found that he which goth the way  
 Desired best of al was  
 Whiche after ward he shode as  
 And thus what thyng into his pay  
 Was moost pleisant he left none  
 With ony lust he was bygone  
 Wherof body myght glade  
 For he no abstinence made  
 But moost of al erthely thynges  
 Of women into the lypnynges  
 New set al his holt lere  
 For lust shold hym not aserte  
 When he the thurst of love hym caught  
 When that hym lust to take a wought  
 He sparreth neyther by ne mayde  
 That such another as men saide  
 In al this world was neuer yet  
 He was so dronke in al his yet  
 Thorough sondry lustes which he toke  
 That er the whyle ther is a booke  
 Of New men that wote and synge  
 Unto the worldes knowelichyng  
 My good sone as thou hast herd  
 For ever yet it hath so herd  
 Despacye in loves case  
 Without reason it is and was  
 For when that love his lere set  
 Byn thynketh it myght be no let  
 And though it be not full mete  
 The lust of love is ever set  
 For thus to geter of felouship  
 Despacye and dronkeshipp  
 Wherof reason stant oute of lere  
 Have made full many a man to erre  
 In loves cause moost of alle  
 For than how so that ever it falle  
 Wyte can no reason understonde  
 But late the gouvrenour stonde  
 To wylle which than is wote so wote  
 That he can not hym self shode  
 For the pryke but oute of few  
 The way he seeth lere and there  
 Byn wote not byn what spe  
 For oftyme he goth byspe  
 And doth such thyng withoute drede  
 Wherof hym ought wel to drede



What when that but affords for  
It passeth all mens law  
What lust it is that he extirpeth  
That as no mannes myght extirpeth  
And of god telleth he none here  
What is this withouten deede  
His purpose for he wel achue  
Against the popens of blynde  
He tempteth herye & erpe & alle  
Here afterward as I shal telle

Dum simulatus amor quicquid  
subest ordo stuporis/Audet et aggredi  
tur nulla timenda timens/Omne quod  
astat quem herbarum siue potestas/  
Sed Vix inferni singula temptat as  
mans/Quod nequit ipse deo merdiana  
patitur sinistra/Demonio sic magica  
credulus arce patitur. Sic sibi non curat  
ad opus que verba tendit. Dumodo aus  
daturum preterire posset autem /

Hic tractat qualiter ebrietas et des  
tancia omnis prouidencie contrarium insti  
tuitur inter alia ad carnalis concupis  
centie promotionem sacrilegio magica  
requiritur

W Ho dare do thyng which due ne  
dare / To due is every labe has  
Wart / It is the labe of his best  
The felle. He folde / the man / the best  
Of all the wolden kynde butich  
For this is he which no thyng dou  
teth. I mannes best wether he seith  
He cometh not to ward his wether  
The woe nomore than the wete  
He more the best than the chere  
He more the wete than the dape  
He more to hure than to dye  
So that he for us to hure  
He seeth no thyng but as the blynde  
Withouten insight of his conage.  
He doth menayges in his rage  
To what thyng that he will hym talle

There is no god there is no labe  
Of whome that he telleth here  
It is as balard the blynde seith  
Telle he falle in the dych a mynde  
He goth ther no man wyl hym bynde  
He stant so ferforth oute of wyle  
There is no wether that may hym tulle  
And thus to alle hym the sooth  
ful mang a thyng he doeth  
That wether better to be lost  
Among the which is such craft  
That somme men clapy for crye  
Which is for to wgnue his deeth  
With many a circumstaunce he beth  
There is no popen which he refuseth  
The craft which Salomon founde  
To make pyghes in the sounde  
That Scamaun cleryd is  
ful ofte he beth amys  
And of the flood his Joromaun  
And of the fyre the romaun  
With questione echone of the  
He tempteth ofte & che also  
Acemaun in Jugement  
To due he byngeth of his assent  
For the craft as I fynde  
A man may doo by wey of kynde  
He so / it he to good entent  
But he goth al another went  
For rather than he shold faile  
With nygromancy he wold assaile  
To make his incantacion  
With hore subfumpcion  
This arte which spatula is hore  
And bled is of comon woe  
Among paines which that craft eke  
Of which his auctor thow the gake  
He wercheth one & one by wye  
Rachell is not to hym blynde we  
He Salamon Candary  
His Jorod his entone  
The figne and the to we with all  
Of balardane and of Conball  
The felle and the wery chymage  
Of the blynde for his atantage  
He telleth and som what of blynde  
t iij

Which he send is to the matre  
 Babilon With hir sonnes frum  
 Which hath renounced to the frum  
 With wones to the square & round  
 He guardeth eke vpon the ground  
 Making his inuocation  
 And for ful informacion  
 The scold Which honours  
 Wrote / he pursueth / and so thus  
 Magike he vseth for to wynn ne  
 His loue & spawth for no synne  
 And ouer that of his soth  
 Ryght as he seeth so: arge  
 Of hem that ben magycyens  
 Ryght so of the naturys  
 Wpon the sterres from aboue  
 His key he seareth vnto loue  
 As ferre as he hem vnderstandeth  
 In many a sondry wyse he fondeth  
 He maketh ymage he maketh sculpture  
 He maketh watyng / he maketh figure  
 He maketh his calculations  
 He maketh his demonstrations  
 His sources of Astronome  
 He seareth as for that partye  
 Which he longeth to the inspectyon  
 Of loue and his affection  
 He wold nolle in helle seche  
 The drupell hym self for to byseche  
 If that he wyse for to sprede  
 To geve of loue his lusty mede  
 Whtof that he hath his lre set  
 He lre neuer to farr bet  
 He wyse of other frum more  
 My sone yf thou of such a lre  
 Hast ten or thre I wote the lre  
 Amans

My holy fader by your lre  
 Of al that ye haue spoken ben  
 Which truely vnto the matre  
 To telle the sooth right as I wene  
 I wote not one word what ye mene  
 I wille not say yf that I couthe  
 That I nold in my lusty pouth  
 Wene in helle & eke aboue  
 To wynn With my lady loue

Done al that ever that I myght  
 For thersof haue I none insight  
 Whter after that I become  
 So that I wynn & outwone  
 For that which I couthe  
 My sone that gothe wonder stryde  
 For this I may wel telle sooth  
 Ther is noman which so doth  
 For al the craft that he can cast  
 That he ne lreth it at the last  
 For othe he that wel lreth  
 He gyldeth With the same gyld  
 And thus the gyldur is lreth  
 I fynde in a booke compyled  
 To this matre an old hystorie  
 Which cometh nolle to memory  
 And is of grete ensamplerys  
 Agaynst the wyse of foray  
 Whtof none ende may be good  
 But whylome how thersof stood  
 A tale which is good to knowe  
 To the my sone I shal telle

Nota hic contra istos ob amoris caus  
 sam fortibggoe / Vbi narrat Exemplum  
 quod cum Colles a subactiione Tui  
 te repatriat nongio voluisset ipsum in  
 Insula Citi Vbi illa quartissima ma  
 ga nomine Cyrao equauit cibig ap  
 plauisse / quem Vt in sui amoris concu  
 pistendam quaderent. Cuius inbus  
 suis incantationibus Vincit conbatat  
 Colles tamen Magia potuam ipsam  
 in amoris fulegit / Eg qua filium nomis  
 ne thelgonum genuit / qui postea pas  
 tem suum inatrat / et sic contra fidi  
 naturam genitus contra generationis  
 naturam patrium opatus est /

Magis which al Toge Ten  
 Colles at the lre the  
 Was one by name in special  
 Of whome yet the memory  
 Abouth / for whyle ther is a month

In erit his name that he couthe  
 He was a worthy knyght and kyng  
 And chivalryng of every thyng  
 He was a gret wysman  
 He was a gret magyken  
 Of tullius the Rethorik  
 Of hyng Zoroaster the magyke  
 Of tholome the Astronome  
 Of plato the philosophye  
 Of daniel the slepp dremer  
 Of neptune the Water stremes  
 Of Salamon the powerbis  
 Of moat al the strengthe of herbes  
 And the physike of pyetes  
 And lyeke into pyetagus  
 Of surgerye he knewe the cure  
 Out somwhat of his auctures  
 Whiche he my moat shal acorde  
 To the my son I wylle wode  
 This kyng of which I haue herd syne  
 From Troye as he goth home ageyne  
 Whi ship he found the se dyurte  
 With many wynde steme werte  
 Wat he thowgh wysdom f he shapeth  
 Full many gret pyete he escapeth  
 Of which I shal telle one  
 How that maner the netel & stone  
 Wynde dyurte he was al fownd  
 Woon the stowes of Cyte  
 Wre that he must abyde a while  
 The quene weyn in that ple  
 Calypso named and Cyte  
 And when they herd how Coliges  
 Is lounde thenpon the Ryue  
 For hym they senden also dygus  
 With hym such as he wold name  
 And to the Courte to hem he came  
 The quene weyn as two goddesses  
 Of art magyke forawes  
 That what he cometh to that ryuage  
 They make hym due in such a rage  
 That upon hem affore soo  
 That they wol haue w that he goo  
 At that he hath of wnters good  
 Coliges wif this vnderstood  
 They couthe moche he couthe more

They shap e cast agens hym for  
 And wrought many a subtile wode  
 Out yet they myght hym not leze  
 Out of the may of his nauye  
 They also forsope a gret partye  
 May none of hem withsoud hir lyses  
 Some parte they shopen in to lyses  
 Some parte they shopen in to folles  
 To lyses tynges apes and oules  
 Or els by some other way  
 They myght no thyng hem disofere  
 Such cause they had aboute kynde  
 Out that art couthe they not fynde  
 Of which Coliges was weryed  
 That he ne hath hem all weryed  
 And broughte hem in to such a wote  
 That upon hym they both affore  
 And thurgh the seyntes of his art  
 He took of hem so wel his parte  
 That he bigate Cyte with childe  
 He kept hym sober & made hym wylde  
 He set hym self so aboute  
 That with hir good & with hir lye  
 Who that therof he lef or lothe  
 Al quere in to his ship he gothe  
 Cyte to swelle to the sides  
 He lete & waped on the tydes  
 And streight thowgh the salt fowle  
 He talke his cours & cometh home  
 Wre as he fowde pynche  
 A litar wif ther may none be  
 And yet ther ten yno we of good  
 Out who hir goodlyship vnderstood  
 Fro first she wylde wode  
 How many lyes she forsoke  
 And how she bare hir al aboute  
 The wylde that hir lye was out  
 She myght take gret auant  
 Amonges all the wmanant  
 That she was one of all the best  
 Wel myght he set his lye in rest  
 This kyng when he sold hir al in rest  
 For as he couthe in wysdom de la  
 So couthe she in wmanlyde  
 And when she salde withoute drete  
 Hir had upon his owne ground



That he was come sauf and sounde  
In al the world ne myght be  
A gladder woman than was she  
The same which may not be hydder  
Thowgh oute the end is sone agooder  
Her kyng is come home agerne  
A her may no man the ful kynt  
How that they were al glade  
So moche ioye of hym they made  
The presentis every day he newde  
He was with gyfte as al he newde  
The peple was of hym so glade  
That though none other ma hym hade  
Calage boun hym self they sette  
And as it were of pure dete  
They prue her goodes to the kyng  
This was a glad welhome comyng  
Thus both wynges what he wold  
His wyf was such as she shold  
His peple was to hym subiect  
As they shold be without lette  
But fortune is of such a slepyght  
That whan a man is moost of myght  
He maketh hym with:st for to falle  
There no man wote what shal befall  
The happe ouer mann: o he  
Whan hangede with a cordie threde  
That proude was on wynges  
For whan he was moost in his pte  
For his sone gan to make hym wete  
And set his welcke oute of herte  
Upon a day as he was mery  
As though ther myght hym no thynge  
der/ Whan nyght was come he goth to  
bede/ With slewe bothe his eyen fode  
And while he slepe/ he met a ffeing  
Hym thought he sawe a statue auy  
Which bygher than sonne shene  
A man it semeth was it none  
But as it was in fygure  
moost lyke to mannes creatur  
But as of beaute benylyche  
It was moost to an Angel lyche  
And thus bywene Angel and may  
Beholden it this kyng began  
And such a lust took of the sight

That fayne he wold yf that he myght  
The forme of that figur embow  
And goth hym forth toward the place  
Whan he sawe that pmoche the  
And taketh in his armes the  
And it emboweth hym agerne  
And to the kyng thus gan it syne  
wynges vnderstood wel this  
The token of our acquyntance is  
Her offerward to moche tene  
The bus that is so hitwene  
Of that he no such ioye make  
That one of so the deth shal take  
Whan deth cometh of dystyne  
It may none other wyse be  
wynges the began to pry  
That this figur wold hym saye  
What wyght he is that syth hym so  
This wyght was a spectre the  
A pryncel wyght was wel bygone  
Embowlid sheweth hym anone  
The fyller all of one colour  
In maner as it were a drum  
Upon the pryncel were brought  
wynges knewe this token nought  
And proude to wyght in somme partye  
What thynge it myght sygnifye  
A signe it is which answere  
Of an empyr/and forth it fide  
At sodenly whan he that said  
wynges oute of slepe he leyd  
And that was ryght opne the day  
That lenger syth he ne may  
Aye a man both knowe/lyng  
Gone of hym self of all thynge  
His owne chaunce no man knoweth  
But as fortune it on hym sheweth  
Was yet neuer so wyse a clerk  
Which myght knowe al goddes wete  
He the secrete which god doth sette  
Aye a man may not be lette  
wynges though that he be wyse  
With all his wyght in his auge  
The more that he his sounne accounteth  
The lesse he wote what it amounteth  
For all his calculation

He seeth none demonstracion  
 At pynnyng for to knowe any ende  
 What nether he so is it wente  
 He dead hym of his owne sone  
 That maketh hym wel þe more ostent  
 And hope thereof anore with all  
 So that within a while wale  
 Thelamon his sone he sette  
 Til he myght knowe the trethe  
 The sooth for there he ne knewe  
 Til that fortune hym ouerthulle  
 What nether he for spurnesse  
 Wrote that he myght wye & gesse  
 A place stryngest in his londe  
 There he he made of lyme & sonde  
 A stronge the wate he wold offe  
 Was neuer man yet herd afte  
 Of such another as it was  
 And for to stronge hym in that cas  
 Of al his londe the systeme  
 Of seruantes and of the wathys  
 To lye hym within ward  
 He charged hym they sholden garde  
 And make such an ordynance  
 For lye at for acquyntance  
 That wete it eue/ wete it late  
 They shold lye in at the gate  
 No mauer man what so hepde  
 What it so wete hym self it hode  
 What al that myghte hym not awaye  
 For whome fortune wyl assaye  
 There may be no resistance  
 Which myght a man make defense  
 That al shall he must ful atgate  
 This Cyrcus which I spake of late  
 On whome wyllys hath bigge  
 A childer though he it haue founde  
 When tyme came as it was wonne  
 He was despyred of a sonne  
 Which childe is thegonus  
 The childe when he was lye thus  
 About his moder to ful age  
 That he can wsen and langage  
 In good estate was made forth  
 And when he was so moche wath  
 To stande in a mannes stede

Circus his moder had hym lye  
 That he shall to his fader go  
 And wote hym al to geder the  
 What man he was that hym lye  
 And when thegonus herd that  
 Was wate & had ful knowlechinge  
 Hode that his fader was a lye  
 He payd his moder fater the  
 To go wete that his fader is  
 And the hym graunte that he shall  
 And made hym wye forth with all  
 It was that tyme such shauer  
 That euerp man the congnisaunce  
 Of his Countre bare in his londe  
 When he went in to strange londe  
 And thus was euerp man therfore  
 Well knowe wete that he was lye  
 For espyall in myght winge  
 They wye than such thynges  
 That euerp man may other knowe  
 So it befelle in that tyme  
 Thegonus as in this cas  
 Of his Countre the signe was  
 The fyller which he sholden lye  
 Down the pyxon of a spere  
 And when he was thus awaye  
 And had his harnys all assaye  
 That he was wye euerpde  
 His moder had hym fater wete  
 And said hym that he shold synthe  
 His fader gatte a thousand pte  
 Thegonus his moder lye  
 And wote his lye & wete he wye  
 His fader was the way he name  
 Til he into Naxos came  
 Which of that land the chylde Cyle  
 Was chylde/ & there aske he  
 Wete was the lye/ & to he fater  
 And when that he the sooth herd  
 Wete that the lye wyllys was  
 Alone wye his lye gatte mas  
 He wote hym forth & in his londe  
 He bare the signall of his londe  
 With fyller wye as I haue wote  
 And thus he went in to that londe  
 Wete that his owne fader d wete

The cause why he came he telled  
 Unto the keepers of the gate  
 And wold haue comen in ther ad  
 But shortly they hym said nay  
 And as fayer as euer he may  
 Besought & told hem of this  
 How that the kyng his fader is  
 But they with proude wordes gerte  
 Digonne to manoe and therte  
 But he go fro the gate fast  
 Tery wold hym take and set fast  
 Few wordes into fewe thus  
 Tery telle so that Thibgonus  
 Was for herte & wel nyght dre  
 But with his sharp speere he  
 He maketh defence how so it falle  
 And wan the pater byn hem alle  
 And both slayne of the best fyue  
 And they ascryden as helpe  
 Throught out the castel al aboute  
 On euery syde may come out  
 Wherof the kynges herte assyght  
 And he with al the host & he myght  
 A speere caught & out he goth  
 As he that nyght was woode & woth  
 He saue the pater ful of blood  
 Thibgonus & wher he stood  
 He saue also but he ne knewe  
 What man he was and to hym threwe  
 His speere & he sterte out aspre  
 But destiny which shold betide  
 Befelle that ylle tyme so  
 Thibgonus knewe no thyng tho  
 What man it was that to hym cast  
 And whyles his owne speere last  
 With al the signe thensyon  
 He cast vnto the kyng anone  
 And smote hym with a deadly blowe  
 Colgre felle anone to grounde  
 Tho euery man the kyng the kyng  
 Began to cry & of this thyng  
 Thibgonus which saue the mas  
 On knees felle & seid also  
 I haue myn owne fader slayn  
 Now I wold woe wonder fayne  
 Now se me who that euer wille

In arde it is right good style  
 Deapth & depth he said therfore  
 Also that euer was I haue  
 That this unhappy destiny  
 So woefully cometh in by me  
 This kyng which yet hath life enough  
 His herte agone vnto hym enough  
 And to that hope on euer he lye  
 And vnderstood all that he seide  
 And gan to speke & said on herte  
 Wyrng me this man & whan he seide  
 Thibgonus he thought he set  
 vpon the steeple which he met  
 And ageth that he myght see  
 His speere on which the felle & the  
 He saue byn a pater brought  
 Tho wylt he wel at fastly thought  
 And had hym that he talle shold  
 Few wordes he came & what he wold  
 Thibgonus in fewe & woe  
 So as he myght teld the  
 vnto colgre all the mas  
 How that Cyrrus his moter was  
 And so forth said hym euery tale  
 How that his moter gerte hym wale  
 And in what wylt she hym sent  
 Tho wylt colgre what it meant  
 And toke hym in his armes softe  
 And at blodegyrte hym of  
 And said sone & helpe I trow  
 This infortune I the fortune  
 Afer his other sone in host  
 He sent & he began hym haste  
 And cam vnto his fader tye  
 But when he saw hym in such pite  
 He wold haue wonnen byn that othe  
 Anone & slayne his owne brother  
 He had byn that colgre  
 But when he made aerd & wote  
 And to his lye thelamacus  
 He had that he Thibgonus  
 With al his power shold kept  
 Till he were of his woundes tye  
 At fode ony than he shold hym pte  
 Londe wher byn to lye  
 Thelamacus why he this dre



With his sister he answered  
 And said he would done his will  
 So dillow they to geter will  
 That dillow and the sister dillow  
 So dillow dillow dillow  
 Though dillow his lust he was  
 Though dillow his the dillow  
 Though dillow his dillow he was  
 The child was gote in dillow  
 Which dillow all this dillow  
 Though dillow was gote dillow dillow  
 And dillow it was dillow  
 The child his dillow sister dillow  
 That dillow dillow dillow  
 For the dillow dillow that it is  
 So for the dillow dillow dillow  
 Which dillow of his dillow in the  
 For of this dillow I dillow also  
 That dillow is dillow for dillow dillow  
 Where dillow dillow dillow dillow  
 A gote dillow dillow dillow  
 Which dillow in dillow dillow  
 Among the dillow dillow it dillow  
 That dillow dillow the dillow dillow

The natural Exemplum quoddam  
 Nectanabus ad Egyptum in Macedonia  
 am fugitivum Olympiadem philippi re  
 gio istam tunc assensio dionem arte  
 magis tripens cum ipsa concubuit  
 magnum qd qd ad dionem forte  
 dionem gemit / qui natus postea cum ad  
 erudiendum sub custodia Nectanabi  
 patrem suum ad altitudinem cuiusdam  
 curis in fossam profundam precipitem  
 interfecit / Et sic fortissimus qd suo forti  
 logio infortunij fortis fortis est

He has Conduite of dionem  
 Which is dionem of al dionem  
 But many dionem dionem  
 Let dionem dionem his dionem  
 Then dionem dionem the dionem dionem

But he which is al dionem  
 And that dionem dionem thus  
 When that the dionem Nectanabus  
 Which dionem Egypt for to dionem  
 But for he dionem the dionem  
 Though dionem of his dionem  
 Which dionem a gote dionem  
 His dionem to dionem dionem  
 For dionem he dionem not dionem dionem  
 Out of his dionem dionem he dionem  
 And in the dionem as he dionem dionem  
 It dionem for al his dionem dionem  
 So that Egypt was dionem dionem  
 And he dionem dionem dionem  
 By dionem / dionem the dionem dionem  
 To Macedonia dionem that he  
 dionem at the dionem dionem  
 The dionem of his dionem dionem  
 All dionem for to dionem dionem dionem  
 The dionem he dionem dionem dionem  
 For they dionem dionem as dionem dionem  
 And dionem that they dionem dionem dionem  
 Parts of the dionem good he dionem  
 They dionem dionem in the dionem  
 After the dionem dionem  
 When as dionem thought dionem to dionem  
 He dionem dionem a dionem dionem  
 So dionem that the dionem was dionem go  
 Upon a dionem he dionem dionem  
 But in that dionem dionem was  
 The dionem which dionem dionem  
 Was dionem dionem dionem dionem  
 The dionem of his dionem dionem  
 As it dionem was dionem dionem  
 And for his dionem to dionem dionem  
 And dionem of the dionem dionem  
 So dionem his for to dionem dionem  
 And dionem dionem al dionem dionem  
 Anone dionem al men dionem  
 And that was in the dionem of dionem  
 This dionem dionem on good dionem  
 Was dionem dionem a dionem dionem  
 To dionem it was a dionem dionem  
 The dionem that the dionem dionem  
 With dionem dionem dionem dionem  
 The dionem dionem was al dionem dionem

Andy cury wyght Was for charyte  
 To se this lusty lady ryte  
 Ther was gatre mythe on cury fide  
 Wixer as possith by the fride  
 Ther was full many tymbre lide  
 And many a moyre can lye  
 And thus thurgh out þe doun playng  
 This quene into a pleyne rode  
 Wher that she honed and abode  
 To se dyuerse game play  
 Ther lusty folk just and turny  
 And so forth cury ether man  
 Which play couthe / tis playe ligan  
 To plese with this noble quene  
 Nestanabus came to the game  
 Amonges other & brough hym ryght  
 But when that he this lady syght  
 And of hir beaute lide thowke  
 He couthe not withdraue his like  
 To se nought elles in the felde  
 But stood / & only he beheld  
 Of his clothynge & of his chere  
 He was of bylyche ether there  
 So that it becometh at the last  
 The quene vpon hym his eye cast  
 And knewe that he was sitallyr anon  
 But he bishid hir cury in one  
 Withoute blemysshynge of his chere  
 She took good lide of þe o maner  
 And wondereth to hyr he dyd so  
 And bad men sheldy for hym goo  
 He came & dyd his truerne  
 And she ageth in splene  
 From whome he came & what he wold  
 And he with sober wordes told  
 And seyth madame a Chirche I am  
 To go w and in message I am  
 The which I may not tellyn lye  
 But yf it lyke yow to lye  
 It must be said at pryuely  
 Wher none shal he but y and I  
 Thus for the tyme he toke his lene  
 The day goth forth till it was eve  
 That cury man moe lide his weth  
 And she thought cury vpon this chere  
 What thyng it is that he wold mene

And in this wyght when the quene  
 At wyght cury thylt wyght  
 Till it was on the mowle & syght  
 She send for hym and he came  
 With hym his Awele & name  
 Which was of fyre gold pious  
 With wynde and wynde menyphus  
 And eke the bruely figure  
 Wrought in a booke full of pynture  
 He took the lady for to shewe  
 And also of eke of hym by wye  
 The cury and the wyndyng  
 And she with gatre affectyon  
 Bate syde & lide what he wold  
 And thus lide & lide tyme to lide  
 And fyneth with his watre lide  
 A tale and syth in such a lide  
 madame but a wylle ego  
 Wher I was in Egypt the  
 And more in stode of this sygne  
 It felle in to my consygn  
 That I in to the temple went  
 And then with all my fide went  
 As I my fide for lide  
 One of the goddes bath me lide  
 That I go w watre pryuely  
 So that y make go w wye  
 And that y be no thyng agost  
 For he lide lide lide to go w wye  
 That y shall lide his othe lide  
 And he shall be pour lide  
 Let y consygn & he with chere  
 And with that word she lide of lide  
 And founde lide for lide  
 And apoth hym that goddes name  
 Which so lide lide lide lide  
 And he lide amos of lide  
 And she said that may I not lide  
 But yf I se a lide lide  
 madame quere Nestanabus  
 In lide that it shal be thus  
 This nyght for consygn  
 He shall lide o lide  
 That Amos shall be go w wye  
 To the lide lide in lide lide  
 The lide shall afterword lide

He oughten that alway alle  
 To make ioy of such a lord  
 And when he is of one away  
 He shall a fount of gold begre  
 Which when his silver shall beyn a gate  
 The wyse wold in lengthe a bace  
 All cradels spynge shall hym dede  
 And in such a wyse I wold beke  
 The god of the erthe is shall be for  
 If this be sooth the quod the quene  
 This myght thou freit it shall be fine  
 And if it falle in to my grace  
 Of god Amos that I purchace  
 To make of hym so gude worship  
 I wold too the such ladschyp  
 Whereof thou shalt for curio  
 We tye a le thanked byr the  
 And wold his true a forth be wold  
 The wold ladschyp what he ment  
 For it was gyle and fowrye  
 At that he wold for prophete  
 Necanabus thought out the day  
 When he cam home liden he lay  
 His chamber wold hym self wold  
 And ourturneth many a wold  
 And though the craft of art mage  
 Of wold be forgoth an image  
 And liden his equations  
 And the the confessions  
 He liden the confessions  
 He liden the confessions  
 His signe his houn his ascendent  
 And wold wold fortune of his assent  
 The name of the quene Olimpas  
 In thell pnyge wold was  
 A myght in the fronte olone  
 And thus to wold his last of liden  
 Necanabus the wold both dpyt  
 And when it came wold in wold  
 That every wold is felle a liden  
 He thought he wold his tyme liden  
 As he which liden his houn anoynt  
 And than felle he liden anoynt  
 Wold felle liden that figure  
 And than felle he liden anoynt  
 So that though his enchanment

This lady which was Innocent  
 And wold no thyng of this gyle  
 Mett as she liden the wold  
 Wold for the liden cam a liden  
 Which at her chamber made liden  
 And as she liden to and fro  
 She liden her thought a dragon the  
 Whose felle liden hymen as the sonne  
 And liden his soft was liden  
 Wold at the liden that he may  
 Toward the liden there she lay  
 Til he cam to the liden liden  
 And she lay liden a no thyng liden  
 For he did al his liden liden  
 And was liden and liden  
 And as he liden his fast by  
 His forme he liden liden  
 And the figure of man he liden  
 And to her in to her liden he come  
 And such thyng her of liden he wold  
 Wold so as her than thought  
 Though liden of this god Amos  
 Wold childe anone her wold liden  
 And she was wold glad wold alle  
 Necanabus which liden alle  
 Of this metty the substant  
 Wold he liden liden his liden  
 He liden a no thyng more liden  
 Of his liden a liden liden  
 Out of her liden and liden liden  
 That it is sooth than every liden  
 Of that this liden her had liden  
 And was the gladder many liden  
 In hope of such a glad metty  
 Which after liden liden in liden  
 She liden fore after the liden  
 That she her liden alle may  
 To this liden in liden  
 Which liden it as liden as she  
 And netheles on the mowd liden  
 She liden all other liden to done  
 And for hym liden a all the liden  
 She liden hym liden as it was  
 And liden liden wold she liden  
 That she her wold myght liden  
 For she liden her liden



Right after the condempn  
 Which he his body sold to fore  
 And prapd hym lrely therfore  
 That he his sold couenent  
 So forth of all the unmount  
 That he may thorough his ordynance  
 Toward the god doo such pleasure  
 That he wakeng myght hym keep  
 In such wyse as he met in sleep  
 And so that wylthe gyle enough  
 Wary he this herd for ioy he lough  
 And said madame it shall he doo  
 But this I warne you thereto  
 This nyght when that he cometh to play  
 That there he no lye in the way  
 But I that shall at his lokinge  
 O: dyne so for his cominge  
 That ye ne shall of hym fayle  
 For this madame I you conuysle  
 That ye it here so prync  
 That no wyght else but we ther  
 Haue knowlechyng how that it is  
 For else myght it fare amys  
 If ye delyd ought that shold hym gnyss  
 And thus he maketh hit to belyue  
 And farneth vnder gyle fytth  
 But netherles all that he seyth  
 He twylteth and ayne the nyght  
 He hath within his chamber dyght  
 Where as this gyldeust fast by  
 Wroth this god that pryncly  
 A wayer as ye make hit to be  
 And thus this noble gentyl quene  
 When she moost trust was trayned  
 The nyght com the chamber is besyde  
 Melancthus hath take his place  
 And when he sawe tyme of spact  
 Though wayer of his maynt  
 He put hym out of mono lye  
 And of a dragon took he the forme  
 As he which wold of conforment  
 To that he sawe in s: w: on this  
 And thus to chamber comen he is  
 The quene lay a bed and seyth  
 And howth cur as he com nyght  
 That he god of luby wen

So that she he lisse fere  
 But for he wold her more assure  
 Yet eke he chaunged his figure  
 And of a wyther the lychenisse  
 He took in figure of his noblesse  
 With large honours for the nones  
 Of fyne gold & precious stones  
 A Conclene on his hea & low  
 And ferd: lychen as she was wau  
 As he which all gyle can  
 His forme he turneth in to mon  
 And am to lye / she lay styll  
 When as she suffred all his lychen  
 And she which wold not myght  
 But netherles it hapned so  
 At though she was in such trayned  
 Yet for all that she hath conuysed  
 The wylth of all the lychen  
 Which was cur to fere on fere  
 Of conquest & of Chynalre  
 So that though gyle & ferd  
 Thus was that noble lychen belyue  
 Which at the wylth hath ofar wene  
 Thus fere the lychen which fere  
 Melancthus hath that he wylth  
 With gyle he hath his lye ferd  
 With gyle he com in to the lychen  
 With gyle he goth hym out ager  
 He was a ferd: chamberlaine  
 So to begre a wylth quene  
 And that on hym was ofar fere  
 But netherles the lychen is do  
 The fere god was fere god  
 With his lychen & fere hym ches  
 Tyl mon: am that he wene  
 And the lychen tyme of lychen was  
 The quene lye hym at the lychen  
 As she that gyle non ferd  
 And of the wylth she hym lychen  
 Out was of that the god nemon  
 Wylt com ager and curmon  
 Fere he that ferd: in lychen  
 With lychen fere his lychen fere  
 Wylt he nemon fere & fere his gyle  
 Melancthus he fere fere met adme  
 As for the god I lychen

That when it spaketh goth to take  
 His company at onp thowe  
 If I a day to four it knowe  
 He shall be with goth on the nyght  
 And he his wyke of such a myght  
 To here goth from all blame  
 For the comfort goth madame  
 That that none other cause be  
 Thus took he love / & forth goth he  
 And the began he for to muse  
 How he the quene myght cause  
 Toward the kyng of that is full  
 And found a cause amongeth alle  
 Though which he hath a seful dailid  
 With his myght & so encounter  
 That he the forth when it was nyght  
 With the kynges ant nyght  
 When that he lay amyd his hoost  
 And when he was a sleep moost  
 With that the seful to hym brought  
 Another charme which he brought  
 At home within his chamber stode  
 The kyng he turned at his wyke  
 And made hym for to dreame & see  
 The dragon and the puer  
 Which was byfalle hym & his quene  
 And over that he made hym went  
 In swain how that the god Amos  
 When he from the quene arose  
 To the south a ryng wher a stone  
 Was set & quene thereon  
 A son in which when he cam nyght  
 A lady with a sword he spake  
 With a punte as he the met  
 Upon the quene's hound he sette  
 A hall & goth hym forth his way  
 With that the swain went his way  
 And the began the kyng a tale  
 And sighted for his wyke's sake  
 With that he lay within his ant  
 And both a great while what it mend  
 With that he listd hym to rest  
 Ane and sent after the wyke  
 Among the which then was one  
 A clerk his name is Amphion  
 When he the kynges swain had

What it byfalleth he answered  
 And said as spaketh as the lye  
 A god hath lym by the wyke  
 And gett a sone which shall bynne  
 The world & all that was withynne  
 As the kyng is kyng of bestes  
 So shall the world obey his bestes  
 Which with his sword shall all be done  
 As sure as syneth onp sonne  
 The kyng was doutif of this dome  
 But nethered when that he come  
 Agene in to his owne londe  
 His wyke with child gret he founde  
 He myght not hym self steere  
 That he ne made his trup chere  
 But he which wyke of all forewe  
 Metanabus upon the morow  
 Though the wyke of Negromaunt  
 Toke of a dragon the semblaunt  
 And when the kyng sat in his hall  
 Came in camppng among hem alle  
 With such a noyse and such a wote  
 That they agast were all so fore  
 As though they shold deye anone  
 And nethered he graueth none  
 But goth toward the deys on hym  
 And when he quene nyght  
 He spak his noyse and his wyke  
 To hir he profert his trup  
 And lye his hound upon his barne  
 And he with goodly chere his arme  
 About his neck aynward lye  
 And thus the quene with hym plede  
 In sight of al men about  
 And at the last he gan to lute  
 And oversaunt into his make  
 And he that wold his true take  
 And soenly his whely forme  
 In to an eghe he gan transforme  
 And stode and set hym on a rayle  
 Wherof the kyng had great manaple  
 For then he plumeth hym & ppleth  
 As doth an owle when hym wel  
 Liketh And after that him self he shode  
 Wherof that all the halle quode  
 As it a tremor were

They saiden alle god was there  
 In such a tree and forth he flygh  
 The kyng which at this wonder sight  
 When he cam to his chamber abode  
 Unto the queene he made his mone  
 And of fortunes he hir prayde  
 For than he knewe wel as he said  
 He was with child than with a god  
 Than was the kyng without rod  
 Chastised & the queene excused  
 Of that he had ben accused  
 And for the grette expence  
 Yet after that in the presence  
 Of kyng philip and of other mo  
 When they were in the felde tho  
 A fauntyr came before her eye  
 The which anone as they hir seyn  
 Flyng let an egge doune falle  
 And it to baste among hem alle  
 And as they tolen therof they  
 They sawe out of the shelle arys  
 A lytel serpent out of the ground  
 Which compassed al about round  
 And in agene it wol have wonne  
 But for the burning of the sonne  
 It myght not be so he depde  
 And therupon the clerkes seide  
 As the serpent when it was oute  
 Went enyroun the shelle about  
 And myght not come in agene  
 So shall it falle in arreigne  
 This child the world shal enyroune  
 And aboute all to bre the crowne  
 hym shall befall in his yonge age  
 He shall desir in his countre  
 When all the world is in his honde  
 To turne agene in to the lande  
 Where he was born and in his weye  
 Home ward he shall with poples weye  
 The kyng which at this sawe & herd  
 For that day forth told so it ferde  
 His iehus both all forger  
 But he which hath the child segge  
 Metanabus in pryete  
 The tyme of his natyng  
 Upon the constellation

A Wapth and wladon  
 maketh to the queene told she shall be  
 And every how appoynted so  
 That no mynute therof was lete  
 So that in due tyme is done  
 This child & forth with them  
 That fell wonder many one  
 Of extreme unpurcell  
 The sonne took colour of the fete  
 And left his light the wyndes he we  
 And many sturges overthrew  
 The see his proper kynde chaunged  
 And al the world his forme chaunged  
 The thonder with his fery drum  
 So cruel was upon the drum  
 That every creature  
 Tho thought his lyf in aventure  
 The tempest at the last ceased  
 The child is kept his age manerly  
 And Alexander his name is hote  
 To welcome Calysto and Aristotle  
 To teachen hym philosophy  
 Endenyn and Astronomy  
 With other thynges which he myghte  
 Also to teachen hym in his poughs  
 Metanabus took upon honde  
 But every man may understonde  
 Of foreray told that it wonder  
 It wylle hym self purne at the ende  
 And namely for to segge  
 A lady which without gyfte  
 Supposeth all that she hath  
 But often he that capst strength  
 His ship is dryghten therin a mydder  
 And in this case myght so lypde  
 Metanabus upon a myght  
 When it was fap & strewe byght  
 This yonge lord had upon hym  
 Above a towre when as he segge  
 The strewe such as he counteth  
 He seeth what eke of hym amounteth  
 And though he knewe of al thyng  
 Yet hath he no knowledgyng  
 That shall save hym self to falle  
 When he hath told his wordes alle  
 This yonge lord than hym opposeth



And askest if that he supposed  
 What wyl he shall hym self say  
 He sayd on fortune is a wyse  
 And every strer hath his wonne  
 O: rls of myn o: lne sonne  
 I shall be stary I may not ste  
 Thought Alexander in p: p: p: p:  
 Drow this old dowerd hys  
 And in that o: ther ought aspyed  
 At fornyghe his old bones  
 By shoo: ouer the wat for the nopes  
 And sech hym/ he deume ther a part  
 Wdow nott semeth al thyn art  
 Tha knowest al o: ther mornis challer  
 Aid of thy self hat pgnomunt  
 That thou hast laid amonges alle  
 Of thy persone it is not lesalle  
 Metanabus which hath his dech  
 He wydes hym lasteth lpf on barthe  
 To Alexander he spak and sepy  
 That he is th wedg blame on hym said  
 Iw went to wynt: al the m: s  
 He toid to w: he his soune was  
 Tho he whiche sepy was ynough  
 Out of the dyche his fader drough  
 And toid his mo: r to w: it fere  
 In countryl: / When he it lrede  
 And lne: he d: m: s whiche he tol d  
 He npt what he sey shold  
 What stood abassid as for the whyle  
 Of his magyke and of his gyle  
 Wh thought to w: he was daryed  
 That the hars of a man conaryed  
 And wend a god it had be  
 Out nethiles such degre  
 He as he maghe hit honout fane  
 He shox the lody was fegume  
 And thus Metanabus alough  
 The fary: whiche he brought  
 Though byn the arathms  
 Though his canche and figures  
 The magyry and the power had  
 His creatur to nought hym had  
 Aaryne wdo: la: his craft he th  
 Wdny he for lult his god refueth  
 And wode hym to the dryer asf

To what profyt is hym beaft  
 That thynng thurgh whiche he wde has  
 ne seide/ First hym wiled out of londe  
 Whiche was his o: dne/ & fed a lypngz  
 made: hym to be an Underlpyngz  
 And sythen to daryue a quene  
 That to: neth hym to mo: rle one  
 Thourgh lust of lne he gat hym hars  
 That ende wylthe he not abate  
 His old slepyghes whiche he cast  
 Pongz Alexander lpf n ouerast  
 His fader whiche hym myshigat  
 He stlwe/a gude myshap: was that  
 But for one mys another mys  
 Was potce/and so ful oft is  
 Metanabus his craft myshent  
 And so it myself hym on that he went  
 I note what helpe that clery  
 Whiche maketh a man to doo foly  
 And namelpeche of Negromaunt  
 Whiche stont vpon the mystrauance

Nota qualiter rex Zoroaster statim  
 cu ab astro matris sue nasteretur gau:  
 dio magno tist. in quo p: rnostium dos  
 was subsequens signum figurabatur  
 Nam et ipse detestabilis artis magica  
 primus fuit inuentor/ quem postea rex  
 Summe dicit mact trucidauit. & sic o:  
 pus opum consumpsit

And for to see more eydence  
 a Zoroaster which that experyence  
 Of arte Magyke first forth  
 drough. Anon as he was lre he lough  
 Whiche toly was of woo se lpyngz  
 In of his o: dne contaryngz  
 He found Magyke / & taught it forth  
 But al was hym lylst woch  
 For of furep a worthy lpyngz  
 Hym stlwe/ and that was his endyngz  
 But yet thurgh lpyng this craft is lred  
 And he thourgh all the world accused  
 For it shal neuer wel achue

**Libet septimus**

Thei stont not right with the bylawe  
 But lyke to Dulle is eyn spone  
 Who leseth hym self bath byall wonne  
 And the end proueth euery thyng  
 Saul which was of Iudeas kyng  
 Upon pyne of deeth forsoke this arte  
 And yet he took & rowe his parte  
 The phylomyse in Samary  
 Vase hym conuayll by forcery  
 Which after falle to moche sorowe  
 For he was slayn vpon the morowe  
 To conne moche it helpe  
 But of to moche no man xpe  
 So for to lye on euery side  
 Magyk may no: Wel xpe  
 For thy my sone I wol the rede  
 That thou of these ensamples dede  
 That for no lust of crithely lye  
 Thou seest so to come aboute  
 Whereof as in the worldes wonder  
 Thou shalt euer be put vnder  
 My good fader graunte mercy  
 For euer I shall be ware therof  
 Of lye what so euer me bisalle  
 Suche forcery abouen alle  
 Fro this day forth I wyl eschewe  
 That so ne wylle I not purswe  
 My lust of lye for to seeke  
 But this I wold poss byseke  
 Beside that me stant of lye  
 No I wold herd speke aboue  
 How Alexander was taught  
 Of Aristotle and so wel taught  
 Of all that to a kyng belonged  
 Whereof my herte sore longeth  
 To wete what it wold mene  
 For by reason I wold bene  
 That yf I herd of thynges straunge  
 Yet for a tyme it shold chaunge  
 My pyne & lesse me soude  
 My good sone thou shalt wele  
 For wysdom how that euer it stonde  
 To hym that can it vnderstonde  
 Doth geue prync in sondry wyse  
 But touchyng of so hygh a pyse  
 Which is not vnto conue knowe

I may it not my self knowe  
 Which of her court am al forth draw  
 And can no thyng but of hir lawe  
 But neede to knowe more  
 As wel as thou/me lengthen som  
 And for it helpe to comune  
 Of euery thyng in comune  
 The stote of the philofye  
 Yet thynk I for to spekye  
 In booke as it is compendyd  
 Whereof thou myghtest be amende  
 For though I be not al connyng  
 Vpon the forme of his tryng  
 Somme parte/therof yet I lone herd  
 In this matir how it haty herd

Explicit libet septimus  
 Sequitur Libet septimus

6  
 In quibus in causis sapiens  
 doctrina salutis/ Cōsequitur  
 nec habet quia nisi deus os  
 per/ Naturam superat doc-  
 trina Viro quod et actus/ Ingeniū doc-  
 tris non credit ipsa dabit/ Non ita discer-  
 tus hominū per climata regnat / Quā  
 magis ut sapiat indiget ipse stultus/  
 Quia omnis doctrina bona huma-  
 no regno salutem confert / in hoc septi-  
 mo libro ad instantiam amantis lang-  
 uidi intendit genius illam ex qua phi-  
 losophi et Astrologi philosophi doctrinā  
 regem Alexandrum inuenerunt sciri  
 dū aliquid declarare / diuidit enim phi-  
 losophiam in tres partes/quarum pri-  
 ma Ethica/secunda/Rhetorica/Tercia  
 practica nuncupata est/de quarum con-  
 ditionibus subsequenter per singula  
 tractabit

Inapil liber Septimus

Genius the priest of due  
 1 my son as I have said about  
 That I the scole that declaim  
 Of Aristotle and eke the farr  
 Of Alexander how he was taught  
 I am somewhat therof distraught  
 For it is not the matre  
 Of due why we speken here  
 To her as Venus had  
 Out notwithstanding for it is glad  
 So as thou seest for hym aplye  
 To her of such thynges wyse  
 Wherof thou mayest the tyme blyss  
 So as I can I shall the wyse  
 For wisdom is at every thyng we  
 About al other thynges to knowe  
 In hys cause & eke wher  
 For thy my son into thynges  
 Though it be not in the Regystre  
 Of Venus yet of that Calyste  
 And Aristotle whylome wyse  
 To Alexander thou shalt wyse  
 Out for the hys den dynerse  
 I shall first to the matre  
 The nature of the philosophye  
 Which Aristotle of his charge  
 Wyse and wyse in the science  
 Declared thyllie intelligenc  
 1 As of the wynter in pyndalle  
 Wherof the first in specialle  
 Is the first / Which is groundede  
 On hym which al I wold have founde  
 Which comprehendeth al that be  
 And for to hym ouermore  
 Most of science the second  
 Is the second whos fountaine  
 About al other is eloquent  
 To alle a tale in Jugement  
 So that any man speke as he  
 The last science of the thre  
 Is the last whos offspr  
 The third tryeth fro the thre  
 And arched upon good thynges  
 To see the company of shewes

Which stand in disposition  
 Of mannes for election  
 Principall enformeth the the wylde  
 How that a worthy kyng shal rule  
 His matre both in wete and pes  
 To the done Aristotle  
 These the sciences hath dryged  
 And the nature also decayed  
 Wherof that eke of hym shall seue  
 The first which is consens  
 And herat of the amenaunt  
 And that which is moost suffysaunt  
 And chref of the philosophye  
 If I thew shall specyfy  
 So as the philosophye wold  
 Now herby / e her that thou it holde

Prima creaturam dat scire scientia  
 summi. Qui capit agnoscit sufficit illud  
 ei. Plura vixit quadeq; iuvat nescire  
 set illud / Qd vixit & peditis solutus  
 illi sapit /

Hic tractat de prima parte philoso  
 phie que theoria dicitur / cuius natura  
 tripla dicitur esse scientia / scilicet theolo  
 gia / phisica et mathematica / Et pri  
 mo illam partem theorie declarabit

1 The first principall  
 The philosopher in specialle  
 The proprietyes hath determy  
 ned / And the first which is enlumyned  
 Of wisdom & of hys prudence  
 About al other in his science  
 And stand wyse upon the  
 The first of which in his degree  
 Is cleped in philosophy  
 The science of theologie  
 That ocher named is phisik  
 The thre is said mathematica  
 Theologie is that science  
 Which into man prynceth eyden  
 Of thyng which is not body  
 Wherof man knowen truly  
 The hys almyghty tryng



**Liber septimus**

Which is one god in byp  
 Withouten ende and begynnyng  
 And creatur of al thyng  
 Of heuyn of erthe/and eke of helle  
 Wherof as olde bookes telle  
 The philosopher in his wryson  
 Wrote byn his conclusion  
 And of his wrytynge in a clause  
 He cleped god the first cause  
 Which of hym self this pke good  
 Withouten whome/is nothyng good  
 Of which that eury creatur  
 Hath his byng & his nature  
 After the byng of the thynges  
 There byn the formes of bynges

*Nota qd: triplex est essentia/ prima  
 temporalis que incipit et desinit / Se-  
 cunda perpetua que incipit et nō desinit  
 Tercia sempiterna que nec incipit nec  
 desinit/*

Thyng which bygan and ende shal  
 That thyng is cleped temporal  
 There is also by other wey  
 Thyng which bygan & shall not drey  
 As folles that ben spirituall  
 Here byng is perpetuall  
 But there is one aboue the sonne  
 Whose tyme was neuer bygonne  
 And endles shal aier be  
 That is the god/Whose mayeste  
 Al other thynges shall gouerne  
 And his byng is sempitern  
 The god/to whome al honoure  
 Belongeth/he is creatur  
 And other byn his creatur  
 The god commaunded the nature  
 That they to hym obeyn alle  
 Withouten hym what soo bisalle  
 Were myght is none/& he may alle  
 The god was enet & aier shalle  
 And they begonne of his assent  
 The tymes al be present

To god and to hem al byknowe  
 But what hym lyeth that they knowe  
 Thus bothe an Angel and man  
 The which of al that god bygan  
 We chert & obeyn to goddes myght  
 And he stant endles by right  
 To this scynne byn prync  
 The clerkis of dypnyte  
 The which to the pple prechen  
 The septe of holy church and archen  
 Which in one mas of blyue  
 Stant more than they conne prync  
 By wey of argument sensibyl  
 But netherles it is credybl  
 And doth a man grete myght haue  
 To hym that thynketh hym self to saue  
 Throgh in such a weye  
 Of hys seynt and hys prync  
 Aboue al other stant bypke  
 And is the first of theorga

*Nota de secunda parte Theorga/que  
 phisica dicitur ,*

Phisike is after the second  
 Thourgh which p philosopher hath fōd  
 To archen sondry kynde thynges  
 Upon the bodyrle thynges  
 Of man of best of erthe/of stone  
 Of fyller of folle of euerichon  
 That ben of detyr substantia  
 The nature and the circumstance  
 Thourgh this seynt it is ful sef  
 Which dailreth not & which dailreth ofte

*Nota de tercia parte Theoria que Mas  
 thematica dicitur/ cuius condicio quas  
 tuor in se continet intelligencie/scilicet  
 Arismetiam/Musiam/Geometiam  
 et Astronomiam/Sed primo de Aris-  
 metia natura dicitur intandit*

¶ De third poynt of Theorga  
 Which cleped is Mathematika  
 Dargid is in sondry weye

And stant vpon dyuerse wyse  
 The first of which is art metryk  
 And the second is said Musyk  
 The thrid is the geometrye  
 Also the fourth astronomye  
 Of art metryk the matter  
 Is that of which a man may see  
 What Algorysme in number amoueth  
 When that the wyse man accompteth  
 After the formulz pwyth  
 Of Algorysme A/b/c  
 By which multiplicacion  
 Is made and deuyson  
 Of sommes by experyence  
 Of this arte & this scienc

Nota de Musica que secunda pars  
 artis Mathematicae dicitur

The second of Mathematick  
 Which is the scienc of Musyk  
 That teacheth vpon armony  
 A man to make melody  
 By voper sount and Instrument  
 Thowgh notes of accordment  
 The which men pronounceth alote  
 Now sharp notes & now soft  
 Now hie notes & now lowe  
 As by gammuth a man may knowe  
 Which teacheth the prolacion  
 Of note and the condycion

Nota de tertia specie artis Mathe-  
 maticae quam geometriam vocant

Mathematick of his scienc  
 Hath the thrid nalligence  
 Full of wysedom and of clergie  
 And cleud is Geometrye  
 Thowgh which a mā hath thylk skyle  
 Of length of bryde of depth & of bryte  
 To knowe the proporcion  
 Of very calculacion  
 Of this scienc in this wyse

As these old philosophes deuyse  
 Of al this wordes erthe bound  
 How large / how thylk was the ground  
 Contrayd by this experyence  
 The Circle and the circumferece  
 Of every thyng vnto the centre  
 They seten popnt & mesur eny  
 Mathematick aboue the erthe  
 Of hie scienc aboue the ertth  
 Which speketh vpon Astronomye  
 And teacheth of the sterres hye  
 Begynnyng by wardy se the mone  
 But first as it was for to done  
 This Aristotles in other thyng  
 Vnto this worthy poynt kyng  
 The kynde of every element  
 Which stonden vnder the firmament  
 How it is made / and in what wyse  
 Fro poynt to poynt he can deuyse

Quatuor omnipotens elementa cre-  
 auit origo. Quatuor et vnti partibus  
 ora dabat / Nostra qz quadruplici co-  
 plexio sortis creatur / Corpore sic qz suo  
 stat Variatus homo

Hic interim tractat de creatione qua-  
 tuor elementorum / scilicet terre / Aque /  
 aeris et ignis. Nec non et eorum natu-  
 ris nam et singulis proprietatibus singu-  
 le attribuuntur

O for the creation  
 Of ony wordes station  
 Of hylk of erth & eke of helles  
 So as these olde bookes telles  
 As sone to for the songe is set  
 And yet to geter lye  
 Right so the hygh purueaunce  
 Tho had vnder his ordynaunce  
 A grete substaunce a grete matre  
 Of which he wold in his manere  
 This other thyng make and forme  
 For yet withouten ony forme

*Liber septimus*

Was that mater Inguersall  
Whiche his plem in special  
Of elem as I am enformed  
These elementes ben made & fourmed  
Of plem elementes they hote  
After the scole of Aristote  
Of Whiche yf more I shal retere  
Four elementes there ben dyuerse

*Nota de terra quod est primum elementum*

The first of hem erthe men calle  
Whiche is the lowest of them alle  
And in his forme is shap round  
Substantialle/stronge/sadde & sounde  
As that Whiche made is suffisaunt  
To kepe alle the remenaunt  
For as the poynte in a compas  
Stant euen amydde ryght so Was  
This erthe set & shal abyde  
That it may stonde to no side

Philosophus Conumquodq; natu  
militat appetit suum consum  
And hath his Centre after the lawe  
Of kynde to that Centre drawe  
Despyeth every wordes thyng  
If there were no lettynge

*Nota de aqua quod est secundum elementum*

Above the erthe kepeth his bounde  
The Water Whiche is the second  
Of elementes and al aboute  
It byroneth ther withoute  
But as it beareth not for thy  
This subtile Water myghte  
Though it be of hym self softe  
The strengthe of erthe passeth ofte  
For ryght as Veynes ben of blood  
In man ryght so the Water in flood  
The erthe of his coute maketh dyuerse  
Veynes/As Wel þ hylle as þ plene  
And that a man may see at the eye  
For After the hylles be moost hye  
There may men wel see meo fynde

So prueeth it by Wy of kynde  
The Water lygher than the londe  
And ouer this now Understoude

*Nota de aeris quod est tertium elementum*

Ayer is the thyrd of element  
Of Whooe kynde his asperment  
Taketh every lyues creatur  
Whiche shal vpon the erthe endure  
For as the fyre yf it be drye  
Must in default of Water dye  
Ryght so withoute eyer on lyue  
No man ne best myght ppyue  
The Whiche is made of fleshe & bone  
There is oute take of al none

*Nota quod aer in tabus perfectis diuiditur*

This ayer in perfectie thre  
Dauyded is of suchte degre  
Vynethe is one/and one amydde  
And aboute is set the thyrd  
Of Whiche vpon troupsone  
There ben dyuerse opressions  
Of moyst & drie of day also  
Whiche by the sonne both tyme  
Ben drawe and halde vpon hye  
And maken clowdes in the skye  
As sheweth is at mannes sight  
Therof by day ande by nyght  
After the tyme of the yere  
Among vs vpon erthe here

*De prima aeris perfectia*

In sondry Wyse thynges falle  
The first wyse of alle  
Engendreth myst and ouermore  
The dewes & the frostes here  
After thylle infection  
In Whiche they take impression



De secunda aeris perfecia

For the sound as the bookes seyn  
The moost dropes of the ayre  
Descenden in to myddel erthe  
And comprich it to side and erthe  
And doth to springe gins & floure  
And othe also the grete sholwe  
Oute of such place it may be take  
That it the forme that foullde  
Of wyne / & in to snowe be turned  
And eke it may be so sojourned  
In sondry places by alofte  
That in to hayle / it turneth ofte

De tertia aeris perfecia

The thyrd of ayre after the laste  
Thowgh such matre as by is dwelle  
Of ayre thyng as it is ofte  
Among the clywes byon hste  
And is so close it may not oure  
Thay is it chased for aboute  
Till it to fyer and lepe it falle  
And it breketh the clywes alle  
The which of so grete noyse maken  
That they the ferull noyse maken  
The thonder strolle smite on it lpyght  
And yet may sene the fire ful ryght  
The thonder strolle on that may here  
So may it wel be proued here  
In thyng which shewd is fro few  
A manns eye is ther new  
Thay is the second to mannes eye  
And netheris it is grete few  
Bothe of the strolle & of the fire  
Of which is no recovery  
In place where that they descende  
That yf god wold his gnat sende

Nota qualiter ignes quos notantur  
in aer discutere videmus secundum  
varias apparentes formas varia ges-  
tant nomina quorum primus / Assub

Scandus Capm salens / ardens / eges  
Et quartus duali libas phisophorum  
nuncupatus est /

Now for to speken ouer this

In this parte of the ayre it is  
That men ful ofte seyn by nyght

The fyre in sondry forme alpyght  
Somytyme the fire drake it semeth  
And the lorde peple it demeth  
Somytyme it semeth as it were  
A fire which that gloueth there  
But it is nether of the abo  
The phisophre telleth so  
And seith that of impressions  
Thowgh dyuerse exaltacions  
Upon the cause and the matre  
Men sene dyuerse forme appere  
Of fyre which hath sondry name  
Assub he said is the fyre same  
The which in sondry place is founde  
When it is do wne to the grounde  
So as the fire it hath ankeled  
Like unto styme which is congeled  
Of exaltacions I fynde  
Fyr kendelet of the same kynde  
But it is in another forme  
Whereof I shall conforme  
The fyre unto that it is  
The old clerkes callen this  
For it is like a goot slippyng  
And for it is such sempyng  
It is hot Capm salens  
And these Astronomys  
Another fire also by nyght  
Which the weth hym to mans sight  
They clepen eges / the which burneth  
Like to the curraunt fire it renneth  
Upon a corde as thou hast sene  
When it with powder was so kene  
Of sulphur / & ther thynges mo  
There is another fire also  
Which semeth to a mannes eye  
By nyghte tyme as though ther styg  
A dragon burnyng in the sky  
And that is cleped propriety

## Liber septimus

Baalp/Wherof men fene fallen oft  
 So where the fyre dealeth alwa  
 flecth vpon the eyer: & soo they demer  
 But why the fyre so seeme  
 Of sondry formes to beholde  
 The Wyse philosopher wold  
 So as the fyre it hath ten lres  
 So thus my sone to w it ferd  
 Of aye the due proppert  
 In sondry Wyse thou myght see  
 And how vnder the firmament  
 It is eke the thyrd element  
 Which enuironned both the lre  
 The Water and the sonde also

Nota de igne quod est quartum ele  
 mentum  
 And for to take ouer this  
 Of elements the which the fourth is  
 That is the fyre in his degre  
 The which enuironeth the other thre  
 And is withoute moyste al daye  
 But lest no w what seyth the clergie  
 For vpon hem that I haue seyd  
 The creature hath set a lre  
 The kynde and the complexion  
 Of al menne nation  
 Four elements sondry ther be  
 Lpke vnto which in that degre  
 Among the men ther ben also  
 Complexions four and no mo  
 Wherof the philosopher tretteth  
 That he no thyng hepynde lete  
 And seyth how that they ben dyuerse  
 So as I shall to the wete

Nota hic qualiter secundum naturam  
 quatuor elementum quatuor in huma  
 no corpore complexionis scilicet Melen  
 colia/ flegma/ Sanguis et coleta na  
 turaliter constituuntur/ vnde primo de  
 melencolia dicendum est

h & Which naturd: eury kynde

The myghty god so as I fynde  
 Of man which is his creature  
 Hath so deuyd the nature  
 That none tye other lre accordeth  
 And by this cause it so discordeth  
 The lre which feleth the spærnesse  
 may stonde vpon no spærnesse  
 Of the erthe which is cold & drye  
 The kynde of man Melencolie  
 Is clere/ & that is the first  
 The moost vngoodlyst & the worst  
 For vnto hys werke on myght  
 hym lacketh tothe Wyse and myght  
 No wonder is in hys place  
 Of hys though he lre gaur  
 What man hath that complexion  
 Is ful of ymagynacion  
 Of drede & of wrongful thought  
 He fetyth hym self al to nought  
 The Water which is moyst & colde  
 Maketh fleume which is many folde

### De complexionibus flegmaticis

Forgetful slowe and very soone  
 Of every thyng which is to done  
 He is of kynde sufficient  
 To hold hys couenaunt  
 But to hym lacketh awerke  
 Which longeth vnto such tye  
 What man f talleth his kynde of f aye  
 He shal be lre/ he shal be faye

### De complexionibus sanguinis

First his complexion is hote  
 Of al there is none so good  
 Forth he hath tothe Wyse & myght  
 To please and paye hys right  
 Wete he hath hys vnderstake  
 Wrong is of he he forsake  
 The fyre of his condicion  
 Apropert the complexion  
 Which in a man is cold hote  
 Whose propertes ben drye & hote

It maketh a man to be enghenous  
And swifter of foot & the paws  
Of contrie & the ful of bawpnesse  
He hath a ryght good besynesse  
To spend on love and yett may  
Though he be hote yett a day  
On nyght when that he wol assaye  
He may ful engh his wylde paye

Nota qualiter quatuor complexionis  
nis quatuor in homine humores diuis  
sim possident

After the kynde of the element  
Thus stant a mannes kynde went  
As touchyng his complexion  
Upon sondry dysposicion  
Of degre of moyste/of colde of hote  
And eke of hem his owne seide  
Appoynted both within a man  
And first to telle as I began

Splen domus est melancolic

The splen is to melancolye  
Assigned for lordgryte

Epulmo domus est strumatis

The moyste strume the which is cold  
Hath in the lunges for his holde  
Overyneth hym a proper seide  
And overyneth then as he is hote

Exar domus est sanguinis

To the sanguyne complexion  
Nature of his inspection  
A proper hote hath in the liver  
For his overyneth made arguer

Fel domus coler

The fourth coloure with his hote  
By wey of kynde his proper seide  
Hath in the galle where he overyneth  
So as the philosopher telleth

Nota de stomacho qui una cum alijs  
specialius deservit

Now ever this is for to weye  
As it is in phisike weye  
Of liver/lunge/of galle/of splene  
They all unto the herte bene  
Breuantes and eke in his offyce  
Entendeth to doo hym service  
As which is lord above  
The liver maketh hym for to live  
The lunges geve hym wey of speche  
The galle serveth to doo weiche  
The splene doth hym to laugh & play  
When at Venus is a day  
Doo thus hath eke of hem in rede  
To suffer hym and seide  
In tyme of excreacion  
Nature hath increacion  
The stomache for a comune roke  
Overyneth so as seith the booke  
The stomak/Cooler/is for the halle  
And topleth mete for hem alle  
To make hem myghty for to serve  
The herte that he shall not serve  
For a kyng in his empyre  
Above al other is lord & syre  
So is the herte principall  
To whome wof in special  
As yue as for the gouernaunce  
And thus nature his punicaunce  
Hath for man to lynch hym  
But god the which the soules deie  
Hath formed it in other weye  
That can no man playnly deuyse  
But as clerkes be enforme  
That lyke to god it hath a forme  
Through which forme and lykenesse  
The soules hath many an hie noblesse  
Appoynted to his owne kynde  
Out of hir wey he made blinde  
Al onkynde of this pely poynte  
That hir aspyng is conioyned  
For with the body for to dwelle  
That one deserveth to ward the helle  
That other byward unto heven  
So shold they never stonde in eny



## Liber Septimus

But yf the flesshe be overcome  
 And that the soule haue hoely nome  
 The gouernaunce and; that is seide  
 Wyle that the Asshe may be welde  
 Al crechely thyng which god began  
 Was on ly made to serue man  
 But the soule al on ly made  
 Nym siluyn for to serue and glade  
 And othre bestes that men fynde  
 They serue vnto hir othe kynde  
 But to rason the soule serueth  
 Wherof the man his thowke deserveth  
 And gete hym with his werkes good  
 The yrdurable lyues foode

*Hic loquitur Blacius de diuisione  
 terre . que post delunium tribus filijs  
 Noe in tres partes scilicet Asiam/af-  
 fricam & Europam diuidebatur*

o If that mater it shall be told  
 A tale lyketh many fold  
 The betar yf it be spake plyne  
 Thus thynk I for to tyme ageyne  
 And telle pleyntly therfore  
 Of the erthe / wherof now to fore  
 I spake and of the Waters che  
 So as these old clarkes speke  
 And set properly the bounde  
 After the forme of Mappamounde  
 Thorough which þe greid in partyes  
 Departed is in thre partyes  
 That is Asye/ Affryke/ Europe  
 The which vnder the heuen cope  
 Begyppeth al this erthe rounde  
 No fere as stretcheth ony grounde  
 But after that the hyls werche  
 The Water Wyres led oute fere  
 And ouer goo the hyles hys  
 Which euery kynde made dye  
 That vpon myddel erthe stood  
 Oute take Noe/ & his blode  
 His sone & his daughters thre  
 They were saue/ & so was he

Her names who that tre tyght  
 Sem/ Cam/ Japhet/ the barmeyn best  
 And when thys almyghty soude  
 Wyddre be the Water fro the londe  
 And al the rage was allay  
 And erthe was the mane drye  
 The sones thre/ of which I told  
 Ryght after that them self wold  
 This world departe they begonne  
 Asia the which lyeth to the sonne  
 Woon the marche of Oryent  
 Was graunted by a comune assent  
 To Whome which was sone eldest  
 For that portye was the best  
 And double as moche as othre tyme  
 And was that tyme bounde so  
 Wlat as þe flosse which m nyle callith  
 Departed fro his cours & fallet  
 In the see Alexandryne  
 Thre tokech Asye first sesyne  
 Towards the West & ouer this  
 Of Cana hym wher the flood is  
 In to the gata se unneche  
 Fro that in to the Westes ende  
 After Asye it is algate  
 Till that men comen vnto the gata  
 Of paradyse and; ther fro  
 And thowthly for to speke it so  
 Of Oryent in generall  
 Within his bounde Affre both alle

### Nota hic de Affrica et Europa

And than vpon that othre syde  
 Westward as it felle thys tyme  
 The brother which bygha cam  
 Woon his parte Affryke nam  
 Japhet Europe the wold be  
 Thus parted they the world in thre  
 But yet ther ben of londes felle  
 In occident as for the chylde  
 In oryent as for the lorde  
 Which of the peple be forlode  
 No londe deserte that is vnabill  
 For it may not be crable

Nota te mare quod magnum Oceanum dicitur

The Water eke hath sondry bounds  
After the land where it is founde  
And taketh his name of thyll lande  
Where that it runneth on the stounde  
But thylls for which no wante  
Is claped the grette Ocean  
Out of which arys and cometh  
The hye floodes al and some  
Is none so lypall wet sprayng  
Which them ne taketh his braynyng  
Lpke a man that baloth hithe  
Wp Wep of lynde so it gethe  
Out of the see/and in agayne  
The Water as the lookes seyne

Nota hic secundum philosophum de quinto elemento quod omnia sub orbem creatum infra suum ambitum continet cui nomen orbis specialiter appropriatum est

¶ Elements the properties  
Do w<sup>t</sup> they stoden by degrees  
As I haue told now myt p<sup>r</sup> h<sup>r</sup>e  
my good soone al the matre  
Of erthe/of Water aye and fire  
And for thou seist that thy desire  
Is for to span ourtmost  
The foune of Aristotles lere  
He seith in his entandment  
That yet there is an element  
Above the four/ & is the fiftthe  
Set of the hygh gods prete  
The which that orbis claped is  
And thenupon he telleth this  
That as the shells hole and bounde  
Encheeth al aboute rounde  
What thyng within an eye belongeth  
Right so this orbis vnderfongeth  
These elements everychone  
Which I haue spoke of one & one  
But ouer this now take good heed  
My song for I wol proude  
To speken vpon Mathematike

Which grounded is on Thorpe  
The science of Astronomie  
I thynke for to specefy  
Without which to aile peryne  
At other science is in berne  
Toward the scole of crasty thynges  
For as an egge with his wynges  
Fleeth aboue that al men fynde  
So doth this science in his kynde

Legit planetarum magis magis in  
fena reguntur/ Ista sed inaxum regu  
la falkit opus/ Vir mediane deo sapiens  
dominabitur astis/ Jota nec inmetu  
quod nouitatis agunt /

Hic loquitur de artis Mathematica  
quarta specie que astronomia nuncupa  
tur/ cui etiam Astrologia socia connu  
mentur/ Sed primo de septē planetis  
que inter astra potētiore consistunt In  
apiendo a linea scorsum tractare intan  
dit

¶ Pnethe vpon this erthe lere  
Of al thynges the matre  
As tellen do they p<sup>r</sup> ben lerne  
Of thyngs aboue it stonde gouerned  
That is to seyn of the planetes  
The chales bothe and eke the heues  
The chamber of the world also  
That the fortune clepen soo  
Among the mennes nacion  
All is thorough constellation  
Wherof that somme man hath the wele  
And somme men haue dysseles fele  
In lue as wel as other thynges  
The state of trames & of kynges  
In tyme of pees/ in tyme of wete  
It is conpured of the sterte  
And thus saith the naturyn  
Which is an Astronomyn  
But the dyspne seith other wyse  
That yf men wete good and wyse  
And plesaunt vnto the goddes  
They shold not the sterres drede  
For one man yf hym wel befall

Is more worth than they be alle  
 Towardes hym that welceth alle  
 But yet the same originalle  
 Whiche be both set in the nature  
 More foreken in creatures  
 That therof may be none obstacle  
 But yf it stant vpon myracle  
 Though prayer of somme holy man  
 And for thy so as I began  
 To speke vpon astronomye  
 As it is veyd in the clergy  
 To telle how the planetes farr  
 Somme parte I thynke to declare  
 My sone vnto thy audience  
 Astronomye is the science  
 Of wysdom and of his connyng  
 Whiche maketh a man haue knowleching  
 Of secrettes in the firmament  
 Figure Circle and moement  
 Of eche of hem in sondry place  
 And what bitwene hem is of space  
 How so the more scant fast  
 All this it telleth at the laste  
 Affinshid with Astronomye  
 Is eke that yllke Astrologye  
 The whiche in Iugement accompteth  
 The effect what euery sturte amounteth  
 And how they causen many a wonder  
 To the elemetes that stant vnder  
 And for to telle it more pleynt  
 These olde philosophes seyne  
 That or his whiche I spak of er  
 So that whiche the erthe a fer  
 World and firmament it calle  
 In whiche the sturtes stonden alle  
 Among the whiche in specialle  
 Planetes seuen principalle  
 There ben that mannes sight demeth  
 But thowich oute as be semeth  
 And also ther ben signes iuelue  
 Whiche haue thes clerkis by hem filue  
 Comressed in the Zodyak  
 In whiche they haue hir place take  
 And as they stonden in degre  
 Here circles more or lesse be  
 Made after the proporaion

Of the erthe whos condicion  
 To set to be fundament  
 To susteyne by the firmament  
 And by this skyle a man may knoe  
 The more that they stonden close  
 The more ben the Cercles lesse  
 That cansteth why that somme passe  
 Her due cours to ferre another  
 But now my speur den bowder  
 As thou desist for to vnder  
 What I fynde in the booke wyth  
 To telle the of planetes farr  
 How that they stond vpon the firm  
 And in what wyght that they ben in  
 Take heed for I wylle begyn  
 So as the philosopher it taught  
 To Alexander and he it taught  
 Wherof that he was ful taught  
 Of wysdom whiche was hym taught

Nota hic de prima planeta que alio  
 inferior Luna dicitur

Precise al other stont þ more  
 Which hath with þ fer to come  
 Of shodde bygh & eche lile  
 Comon his chalyge it shal be knowe  
 And euery tyllie whiche hath a schelle  
 More in his gouernaunce dwelle  
 To wege & want in his degre  
 As by the more a man may see  
 And al that stont vpon the grounde  
 Of his moysture it must be founte  
 Al ocker sturtes as men fynde  
 By shynnyng of hir owne lynde  
 Oute take only the more lyght  
 Whiche is not of hym self bygh  
 But as he taketh it of the sonne  
 And yet he hath not al full wonne  
 His lyght that he nys somdel drake  
 But what the let is of that drake  
 In all magiste it telleth this  
 The moner Circle so lile is  
 Wherof the sonne oute of stage  
 He seeth hym not with full bygh



For he with ground so shaded  
That the more is somewhat faded  
And may not full hyme cleve  
What that may under his power  
Is low he shall his place change  
And seek many kindes strange  
And of his condycion  
The mones disposicion  
Upon the herte of Almagre  
Is set and eke upon Saturne  
Which now is cleped Englands  
For they turne in every land

De secunda planeta que Mercurius  
no dicitur

Of the planetes the seconde  
About the more hath take his bond  
Mercury and his nature is this  
That under hym who that love is  
In love he shall be studious  
And in tryng curpous  
And shewe a lustre in tynayle  
In thyng which eke myght auayle  
He shewe eke he shewe wile  
So is he not the worst  
What yet with somde besynesse  
His herte is set upon recheffe  
And as in this condycion  
The effect and disposicion  
Of this planet of his chaunce  
Is moost in Burgoyne & in Fraunce

De tertia planeta que Venus dicitur

Next to Mercury as Wyke falle  
Stant the planet which may calle  
Venus whose constellation  
Gouerneth al the nation  
Of hies whether they speke or none  
Of which I trowe thou he one  
What whetherward thy dayes wende  
Shall this planet be at ende  
As it hath do to many me

To somme Velle to somme Woo  
And netheres of this planete  
The moost party is softer and swete  
For who that therof taketh his byrthe  
He shall desire ioy and myrthe  
Gentyl curpous and delonayre  
To speke his wordes soft and fayre  
Suche shall he be by wey of kynde  
And outtall where he may fynde  
Plesaunce of due his herte sheweth  
With al his myght and ther he woteth  
He is so ferforth amorous  
He not what thyng is bypocryse  
Touchyng for that lasse  
There may no maner man withdraue  
The which Venus is fore  
By wey of kynde and therfore  
Venus of due the goddesse  
Is cleped but of Wandownesse  
The chymach of hir lecherye  
Is moost comune in lumbarde

Nota de sole qui medio planetarum  
utens Astroorum panapatum obtinet

Next into the planetes of due  
The brighte sonne stant about  
Which is the gyde of the nyght  
And ferthereth of the dayes syght  
As he which is the wordes eye  
Through whome the lusty company  
Of folkes by the morowe syng  
The fressh floure sprede and spryng  
The hie tre the ground beshadeth  
And curpous mans herte gladdeth  
For it is the hie planet  
How that he stant in his set  
Of what recheffe and what nobles  
That shewe alle and thus they seyn

Nota de curu solis necnon de eius  
dem appatu

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I gold glistering spoils & white  
 O The sonne his carth hath sayd &  
 Wel/ In which he syteth & is crowned  
 With bright stones enuyroned  
 Of which yf that I speke that  
 That he to fore in specialle  
 Set in the frount of his crowne  
 By stones which no persone  
 Hath vpon erthe/and; the first is  
 By name cleped Lyncathis  
 That other two ben cleped thus  
 Asterax and Serampus  
 In his Corone also behende  
 By old booke as I fynde  
 That ben of worthy stones they  
 Set eke of his degre  
 Wherof a Custal is that one  
 Which that Corone it set vpon  
 The second is an admaunt  
 The thyrde is noble and aduenaunt  
 Which cleped is poryax  
 And ouer this yet nethelies  
 Wown the spere of the werl  
 Aftir the byrtenz of the clerik  
 Thre syt/ v/ stones mo  
 The smacagdyne is one of the  
 Jaspis and Euthropius  
 And Androx and Jacinctus  
 Loo thus the Corone is byset  
 Wherof it shyneth wel the let  
 And in such wyse his light to spred  
 Byt With his Dydeme on his hed  
 The sonne shynynge in his carth  
 And for to lere hym (wyse & smart)  
 Aftir the bright dayes laue  
 Thre ben ordyned for to draue  
 Four horses his char & hym With all  
 Wherof the names telle I shall  
 Erthous the first is hore  
 The which is tere shynynge hore  
 The second actos the bright  
 Lampes the thyrde hore bright  
 And phidgenus is the fere  
 That byngeth light in to this erthe  
 And gone so wyse vpon the leue  
 In four & twenty houre eue

The carth With the bright sonne  
 They draue so that ouer wone  
 They haue vnder the Cerkis bygh  
 Al myddal erthe in such an bygh  
 And thus the sonne is ouerall  
 The chyet planete Juppitall  
 About hym/and synthe hym the  
 And thus by hene cleped wynth he  
 As he that hath the myddal place  
 Among the steu & of the face  
 We glad al erthe by curatours  
 And taken after the natours  
 Dene ease and merrour  
 And in his Constellation  
 De that is to in speciall  
 Of good wyse & of lyfual  
 He shal be founde in al place  
 And also stonde in myddal gree  
 Toward the hore for to lere  
 And gite wyse & wende dene  
 And ouer that it causeth yet  
 A man to be subtile of wyse  
 To wende in gold to be wyse  
 In euery thyng that is of wyse  
 Out for to speken in what coost  
 Of al this erthe he wynth most  
 As for wysdom it is in gite  
 Wynth is appoynted the like spere

Nota de quinta planeta que mares  
 dicitur

Mars the planete bofepulous  
 Next to the sonne glorious  
 About stant & doth merrour  
 Wown the fortune of batayles  
 The Conquerours by dayes olde  
 Wene vnto this planete holde  
 Out wth that his natyure  
 Hath taken vpon the popyr  
 Of Martis disposicion  
 By wey of constellation  
 He shal be fere and ful lusty  
 And desirous of wene and lust  
 Out for to alle wylly

In what chymist moost conspiciously  
 That this planete hath his effect  
 Said is that he hath his aspect  
 Upon the holy lande so called  
 That there is no yere steriles

Nota de sexta planeta que Iubiter  
 dicitur

None more upon the heuen  
 The sixthe planete of the heuen  
 Whant Iubiter he is called  
 Which causeth yere araye no trespas  
 For he is chymist that planete  
 Which of his humors cold & hote  
 Attenueth all that to hym longeth  
 And whom this planete vnderfongeth  
 To stonde upon his element  
 He hath he melle and pagent  
 And fortunate to marchaundys  
 And lusty to delgace  
 In euery thyng which he hath do  
 This Iubiter is called also  
 Of the seven of high vertues  
 And in this wyse taken clerkes  
 He is the planete of delgace  
 Out in Egypt of his offys  
 He renneth moost in specialle  
 For there he lyses oueralle  
 Of all that to this lye faultereth  
 For there no stony weat fallereth  
 Which myght grys man or best  
 And the th: lande is so honest  
 That it is plentifulous and peryne  
 There is no poul groundy in veyne  
 And vpon such felicitie  
 Whant Iubiter in his regne

De septima planeta que aliquis  
 athen Saturnus dicitur est

The best and coldest alle  
 Whant the planete which may call  
 Saturnus who complexion

Is cold and his condicion  
 Causeth malice and caucke  
 To hym whoos natyure  
 Is set vnder his gouernour  
 For all his werkes ben gnuance  
 And enemy to mane & be  
 In what degre that he shalke & be  
 His element is the ayent  
 Where that he is moost vpolent  
 Of the planetes by & by  
 Now that they stonde vpon the sky  
 For yout to yout as thou myght here  
 Was Alexander made to leue  
 Out ouer this touchyng his lye  
 Of thyng that they hym taught more  
 Upon the scales of Chyrge  
 No w larkes the philisopi

Postquam dictum est de septem pla  
 netis quibus sigule septimane dies sin  
 gulariter attribuantur dicendum est id  
 de duodecim signis per quem duodecim  
 menses anni varijs temporibus effectus  
 varijs afficiuntur

De which departed day fro nyght  
 That one derk & that other lyyght  
 Of seven days made a wyke  
 A moneth of four werkes eke  
 He hath ordeyned in his lawe  
 Of monethes yn & eke forth draue  
 He hath also the long yere  
 And as he sett of his powere  
 Accordant to the dayes seven  
 Planetes seven vpon the heuen  
 As thou tofore hast lere deuyse  
 To speke right in such a wyse  
 To euery moneth by hym sedue  
 Upon the heuen of signis & clude  
 He hath after his ordynalle  
 Assigned one in specialle  
 Wherof so as I shall vnter  
 The tytes of the yere dyuerse  
 But plegely for to make it knowe



Libet Septimus

How that the signes sit on the  
Ecke of the other by degree  
In substantia and in purpore  
The ydopoe compendiously  
Within his Circle it appendeth

Nota hic de primo signo quod Aries  
eo dicitur / cuius mihio specialiter mor-  
em appropinquat / Quo tunc in pri-  
mo produxit adesse curat

The Which of the first netheles  
By name is cleped Aries  
Which speke a Vether of stature  
Rekembled is in his figure  
And as it is seyd in almageste  
Of sterres & Welue byon the laste  
Vone sit / Welue in his degree  
The Welue hath two / the hede hath three  
The tayle hath seven / and in this Wyse  
As thou myght hit me drupe  
Stowe Aries Which loke e daye  
Is of hym self and in parte  
Is the wynde e the hofte  
Of myghty mare the konynghouse  
And curmoure he as I fynde  
The creatour of al kynde  
Upon this signe first bygon  
The world when it at he made may  
And of his constellacyon  
The bytyng operation  
Nagardeth of a man thern  
The purpore of his werke bygon  
For than he hath of proppertie  
Good spere and fyllyng  
The Welue monethes of the yere  
Appleyde Under the power  
Of these Welue signes stonde  
Welue that thou shalt vnderstonde  
This Aries one of the Welue  
Hath marche attillde for hym stude  
When cury byed shall chese his make  
That cury Adde and cury suoke

And every wyde Which may mone  
His myght assaye for to proue  
To araye oute agaynst the founte  
Why I in his seafy hath bygon

Secundum signum dicitur taurus cuius  
mensio est Aries  
Quo puto oculum inuenit hris de  
as /

Taurus the second of the  
Of signes which fyndeth is  
Conte a loke to thyng onlyd  
And as it is in looke hys  
He is the fowle apertynant  
To Venus fowlely descendunt  
This loke is the Welue sterve hys  
Thurgh Which he hath his founte end  
Conte the tale of Aries  
So is he not then sterre  
Upon his best eyghen  
He hath e the as it is fene  
Upon his tale stonde then other moe  
His moneth assigned the also  
Is cury Welue of hris  
Thynghen by vnde the stans

Tertium signum dicitur gemini cu-  
ius mensio mapus est  
Quo videremur antus gaudet de stu-  
ndus atis

The thyrde signe is geminy  
Which is fyndeth wyde  
Looke to the signes of one hys  
That naked stonde / and as I fynde  
Thy by hys sterve hys y goe  
The hys hath part of the hys  
That hys byon the hys tale  
So hys hys hys of one paryde  
Out of the Wende of gemini  
By fynd sterve not for the  
And the byon the fene hys hys

And so these other bookes saye  
That Wyth the same weete  
His proper monthe betwene  
Assigned is the lusty maye  
When every bryde vpon his laye  
Amonge the gume leues syngeth  
And due of his popurture syngeth  
After the fallow of nature  
The songes of every creature

Quartum signum cancris dicitur cuius  
mensis iunius est / Quo saluat  
pauca pulchra tunc equis  
Cancer after the rule of space  
Of signes holdeth the fyfth place  
Like to the crabbe he hath resemblance  
And hath vnto his reynauance  
A lyfter vnto the wynde  
So as these other wyse men  
Discreetly teach on hym to fore  
And in the myddel the sun shew  
And in the south vpon his ende  
Thus goeth he stered in his kynde  
And of hym self is moyste & colde  
And he is the proper folow & holde  
Which apperteyneth to the moneth  
And teacheth what longeth hym to done  
The moneth of June vnto this signe  
Thou shalt after the rule assigne

Quintum signum leo dicitur  
cuius mensis iulius est

The sixth sign is leo hold  
When lynde is shapen both deye & hold  
In whom the soune hath her lodge  
And the resemblance of his ymage  
Is a lyon which in dayly  
Of steepe hath his purpurt  
The four which as cancer hath  
When his ende is east  
When his head & than north  
He hath the four vpon his backe  
And vpon his tayle he hath  
In other bookes as the fynde

His proper month is July by name  
In which may playn many a game

Septimum signum virgo dicitur cuius  
mensis augustus dicitur / Quo  
vacata prius pulchra replet herba  
messis

After leo virgo next  
Of signes clappeth is the sixth  
Wherof the figure is a mayde  
And as the philosopher sayde  
She is the welthe and the respyng  
The lust the ioy & the lpyng  
Vnto mercurie & sothe to saye  
She is with sterres wel to saye  
Wherof leo hath lent hir one  
Which setteth on hyr herd vpon  
Hir wombe hath v/hir feet also  
Have other spue and euer mo  
To chynge as of complexyon  
Of kyndely dysposicion  
Of deye & colde this mayden is  
And for to tellen ouer this  
Her month thou shalt vnderstande  
When every felde hath corne on hande  
And many a ma his backe hath plied  
Vnto this signe is august applyed

Septimum signum libra dicitur cuius  
mensis septembris est, Vinea quo ha-  
chum passa liquor collit

After virgo to tellen euen  
Libra is in the number of leuen  
Which hath figure & resemblance  
Vnto a man which a balancer  
Wetteth in his hande as for to weye  
In look as it may be seye  
Dyures sterres to hym longeth  
Wherof he vnderfongeth  
First the & the his wombe hath two  
And deuyt tenet the viij other to  
The signe is both & moyste both

## Libet septimus

The Which Hynges be not sothe  
 Wnto Venus so that a lyste  
 She useth in his herte ful ofte  
 And the saturnus often tyed  
 To in the signe and magneted  
 His proper monthe is said september  
 Which puerth men cause to remember  
 If any for be lefte behynde  
 Of thyng which growe may by hynde

Octauum signū scorpio dicitur cuius  
 mensis octobris est / Jherabus cyclustis  
 xmpo qui ianitor regat

Amonge the signes vpon hynghe  
 The signe which nombred is cyghthe  
 Is scorpyo which as felow  
 Yrgourd? to a scorpyon  
 But for al that neuerthelesse  
 Is scorpyo yet not sterlesse  
 For abun graunteth hym his ende  
 Of his sterre wher he wende  
 The which vpon his heed assayed  
 He hath a thar the hye trayped  
 Wren his wombe sterre the  
 And v. in vpon his tople hath he  
 Which of hynde is moyste & calde  
 And vntowelky many a folde  
 He harmeth Venus and empyred  
 But maye vnto his herte appereth  
 But wate wha they to gyde direct  
 His proper monthe is as men aken  
 October which bryngeth the halende  
 Of vphar that cometh nexte suende

Nonum signum sagittarius dicitur cuius  
 mensis nouembrius est. Qui mustū  
 libulo inquit sua nomina vino

It is signe in nouember also  
 Which foloweth after scorpio  
 Is cleped sagittarius  
 Whoo figure is marked thus  
 A mouster with a bowe in hande  
 On whom that sendyng sterre stonde  
 Thylke viij of which I spake before

The which vpon the tople he be  
 Of scorpyo the lyste al fage  
 He spredeth of the sagittary  
 And viij of other stonde euen  
 Wpon his wombe & other feuen  
 These stonde vpon his tople behynde  
 And he is hot & drye of hynde  
 To iudger his herte is fere  
 Out to matoure in his degre  
 For they be not of one assent  
 He wretched growe empyred  
 This signe to his propriete  
 A month which of his deute  
 After the soun that befalleth  
 The plough ope in wynter scalleth  
 After soun in to the halle it beyngeth  
 And the of which may syngeth  
 He tomed must in to the wyne  
 Than is the larde of the styne  
 That is nouember which I mene  
 When that the lyste hath lyste his gume

Decimum signū capricornius dicitur  
 cuius mensis decembris est ipse diem  
 nauo nectam qui giganti figurat

The x signe vpon and after  
 The which is capricornius after  
 Wnto a goat hath whymbowe  
 For whoe lyste & requyrtuante  
 Withm his herte to fouerme  
 It lyste vnto saturne  
 But vnto the more it lyste nouer  
 For no pousyete is then brought  
 The signe as of his pousyete  
 Wpon his lyste hath sterre the  
 And the vpon his wombe the  
 And the vpon his tople also  
 Decembris after the yere forme  
 So as the lyste he reforme  
 Sped dures stonde & nighte lyste  
 This ylle signe hath vnterfuge



Quadragesimū signū Aquarius dicitur cu;  
ius mensis Ianuarius est. Quo ianuo  
Vultum duplū conuertit in annum

Of this that siteth upon the beam  
Of signes in the number enleuey  
Aquarius hath take his place  
And standeth in saturnus grace  
Which dwelleth in his heritage  
But to the sonne he doeth outrage  
This signe is tempestie assembled  
Like to the man which hath assembled  
In cyther hande a water spout  
Wherof the streamer runneth out  
He is of kynde moyste and hot  
And he that of the sterres boote  
Wich that he hath of sterres twos  
When his bed is ben of the  
That enuieyeth hath en his ende  
And as the helles making mynde  
That tholomus made hym self  
He hath eke on his wombe self  
And this upon his ende stande  
Thou shalt also vnderstande  
The frosty colde requere  
When comay in the newe yere  
That ianuo with double face  
In his choper hath take his place  
And dwelleth upon both sides  
Whome he toward the wynter sides  
Whome he toward the yere syng  
That is the month belonging  
To this signe & of his dole  
He geueth the first pymentale

Quadragesimū signū piscis dicitur cu;  
ius mensis february est. Quo pluuie  
torrens copiam condit amplex

The xii signū is take of alle  
Of signes piscis may it calle  
The which is as telleth the scripture  
Dearth of this fulfille the figure  
He is benedict and moyste of kynde  
And the wyth sterres as I fynde

Best in sondry wyse as thus  
Two of his ende aquarius  
Hath lent vnto his bed & two  
This signe hath of his owne also  
Upon his wombe & ouer this  
Upon his ende also there is  
A number of xx sterres right  
Which is to sen wonder sight  
Toward this signe in to his house  
Cometh iupiter glorious  
And venus eke with hym accordeth  
To dwellen as the booke recordeth  
The month but to this signe ordeyneth  
Is february which he reyneth  
And wich hande flieth in his rage  
That fordes letteth the passage  
Now hast thou herd the property  
Of signes but in this degree  
Albumazar yet ouer this  
Seyth so as the ether party is  
In fourt right so ben denysed  
The signes medue and stonde assied  
That eke of hem in his party  
Hath his climate to justefie  
Wherof the first regyment  
Toward the party of orient  
From antioch and that contrie  
Gouerned is of signes three  
That is caner Virgo leo  
And toward the occident also  
From Armenye as I am lerne  
Of canicorn it stant gouerned  
Of piscis and aquarius  
And after hem I fynde thus  
Southward two alsaunder forth  
The signes which moste ben worth  
In gouernaunce of that daye  
Libra they ten and sagittary  
With scorpio which is conioynt  
With hem & stande upon the point  
Of constantynople the cite  
So as the booke telleth me  
The last of this dyuysion  
Stant outward septemtrion  
Wher as by weye of pourmeaunce

Artes both the gouernaunt  
 forth with Taurus and Gemini  
 Thus ben the signes properly  
 Deuyd as it is wryted  
 Wherof the bntes ben dructed  
 Loo thus my sone as thou myght see  
 Was Alexander made to see  
 Of hem that werken for his but  
 But now to blyen ouermore  
 Of other steres how they fere  
 I thynke best for to declare  
 So as byng Alexander in yowthe  
 Of hem that such thynges couthe  
 Enformed was to fore his eye  
 By nyght vpon the steres hye

Hic tractat super doctrina Medana  
 bi/dum ipse Iuuenem Allegandum  
 instaurit de illis pauptis quindam  
 stellis vna eorum lapidibus et herbis  
 que ad artis Magia naturalis opus  
 onem specialius conueniunt

¶ Upon sondry cession  
 Stant sondry opession  
 Some worth this some worth  
 that/ The fix is hot in his estat  
 And burneth what he may atayne  
 The water may the fix ascrayne  
 The which is cold and moist also  
 Of other thyngs it faueth also  
 vpon the erthe amonge be her  
 And for to speke in this maner  
 vpon the heuen as may may fynde  
 Thre steres ben of sondry kynde  
 And werken many sondry thynges  
 To be that ben hit vnderlynges  
 Amonge the which forth with alle  
 Neftanabus in specialle  
 Which was an Astronomen  
 And eke a gret magyken  
 And vnder take both thyse emptye  
 To Alexander in his awyke  
 No of magyke naturis

To knowe informed ben founde  
 Of certeyn steres what they men  
 Of which he first the ben fynde  
 And sondry to curreyone  
 A gret charyte and a stone  
 Wherof may werken many a wonder  
 To set thyngs to the up and vnder

Prima stella vocatur Aldebaran/ cuius  
 ius carbunculus et herba anabula est

To the right as he byng  
 The first stere Aldebaran  
 The clewst and the moost of alle  
 By right name may it calle  
 Which is of condicion  
 To more and of complexion  
 To Venus and hath thynge  
 Carbunch his proper stone  
 His herbe is anabula named  
 Which is of gret vertu proclaimed

Secunda stella vocatur Elna seu  
 plades cuius lapis cristallum et herba  
 funiculus est

The secunde is not Vertue  
 Elna or els plades  
 Is hot and of the moost kynde  
 He is and also the I fynde  
 He taketh of more complexion  
 And lyeth to such condicion  
 His stone appoynd is Cristalle  
 And eke his herbe in specialle  
 The Vertuous Jant it is  
 The thyng which cometh after this

Tercia stella vocatur Argol cuius la-  
 pis Diamans et herba Elixum ni-  
 gam est

Is hot Argol the clewst  
 Which of Saturne as I may see  
 His kynde taketh and eke of Jove  
 Complexion to his beure  
 His proper stone is Diamant

Which is to be used around  
The first which is to be used  
Is the stone of the stone

Quarta stella vocatur Aluol / cuius  
lapis sapphirinus et herba manducum est

So do it followe upon this  
The fourth stone is Aluol  
Which in the West as I said is  
Of sapphire and of Zuber  
That take his name and meaning  
Sapphire is his proper stone  
Manducum his herb also  
The which are used in the stone

Quinta stella vocatur cuius maior est  
lapis cristallinus et herba saumia est  
And cuius maior in his eyes  
The fifth stone is of magick  
The whose name is Smerald  
No less this Aluol  
His proper stone is said to be  
But for to be used and to fulfill  
Things which to this stone followeth  
There is an herb which may be called  
Smerald / and that is the fourth note  
To be used that is his proper stone

Sexta stella vocatur cuius minor est  
lapis Aethiops et herba primula est

The sixth is upon after this  
The name cuius minor is  
The which stone is mercuriall  
The way of stone and forth with all  
As it is written in the art  
Compendion is the stone of Mars  
His stone and herb as with the stone  
The Aethiops and primula

Septima stella vocatur Aluol / cuius  
lapis gargarosa et herba artemisia est

The eighth stone in speciall  
Of this stone is Aluol  
Which sendeth nature Underfongeth  
The stone which proper unto him is  
The / Gargarosa properly it is called  
The herb also which is shall be called  
Upon the working as I have  
Is seldom used and given

Octava stella vocatur Aluol / cuius  
lapis honochinus et herba lappa  
pacia est

That is the name upon the eighth  
That take his place in number of eighth  
Which of his name must performe  
The work of Mars and of Saturne  
To whom lappacia the herb  
Is called but no herb  
His stone is Honochinus the  
Through which the working shall be done

Nonna stella vocatur Aluol / cuius  
lapis Smeraldus et herba salica est

The ninth stone is fair and well  
The name is the Aluol  
Which taketh his proper name thus  
Both of mercurie and of Venus  
His stone is given Smerald  
To whom is given many a laude  
Sulge is his herb appertynant  
Aluol all the time of the

Decima stella vocatur Aluol / cuius  
lapis Jaspis est et herba plan-  
tago est /  
The tenth stone is Aluol  
Which upon the left and upon the right  
Through the stone of Jupiter and of Mars  
He doth what he wisheth to his part  
His stone is Jasper and of plantaine  
He hath his herb fourmone

Undecima stella vocatur Aluol / cuius  
lapis adamans et herba ciropa est

The eleventh stone is Aluol  
2 iii



The Whose nature is as it Was  
Take of Venus and of the more  
In thynge Which he hath for to done  
Of Adamant is that purple  
In Which he Worcheth his mayster  
Thylke herbe also Which hym befaller  
Cicoma the booke it calleth

Duodecima stella Vocatur Alpheia cuius lapis topaspon et herba wismari na est.

Alpheia in the nombre xxi  
And is the Weste sterre yet  
Of Scorpio Which is gouerned  
And taketh his kynde as I am lerned  
And hath his Verste in the stone  
Which cleped is Topasione  
His herbe his proper wismariyne  
Which shapen is for his couyne

Tercia decima stella Vocatur cor scorpis onis/ cuius lapis Sardis et herba as talogis est

Of these sterres Which I ment  
Cor Scorpionis is the thyrde  
The Whose nature marke and Ioue  
Haue pouen vnto his behoue  
His herbe is Astrologye  
Which foloweth his Astronomie  
The stone Which that this sterre also  
Weth/ Is Sardys Which to hym so  
Weth/

Quarta decima Vocatur boaradent cuius lapis Casolitus et herba satuma est

The sterre Which stant next to the last  
Nature of hym this name call  
And cleped hym boaradent  
Which of his kynde is obdyent  
Vnto Mercurie and to Venus  
His stone is called Casolitus  
His herbe is cleped Satumpe  
So as these old booke sepe

Quinta decima stella Vocatur can 4 in scorpionis/ cuius lapis caladonia et herba maiomana dicitur

But now the last sterre of alle  
The typle of scapio may alle  
Which to mercurie and to Saturne  
By Way of kynde more trauers  
After the purpacion  
Of due constellation  
The caladome vnto hym lenger  
Which for his stone he baderfonger  
Of maiomans his herbe is founden  
Thus haue I said how they be gowden  
Of euerie sterre in specialle  
Which hath his herbe & stone With all  
As Hermes in his booke old  
Witnesse herby of that I told

Nota hic de auctentibus illis qui ad Astronomiam scienciam per annos studi osius intendentes liberos suos hoc disti nctis nominibus composuerunt

The fyrst of Astronomie  
Which principall is of chery  
To dinte betwene wo and wele  
In thynge that by nature  
They had a gret tussell on honte  
That made it first be bnterfongre  
And they also Which curmoure  
Her study set vpon the wy  
They wereyn gracious and wys  
And worthy for to be a pype  
And Whome he lybeth for to wyte  
Of hym that this science wepe  
One of the first Which it went  
After Noe it Was Nembuch  
To his discipyle Petronye  
And made a booke forth Sentyon  
The Which magister cleped Was  
Another Nactm in this as  
Is Amchel the Which may god  
Wych a chery knowe mo

Dane Holme is not the best  
Which maketh the booke of almogest  
And Ascanius dothe the same  
Whose booke Catherus by name  
Sebus and Alptangus els  
Of palinestra which may stile  
The booke made /g ouer this  
But many a weathy clerk is  
That writhen vpon the clerge  
A be booke of Almetty  
Pal nesty and els also  
Which as belonngys both to  
So as they ben naturys  
Unto this Altonomys  
May seyn that Ascanius Was one  
Vnt wether that he wote or none  
That fynde I not and Moyses  
Els Was another but Hermes  
Alone at other in this scynce  
He had a gude experyence  
Thowgh hem were many a steele assis  
Whose booke ben yet auctorysed  
I may not knowen all tho  
That writhen in the tyme tho  
Of this scynce /but I fynde  
Of Iugement by wey of hande  
That in one wyse they all accordyng  
Of steeles which they wryten  
That may may for v in the tyme  
There ben a thousand steeles euen  
And to and to the sight  
Which ben of hem self so bygyt  
That may may wote what they be  
The nature and the proppete  
Now hast thou herd in such a wyse  
This noble philosophys wyse  
Enforned this yong kynge  
And made hym hure a knowledgyng  
Of thynge which first the partye  
Belongeth of philosophye  
Which Rethorike clowd is  
As thou to fore hast herd or this  
But now to speke of the secnde  
Which Aristotle hath so fonde  
And teacheth how to speke faine  
Which is a thynge full necessary

The countreye the balour  
Wher lacketh other suffisaunce

Composita pulchra sermones Verba  
placant / Principio potant Verba qz fi  
ne placent / Verba lapis sermo tria sunt  
Virtute placo Vno tamem qz Verbi pon  
tur plura facit

Hic tractat de secunda parte philoso  
phie / cuius nomen Rethorica faciendos  
efficit / liquitur etiam de eiusdem duas  
bus species / scilicet grammatice logica  
quarum doctrina Rethorica sua Verba  
prouocat

About all earthly creature  
The which maketh of nature  
The world to man hath gyuen adme  
So that the speche of his persone  
Or for to lise or for to wyne  
The better thought which is withyn  
may shewe what it wold men  
And that is now here els seene  
Of kinde with none other best  
So shold he be the more honest  
To whome god hath so gude gyft  
And like well that he ne shyft  
His wordes to noue wyched? He  
For wordes the teacher of vertuse  
To clepe in philosophy  
Wherof touchynge this partye  
To Rethorike the scynce  
Appertayneth to the muerour  
Of wordes that ben resonable  
And for this arte shalle be daylabl  
With goodly wordes for to speke  
It hath grammer / it hath logyke  
That seuen to the vnto the speche  
Grammer hath first for to teche  
To speke vpon congruete  
Logyke hath els in his degre  
Quene the trouth and the substence  
The plene wordes for to shewe  
So that no thynge shal goo byste  
That is the right shal not depre  
Wherof full many a gude debate

Reformed is to good estate  
 And woe susteyned vpon losse  
 With easy Wordes and With soft  
 Wher strength shold be it falle  
 The philosopher amonges alle  
 For they commenden this science  
 Which hath the title of eloquence  
 In ston and gree vertu ther is  
 But yet the looker tellen this  
 That Wordes aboue al erthely thynges  
 So vertuous in his doynges  
 Wher so it be cuple or goody  
 For yf the Wordes semen good  
 And ben wel spoke at mannes ere  
 Wher that there is no trouthe there  
 They done ful oft ful greet damage  
 For when the Word to the concept  
 Disconcordeth in so double wyse  
 Suche Rethorike is to despyse  
 In euery place and for to drede  
 For whyres thus I drede  
 And in the booke of Ecce is founde  
 His eloquence and his fauoure  
 Of goodly Wordes which he tolde  
 Hath made that Antemora hym folde  
 The tolne which he with trefon way  
 Wordes hath begyled many a man  
 With Word the wyld best is dailid  
 With Wordes the serpent is enchaunted  
 Of Wordes amonge the men of armes  
 Ben woundes heled With the charmes  
 Wordes ben vertuous and fyne  
 Wher lacketh other medycyne  
 Of forery the carres  
 The Wordes ben of sondry sectes  
 Of cuple and eke of good also  
 The Wordes maken frende and foe  
 Of foe a frende and pree of wete  
 And wete of pree and out of herte  
 The Word the wordes cause entrepreth  
 And conceyeth whome hym lyeth  
 The Word vnder the cope of herte  
 Set euery thyng or odder or euer  
 With Word the hye god is pleysyd  
 With Wordes the wordes ben apseyd  
 The softe Wordes the harte sepleth

Wher lacketh good & Word fulfilleth  
 To make amends for the wronge  
 Wher Wordes medlyn With the songe  
 It deth pleasaunt Wel the more  
 But for to drede vpon this drede  
 How Cuius his Rethorike  
 Compouneth there a man may pyle  
 How that he shalle his Wordes set  
 How he shalle dose to & he shall lene  
 And in what wyse he shall pronounce  
 His tale pleyne withoute froune  
 Wher of ensample yf thou wilt seche  
 Take here and wete whydome the speche

Nota de eloquentia Iulij in causa  
 Catharine contra Tullium et alios tunc  
 Urbis Romane continentis

I Julius and Cithew  
 Which consul was of Rome the  
 Of Caton the and Tullene  
 Beholde the Wordes hem hit wene  
 Wher the trefon of Catharine  
 Discouered was and the couene  
 Of hem that wete of his assent  
 Was knowe and spoke in parliament  
 And asked how and in what wyse  
 Men shold done hem to the wyse  
 Tullene first his tale tolde  
 And as he was to trouthe beholde  
 The comyn prouise for to saue  
 He said trefon shold haue  
 A cruel deth and thus they speke  
 The consul to the Caton the  
 And saiden that for such a wronge  
 There may no ppyne be to stronge  
 But Julius With Wordes wyse  
 His tale told al other wyse  
 As he which wold his deth wpyke  
 And foundeth how he myght wpyke  
 The Iuges thowgh his eloquence  
 Few deth to wone the sentence  
 And let hir herte to ppye  
 Now tolde they now told he



They speke plesure after the lawe  
But in the wordes of his lawe  
Colured in another way  
Spakynge/and thus he sheweth the way  
To treade vpon this Iugement  
Made eke of him his argument  
Wherof the talke for to be  
There may a man the scole be  
Of Rhetorike the eloquent  
Whiche is the friend of science  
Touchynge to philosophie  
Wherof a man shalle iustifye  
His wordes in disputation  
And lingeet vpon conclusion  
His argument in such a forme  
Whiche may the plesure touch in forme  
And the subtiltie cause abate  
Whiche euery tyme man shalle debate

Practical quoniam statum patet tri-  
cia philosophia/ Ad regimen vite donec  
in oibz vit/ Sed quantum maior ag est/  
tanto magis ipsum/ Eg scola coheret  
qua sua regna regat /

Hic tractat de tertia parte philo-  
sophie que practica vocatur cuius spe-  
cies sunt tres/ scilicet Ethica Politica  
et poica / quantum doctrina regia ma-  
gestras in suo regimine ad honore mag  
instruendam per singula dirigatur

De firste which is Rhetorik  
And the seconde Rhetorike  
Sciences of philosophie  
I haue him a far as in party  
So as the philosophie it told  
To Alexander and now I wolde  
Telle of the thirde what it is  
The which practike cleped is  
Practike stant vpon the kynges  
To word the gouernance of kynges  
Wherof the first Etyle is named  
The whiche science stant proclame

To trete of Vertu Mylle with  
How that a kyngge hym self shal rule  
Of his mortal condicion  
With worthy disposition  
Of good kynging in his persone  
Whiche is the chiefe in his corone  
It maketh a kyngge also to lerne  
How he his body shal gouerne  
How he shalle take how he shal lye  
How that he shalle his lye lye  
In more in dynite in charynge eke  
There is no wisdom for to lye  
As for the rule of his persone  
Whiche this science al one  
He trete as by way of kynde  
That there nothyng true bekynde  
That other point which to practike  
Belongeth to Iconomike  
Whiche trete thylke honeste  
Though which a kyngge in his regre  
His wyf and child shalle rule e gy  
So forforth all the company  
Whiche in his household shold abyde  
And his estate on euery syde  
In such manere for to lye  
That he his household not mystrye  
Practike hath per the thirde appryse  
Whiche trete how and in what wyse  
Though hys purueyed ordynance  
A kyngge shalle let in gouernance  
His crame and that is polycy  
Whiche longeth vnto regalye  
In tyme of wette/ in tyme of wete  
To worship and to god wete  
Of clerke of lynch of Marchaunte  
And so forth of the remouant  
Of all the comyn pple about  
Within lough and eke without  
Of him that ben artificers  
Whiche ben craft and mystrye  
Whiche art is charye Mathematike  
And though they be not all lyke  
Yet neuertheles how so it falle  
One lye more gouerne him alle  
Or that they lye on that they wy  
Afar the state that they ben in

Too thus the Worthyp young kyng  
Was fully taught of every thyng  
Whiche myght geue entndement  
Of good rule and of good regement  
To such a Worthyp pryncer as he  
But of very necessity  
The philosopher hym hath bitake  
Gyue popntes which he hath vnderstode  
To take and hold in obseruance  
Afore the Worthyp gouernance  
Whiche longeth to his regalye  
Afore the rule of polycye

Moribus ornatus regit hic qui regit  
in moderna / Tercius expectat / ar'm  
ntura poli / Et quia Veritas Virtus sus  
terminat omnes / Regis ab ore sonat  
abula nulla sonat

Hic secundum politicam tractat in  
trudit prapue super quinq; regulari  
articulis que ad principis regimen obs  
seruande specialius existat / quantum pri  
ma Veritas nuncupatur. per quam Ver  
tuticus sit sermo regis ad omnes

O every man becoueth here  
But to no man belögerth more  
Than to a kyng which hath to  
doe / The peple for his knyghthode  
He may hem to the saue and supple  
And for it stont vpon his wylle  
It set hym wel to be ayled  
And the Vertues which ben assided  
Vnto a kynges regement  
To take his entndement  
Wherof to tellen as they stonde  
Herafterward no wyl I fonde  
Among the Vertues one is ches  
And that is trouthe which is lyes  
To god and eke to man also  
And for it hath ben ever so  
Taught Aristotle as it is wryte  
To Alexander as he wel wryte

He shold of trouthe thyllie growe  
With all his lere enbawe  
So that his lere be trewe and peryne  
To ward the world and so extyne  
That in hym be no double speche  
For yf men shold trouthe seche  
And fynde it not within a kyng  
It were full of dyspyngs chynge  
The word is to him of that within  
There shalle a Worthyp kyng begyn  
To lye his tonge and to be trewe  
So shalle his pryncer ben ever newe  
Ayle hem every man to fore  
And he wel wote as he he shote  
For afterward it is to late  
If that he wold his word debate  
For as a kyng in speciall  
A vne all other in pryncipal  
Of his word so shold he be  
moost Vertuous in his degre  
And that may he wel signefied  
By his crowne and speciall

Nota super his que Corona Regis  
designatur

The gold betokeneth excellence  
That men shold done hym wuerence  
As to his lere souerayne  
The stones as the booke sayne  
Commented ben in trouble wylle  
Firste they ben hard and thyllie asside  
Betokeneth a kyngis constauce  
Soo that there shalle no barpaunce  
Be founde in his condicion  
And also by description  
The Vertue which is in the stones  
A very sygne is for the none  
Of that a kyng shall be honest  
And holde trewe his bynde  
Of thyng which longeth to knyghthode  
The bright coloure as I wote  
Which is in the stones shynnyng  
As in figure betokenyng  
The Comple of his wordes fame  
Which stant vpon his good name

Thy Circle Which is round about  
Is taken of all the kindes without  
Which stand Under his Ierarchie  
That he it Well shall keep & keep  
And for that trouthe he is false  
Is Vertu soueraine oueralls  
That linged vnto wryght  
A tale Which is euident  
Of trouthe in commendacion  
Toward hym enformacion  
My sone comfort thou shalt haue  
Of a Cownseil in this maner

As the Cownseil is told wher  
A soldan Whidame Was of pers  
Which darres hyght and ghyss  
His sater Was and soothe it is  
Of his bygnage and by descende  
The regne of Bylle rupper he had  
That thorough wisdom & hye pudent  
More than by other wurtun  
And for he Was hym self Wylle  
The Wyse men he led in pers  
And sought hem oute on euery side  
That to Ward hym they shold abyde  
Among the Which thre ther Were  
That mast semper vnto hym be  
As they Which in his chamber lye  
And at his cownseil lye and lye  
Her names ben of strange note  
Arphages Was the first hore  
And Monachus Was the secound  
Zarobabel as it is fownde  
In the Cownseil Was the thyrde  
This soldan What so hym beyde  
To hem he take moost of alle  
Wherof the cause is so byfalle  
The lye/ Which hath conserue dres  
Cown a nyght When he shold lye  
As he Which hath his Wyse disposed  
Coughinge a wylt hem hath opposed

His natral qualiter Darius filius  
Iaspis soldanus prae a tabus suis  
cubicularibus/quorum nomina Ar-  
phages/Monachus et Zarobabel/dicta

sunt nomine questionis singillatim in  
interrogauit Vtrum rex aut mulier/ aut  
vinum maioris fortitudinis Vin opti-  
nere ipsi/ Vero Darius opinionem res-  
pondentibus Zarobabel Vltimis asse-  
rit qd mulier sui amoris complacens  
ita tam regis quam Vini potentiam ex-  
cellit/ addidit etiam pro finali conclusi-  
one diuers quod Veritas super omnia Vin-  
ci. cuius responsis citius laudabilior  
acceptabatur

He kynges question Was this  
Of kynges Which strangest is  
The Wylle the Womde or þ kyng  
And that they shold vpon this kyng  
Of her answer auyd he  
He gaf hem dayes full þer  
And hath byde hem by his fyll  
That who so best wylle seith  
He shalle wryte a worthy mede  
Cown this kyng they wylle lye  
And studied on disputacion  
That they by dyuerse oppynion  
Of argumentes that they told  
Arphages first his tale tolde  
And said so þ the strength of kynges  
Is myghtyest of al kynges  
For kyng hath power ouer man  
And man is Which wylle an  
As he Which is of his nature  
The moost noble creature  
Of all tho that god hath brought  
And by that skyle it semeth nought  
He seith that ony trithy kyng  
May be so myghty as a kyng  
A kyng may speke a kyng may saue  
A kyng may make a lye a knaue  
And of a knaue a lye also  
The power of a kyng stoneth so  
That he the lye ouer passeth  
What he wylle make lye he it lasset  
What he wylle make more he moreth  
He seith that no man it wylle  
But he alone al other tareth



Who hym displaith & gummeth  
 And stant hym self of lathes for  
 Too this is a kynges myght seith he  
 So as his wifon can argue  
 Is strongest and of moost boldhe  
 But monachos seith other wyse  
 That wyne is of the more empyse  
 And that he seith by this wyse  
 The wyne full ofter talerth alwey  
 Er wifon fro the mannes herte  
 The wyne can make a cruel sterth  
 And a crueler man in wynde  
 It maketh a blinde man to seith  
 And a bygher eye somtyme derke  
 It maketh a lewde man a clerke  
 And fro the clerkes the chyrge  
 It taketh away and cowardy  
 It turneth in to hardynesse  
 Of Auarece it maketh largesse  
 The wyne maketh eke the good shode  
 In which the fowle which is goody  
 Hath chosyn hir a resting place  
 While that the lye her wylls enhance  
 And by this shylde monachos  
 Answerd hath upon this case  
 And seith that wyne by wey of kynde  
 Is thyng which may the hertes blinde  
 Well more than the regalye  
 Zorobabell for his partye  
 Seid as hym thought for the best  
 That women ben the myghtyest  
 The kyng and the honour al  
 Of women comen to the two  
 And eke he seide how that manlyde  
 Thorough strengthe into womanlyde  
 Of due whether he wyll or none  
 Oure shall and thereupon  
 To stalle of women the moiltey  
 A tale which he saide with eye

Nota hic de Vigore amoris qui inducit  
 Cirum Regem persarum et aprem ba  
 zatis filiam ipsius regis concubinam  
 spectante tota curia exprobratur

For example he told this  
 Of a woman of basilio  
 Which daughter was in the  
 patrie/ Whiche upon his tye  
 When he was yowth in his yre  
 Toward the girth of his emper  
 Cyrus the kyng tounst he wold  
 And only by his goodly hile  
 He made hym tounst and mede  
 And by the chyrge and by the chile  
 He beggyn hym right as he lye  
 That nolle he wold a nolle he lye  
 And dothe that hym what cur he  
 hild/ When he was yowth he is  
 hild/ And when he was gladd he is gladd  
 And thus the kyng is curried  
 With his which has amany was  
 Among the may is no foldo  
 If that there is no woman there  
 For but of that the woman there  
 This wolden tope there a lye  
 This is trouth that I goth lye  
 To lye to the and to lye to the  
 They make a man to lye to the  
 And honour for to be lye to the  
 Thorough the dour of lye is lye to the  
 The dour which Cupide sheweth  
 Wherof the lye to the goth lye to the  
 Which all the wolden both lye to the  
 A woman is the manne lye to the  
 His lye to the lye to the lye to the  
 And this thyng may be lye to the  
 How that woman lye to the lye to the  
 For in example that I lye to the

Nota de fidelitate coniugis quod  
 Alastia dicitur Amati et monitum fuit  
 Vniuersum scriptum in hunc modum  
 fuisse

How that the dour Amati lye  
 To lye to the lye to the lye to the  
 Men lye to the lye to the lye to the  
 Alast lye to the lye to the lye to the  
 Dour lye to the lye to the lye to the

With his firste Vnde Mynde  
 To Wye and Wene of the goddesse  
 He is that he bid of his spawne  
 Wherof he was for the digne  
 Recouer myghte his life agone  
 Too thus he cryed so thus he praid  
 Till at the last a Vope he said  
 That if he Wold for his sake  
 He makyd suffer and take  
 And yet he self he shall tye  
 Of this answer Mynde hee gave  
 Conde Mynde gude thankyng  
 He that he deth and his spawne  
 He chise With all his hole estate  
 And thus accordy some he went  
 In to the chamber and there he came  
 His household anone he name  
 In bothe his armes and hym left  
 And spak vnto hym what he left  
 And thereupon Withyn a thowte  
 He lay downe stille all ouerthowte  
 And dyed and he was holed in host  
 So may a man be wofull fast  
 He is next after the god above  
 The trouth of Woman and the lye  
 In Whome that all gentis is founde  
 In myghtyest vpon the grounde  
 And moost chastyte many folow  
 Too thus Jacobus hath told  
 The tale of his oppenon  
 Out for final conclusion  
 What strangest is of trouthy thynges  
 The Wye the Wyman or the Wynges  
 He seith that trouth is aboue in alle  
 No myghtyest he is euer it falle  
 The trouth is so so euer it come  
 May for no thyng be overcome  
 It may well suffer for a thowte  
 But at the last it shall be knowe  
 The proverbe is vnto that is true  
 He shall his Wyle neuer wile  
 For he is so that the cause Wende  
 The trouth is stameth at the ende  
 But thyng that is trouthed  
 It may not be stameth  
 And stame vnto with euer Wyght

So pryncely there is no myght  
 Without trouth in no degre  
 And thus for trouth of his degre  
 Jacobus was moost commended  
 Wherof the question was ended  
 And traped both his mete  
 For trouth which to mannes ned  
 Is moost chastyte ouer all  
 For thy was trouth in speciall  
 The first poynt in obseruance  
 He take vnto the gouernour  
 Of Alexander as it is seid  
 For thereupon the grounde was leyd  
 Of euerp kynges regement  
 As thyng which moost conuenient  
 Is for to set a kyng in euen  
 Both in this world, and else in heuen

*Abstinentia tangat regis corda  
 Cuius enim spolij exornatur humus  
 Fama collit largum voluntas per seculum  
 Regem / Dona tamquam licitis sunt moranda modis*

*Hic tractat de regie maiestatis secun-  
 da polida quam Aristoteles largitate  
 vocat / cuius virtuti non solum pro-  
 pulsata auaricia regis nomen magnis  
 fiam exhibetur sed et sui subidonum  
 diuiciarum habundancia iocunditudo ef-  
 ficiuntur*

Exl after trouth the second  
 In polype as it is founde  
 Which serueth to the worldes  
 fame / In worship of a kynges name  
 Largesse it is Whoo pryncelyge  
 Ther may no auarice aberge  
 The worldes good was first comune  
 But after ward vpon fortune  
 Was thylde comyn pryncelyge  
 But when the peple stode enased  
 As the kynges Weyn gude  
 Anone for singular begre

With sacrifice Unto mynerue  
 To wyte answere of the goddesse  
 How that hir lord of his sickness  
 Wherof he was so woo bysene  
 Recouer myght his hile. ayne  
 So thus she cryd / so thus she prayd  
 Tyl at the last a voyce hir sayd  
 That yf she wold for his sake  
 The maladye suffer and take  
 And dye hir self he shal lyue  
 Of this answer alcase hath prue  
 Wnto mynerue grete thonghyng  
 For that hir deeth & his lyuynge  
 Chose With al her hols entaunce  
 And thus accorded home she wente  
 In to the chamber & whā she came  
 Hir husband anon she name  
 In to the hir armes & hym kysse  
 And spak: Vnto hym What hir liste  
 And there vpon Withyn a thre We  
 The good wyf was ouerthrowe  
 She dyed & he was hols in laste  
 So may a man by wifon laste  
 How naxt after the god above  
 The trouthe of Woman & the lout  
 In Whome that al grace is founde  
 Is myghtyest vpon the grounde  
 And most knowely many folde  
 So thus Zorobabel both wode  
 The tale of his oppynge  
 But for fynal conclusyon  
 What strengest is of ethely thynges  
 The wyne the wynnem on the thynges  
 He seyth that trouthe aboue hem alle  
 Is myghtyest how euer it falle  
 The trouthe how so enei it come  
 May for no thyng be overcome  
 It may wel suffer for a threwe  
 But at the last it shal be knowe  
 The prouerbs is who that is true  
 He shal his whyle neuer rue  
 For how so that the cause wende  
 The trouthe is shameles at the ende  
 But thyng that is trouthelesse  
 It may not wel be shamelesse  
 And shame hyndereth euer thyng

So pryncely there is no myght  
 With out trouthe in no tyme  
 And thus for trouthe of his tyme  
 Zorobabel was moste commended  
 Wherof the questyon was entred  
 And he was pryncely both his mede  
 For trouthe which to mannes nede  
 Is moste knowelye ouer al  
 For thy was trouthe in special  
 The first poynt in obseruance  
 We take vnto the gouernance  
 Of alysaunders as it is sayde  
 For thei vpon the grounde was layde  
 Of euer thynges tyme  
 As thynges which moste conuynce  
 Is for to sette a thyng in euen  
 Dothe in this world & eke in heuyn

*Absit auaricia tangat regia corda  
 Cuius enim spolijs exornatur humus  
 Fama uoluit largum voluntas per se  
 cula regem / Dona tamq̃uam latius sunt  
 moderanda modis*

*Hic tractat de regie maiestatis si-  
 cunda polia quam aristoteles largitu-  
 rim vocat cuius virtute non solum  
 propulsata auaricia regie nemini mag-  
 nificum extollatur si et sui subditi om-  
 nium dundarum abundantia iocundi-  
 ore efficiantur /*

Ege after trouthe the stand  
 In policy as it is founde  
 Which serueth to the worldes fame  
 In worthyp of a thynges name  
 Largesse it is vnto prynces  
 Ther may no auarice abege  
 The worldes good was first comune  
 But after ward vpon fortune  
 Was thelly comyn prouffyt ased  
 But when the peple stode encusd  
 No the thynges wery grete  
 Anone for singular thynges  
 Dulle euer man to his party



Wherof comyn the first enuys  
 With grete debate & warres stronge  
 And laster embege the may so longe  
 Tyl no man wylt who was who  
 He which was funde ne which for  
 Wylt ate laste in every hnde  
 Withm hym self the peple fonde  
 That it was good to make a kynge  
 Which myght apersyn al this thyng  
 And gve tpyght to the signages  
 In partynge of hir bntages  
 And eke of al the other good  
 And thus aboute hym al stood  
 The kyng upon his regalye  
 Noth which hath to iustyce  
 The worstre good for courtysse  
 So spyt it wel in al wylt  
 A kyng betwene more and lesse  
 To seke his lorde upon largesse  
 To ward hym self & eke also  
 To ward his peple & yf not so  
 That is to say yf that he be  
 Toward hym self large and free  
 And of his peple take and pyle  
 Largesse by no weye of style  
 It may be said but auarice  
 Which in a kyng is a grete vice  
 A kyng leueth eke to fyre  
 The vice of prodigalite  
 That he misure in expens  
 So kepe that of indigence  
 He may be lause fro who that nedeth  
 In al his werke the wete he spedyth

Nota sunt hoc quod aristoteli s ad  
 Alexandrum exemplum de regac  
 tionibus Regis chaldeorum /

¶ Aristotle upon maces  
 a Ensaumple of grete auctour  
 Wote allsaunde taughte  
 Of thyllie felde that were vnsaughte  
 To ward hir kyng for his ppyllage  
 Wherof he hade in his aunge

That he into the popples entande  
 Wete that he wold his good dyspende  
 First shold he lode hold that it stood  
 That al were of his owne good  
 The pyses which he wold puse  
 So myght he be better luse  
 And eke he must taken lode  
 Yf there be cause of ony nede  
 Which ought to be dyspende  
 Or that his goodes ben dyspende  
 He mote eke as it is befall  
 Amonge other thynges alle  
 Be the deertes of his may  
 And after they ben of lym  
 And of estate and meryte  
 He shal hym largely acquyte  
 Or for the wete or for the poase  
 That none honoure falle in dyscrase  
 Which myght turne in to desfame  
 But that he kepe his good name  
 So that he be not holde vnsynde  
 For in conpelle a tale I fynde  
 Which speketh som dele of this matre  
 Here after ward as thou shalt here

Hic secundum gesta julij exemplum  
 ponit qualiter Rex suorum militum  
 quos pcedos agnouerit indigenciam  
 largitatis sue beneficia uleuare tenes  
 tur / —

In come to pursue his right  
 There was a worthy poutre knyght  
 Which came allone for to seyne  
 His cause when the court was pleyne  
 When iulius was in presence  
 And for hym lacketh of his dyspense  
 There was with hym none aduocate  
 To make pte for his estate  
 But though hym lacke for to pte  
 Hym lacketh nought of mandre  
 He wylt wel his purse was pouer  
 But yet he thought his right recouer  
 And o pntly puerer alyped  
 To the emperour & thus he seped  
 O iulius lordy of the lawe

Beside my counayl is withdewte  
 For lacke of golde to thyn offyce  
 Aftir the laste of justyce  
 Helpe that I had counayl her  
 Upon the trowthe of my matre  
 And iulius with that anone  
 Assigned hym a Worthe one  
 But he hym self no worde spake  
 This knyght was wroth & fonde lake  
 In the emproure & saide thus  
 O thou Unkynde iulius  
 When thou in thy batayle wert  
 Upon aulst & I was there  
 My myght for the rescue I dyd  
 And that no man in my fiede  
 Thou wote woundes there I had  
 But for I fynde the so bad  
 That the ne list speke one worde  
 Thyne offere mowthe or of thy horte  
 To geue a shewyn me to helpe  
 Howe shold I than me be helpe  
 Few this forth of my largesse  
 When such a grete Unkynnesse  
 So founde in such a lord as thou  
 This iulius knewe wel y now  
 That al was forthe which he hym tolde  
 And for he wold not ben holde  
 Unkynde he tolde his cause on honde  
 And as it were of goddes sonde  
 He gaue hym good ynough to spende  
 For euer vnto his lyues ende  
 And thus shold euery Worthe kyng  
 Take of his knyghthe knowlechyng  
 When that he sawe they had nede  
 For euery strupre apeth mede  
 But other which haue not deserued  
 Thorough vertu but of iaptes ferued  
 A kyng shal not deserue grete  
 Though he be large in such a place

Hic ponit exemplum de rege antigo  
 no qualiter dona regia secundum ma  
 nis et minus & equa discretione mode  
 randa sunt

I siteth wel euery kyng to lene  
 I Discussyon when men hym craue  
 So that he may his gyfte geue  
 Wherof I fynde a tale berde  
 How Cinichus a power knyght  
 A somme which was ouer myght  
 Myrd of his kyng antygonus  
 The kyng answered to hym thus  
 And said so to such a pite passeth  
 His power shal and than he passeth  
 And apeth but a hart peng  
 If that the kyng wold geue hym eng  
 The kyng answered it is to smalle  
 For hym that is a bad speake  
 To geue a man so lpat thyng  
 It were but worship in a kyng  
 By this ensample a kyng may see  
 That for to geue is in maner  
 For if a kyng his tnfour luffeth  
 Without honoure & thankes luffeth  
 When he hym self wyl so luffeth  
 I note who shal complaine his whyte  
 He who by night hym shal trefue  
 But nechelesse this I helue

Nota hic qd regis status a suis  
 fidelibz omni fauore supportandus est

The which with his owne hande  
 Redoueth euery mannes honde  
 To sette vpon necessite  
 And eke his kynges regale  
 More euery luge man comferte  
 With good & loby to supporte  
 When they see cause resonable  
 For who that is not entenable  
 To holde by right his kynges name  
 Hym ought for to be to blame

Nota hic secundum aristotilem qua  
 liter principum prodigalitas pauperta  
 tem inducit corruptionem

Of relect & euer more  
 To speke in this matre more  
 So as the paphosophe tolde

A lying after the rule is hold  
To moderate & aduise  
Doe please vpon such largesse

Seneca sit alijs beneficus ut tibi non nocere

That the measure not erre  
For if a lying be in to erre  
It causeth ofte sundry thynges  
Which beynge sayde to the lynges  
What man shal not hym self measure  
Then forth full ofte that measure  
Hym both forsake & so doth he  
That such goodlynges  
Which is the mode of courtie  
Wherof the ladies ben desire  
And namely when that like vnto  
About a lyinge stande in offere  
And both with hold of his partye  
The courteous flattery  
Which many a worthy lyinge corrupteth  
Or is the fullen purgatory  
Of him that serues to the ghyft  
For they that can please & ghyft  
Doe as maye salve the name  
Vnto the festyng of the vnto  
Wherof full ofte methinks  
A lying is blamed gyltles

Nota quodam principum caris adula  
tore raptim grauitate offendunt

A philosopher as thou shalt see  
Spake to a lying of this maner  
And said hym wel to hold that flattery  
Countable becom of thyne erre  
One was toward the goddess on hye  
That when they both of that they sayde  
The myghty which befall the world  
Of that the full flatterye  
Toward the lying another was  
When they by sight & by full as  
Of fownd vnto made hym went  
That blacke is white & white is grene  
Touchyng of his condicion

For when he doth exhortacion  
With many another vnto mo  
They shal not fynde one of the  
To grutch or speke there agayn  
But holden by his oyle & say  
That al is wel what euer he doth  
And thus of false they makeen soch  
So that the lynges eye is blinde  
And both not hold the world is bent  
The childe erreour is harme comune  
With which the people more comune  
Of wronges that they bringen vnto  
And thus they becomen turble synne  
That ben flatterye about a lyinge  
That myght be no worse thyng  
About a lynges regalye  
Than is the vnto of flatterye  
And nechelesse it hath ben vnto  
That it was neuer yet refused  
No for to speke of courtie ralle  
For there it is most specialle  
And many longe be fore fore  
But when this vnto of him is fore  
That hold the vertuous forth bringe  
And trouthe is wened in to lesyng  
It is as who sayth agaynste lynde  
Wherof an olde ensample as I fynde

Hic contra Vanitates adulandum  
loquitur et narrat quod cum anisipus  
de cartagine philosophus scote studium  
relinquens sui principio obsequio in  
magnis adulationibus per ceteris ca  
rior asistebat / Accidit vnto ipse  
quodam die Diogenem philosophum  
iuxta forum suum vnto tam moti  
bus quam prolutissimum vnto ad  
oleum sua collectus lauandem ex casu  
ad vnto inuenient / Cui ait  
o diogene scito sicut et ego principi  
tuo placere scires huiusmodi vnto  
aut colligere aut non lauare indigeres  
O anisipe certe si tu oleum tua lauare



saire & in blandicio & adulacioni  
Suo principi suo seruire non oportuit

¶ Mounge these olde tales myght  
Of philosophy in this wyse  
I wold have whilom two there been  
And to the scole for to leue  
Wnto athenis fro cartage  
Her fardes when they were of age  
Hem sente & there they stoden longe  
Tyl they sucke her house vnderfonge  
That in her tyme they surmounte  
Al other men that to accounte  
Of hem two was gawe fame  
The first of hem his right name  
Was dyogenes than hote  
In whom was founde no rote  
His felowe anisippus myght  
Whiche moche coude & myght  
But atte last for to sayne  
They tothe turned home agayne  
Wnto cartage & scole leue  
This dyogenes no lere  
Of worldes good losse or more  
He sought for his longe lere  
But wile hym onely for to dwell  
At home & as the bookes telle  
His holwe was nygh to the ryuer  
Beside a brydge as thou shalt here  
There dwelled he wile his wile  
So as it thought hym for the laste  
To studye in his philosophye  
As he whiche so wold wyle  
The worldes wyse on euery syde  
But anisippe his bookes a syde  
Hath lere & to the court & wende  
Where many a wyse & many a wende  
With flattery & wordes softe  
He caste & hath compassed ofte  
How he his pryncer myght please

And in this wyse he gladd hym east  
Of byrne honour & worldes good  
The kynges rule vpon hym stode  
The kyng of hym was thowght glad  
And al was to what thyng he had  
Wolde in the court & the with out  
With flattery he brought about  
His purpose of the worldes wile  
Which was agayne the state of childe  
So that the philosophye he lere  
And to the wiche hym self he lere  
As thus had anisippe his wile  
But dyogenes dwelled stille  
At home & loked on his wile  
He sought not the worldes croke  
For byrne honour ne for wylle  
But al his lere he lerne  
He set to be vertuous  
And thus dwelle he a while so  
He lere to the suffaunce  
Of his loupynge & lere purchase  
This dyogenes vpon a day  
And that was in the month of may  
That when these lere he lere  
And walked for to gader lere  
In his garden in which his lere  
He thought to lere & thus aboute  
Wile he hath gaderd wile hym lere  
He set hym down than & pyle  
And wylle his lere in the flore  
Wpon which his garden stode  
Nygh to the brydge as I telle er  
And hapeneth wile he lere  
Came anisippe by the strete  
With many lere & wile gade  
And stryght vnto the brydge he wade  
Where that he lere & alere  
For as he caste his eye nygh  
His felowe dyogenes he lere  
And what he dyd he lere also  
Whereof he sayd to hym the  
O dyogenes god the strete  
It were anisippe lere  
To sit hem & worldes pyle  
If thou thy pryncer coudest lere

Be as I am in my degree  
 O answer agayne quod he  
 If that thou wouldest so do  
 The better wylde truly  
 It were as light wode or lesse  
 That thou shouldest wold compass  
 With flattery for to serve  
 Wherof thou thyselfe dofferest  
 The pyrrus thanks & to purchase  
 Wold thou myghte stonde in his grace  
 For getting of a lyal good  
 If thou wold take in to thy mood  
 Wold thou myghte by wylde tyme  
 That is thy pyrrus for to quene  
 To not to wylde occidant  
 What it is quodly disordant  
 Cont the fables of dyene  
 No thus answered dyene  
 Agayne the charys flattery  
 What may say the assumpcyon  
 Of answere is wylde wylde  
 And thyselfe of dyene is wylde  
 Offet in court & golde in court  
 No wylde may say the philosopher  
 Which hath the wylde in the hall  
 What flattery wylde all  
 In charys when the court answere  
 For wylde thyselfe he it charys  
 To be wylde wylde a day  
 No wylde if it be in a day  
 Wold dante the wylde answere  
 To a flattery / the tale I he  
 Wylde a first flattery them  
 He says him the wylde many mo  
 Of the flattery than of my  
 For the wylde of his wylde  
 Wylde none that wylde him charys & fete  
 Wylde a flattery may wylde & fete  
 A flattery wylde of his wylde about  
 So stand the wylde man in wylde  
 Of him that is fete wylde  
 For fete is wylde the wylde la Be  
 And as wylde wylde it fete  
 And wylde that flattery wylde  
 In any wylde under the sonne  
 There is ful many wylde legonne

Which were better to be left  
 That hath to shewd wylde & fete  
 Out of a pyrrus wylde him rule  
 Of the wylde after the rule  
 In the wylde it was wylde  
 This wylde wylde to wylde  
 Wylde of the wylde wylde  
 But wylde the wylde wylde is not  
 There may a pyrrus wylde wylde  
 That is him selfe wylde  
 Of that is wylde wylde wylde  
 Of him that wylde by wylde wylde  
 That wylde is of him & wylde  
 And that was wylde wylde wylde  
 Wylde wylde wylde wylde wylde  
 Which wylde not the wylde wylde  
 But wylde his wylde wylde & wylde  
 To wylde his wylde wylde  
 No in wylde is yet wylde  
 Wylde wylde wylde wylde wylde  
 Accordyng vnto this wylde

Die narrat super eodem quasi  
 et nuper Romanorum Imperator  
 cum ipso triumphator in hostes a  
 bello Rome rediret / Tres sibi laudes  
 in signum sui triumphus precipue  
 debebantur primo quatuor equi abs  
 sissimi currum in quo sedebat veh  
 unt Secundo tunica Iouis pro tunc  
 indueretur Tercio sui captivi prope  
 currum ad Vtriusque latus adfena  
 ti deambularent Sed ne tanti hono  
 ris adulatio eius animum in super  
 biam exolleret quidam scurræ an  
 quosius iuxta ipsum in currum sede  
 bat qui quasi contumacia Vocibus  
 improprimando Notheos hoc est nosce  
 re ipsum quia si hodie fortunata sibi  
 prospera sunt curae foris Versa volu  
 mutabilis aduersabitur

O see this olde ensaumplyn  
 That Whithen Was no flateryn  
 Toward the pryner Wel I fynde  
 Wherof so as cometh to mynde  
 My sone a tale But then en  
 While that the worthy pryner Were  
 At come I thynke for to tellen  
 For when the chaunces so byfellen  
 That ony emperour as the  
 Victorie vpon his foe  
 And so came forth to come agayn  
 Of table honour he Was arayne  
 Wherof that he Was magnified  
 The first as it is specified  
 Was when he came that plike tye  
 The char in which he shold rye  
 Four whet stedes shold it drawe  
 Of Iubiter by thiske lawe  
 The car he shold Were also  
 His prisoners eke shold goo  
 Endonge the char on echer side  
 And al the noblesse of the kynde  
 To fore gaster With hym come  
 Rydyng & broughte hym to come  
 In token of his chynalite  
 And for none other flaterie  
 And that Was se Wedd forth With al  
 Where he satte in his char ypalte  
 Beside hym Was a rybaud set  
 Which had his Worde so set  
 To thimprour in al his gerye  
 He said take in thy memorye  
 For al this pompe & al this pryde  
 Lete no iustice goo a syde  
 But knowe thy self What so befall  
 For men seen oftymes falle  
 Thynges which men Wende shal stonde  
 Though thou Victorie haue in honte  
 Fortune may not stonde alwey  
 The which perchaunce another day  
 May turne & thou myght ouer throwe  
 The lasteth no thyng but a throwe  
 With these wordes & With moo  
 This aboulde which sat With hym the  
 To thimprour hys tale tolde  
 And curmore after What he wolde

O Were it tyme or Were it good  
 So playnly as the tyme stood  
 He shouth not but to spoken out  
 And so myght every man about  
 The day of that solymone  
 His tale telle as Wel as he  
 To thimprour al openly  
 And al Was this must tyme  
 That while he stode in that noblesse  
 He shold his tynge wyse  
 With such wordes as he shold  
 To now to the tyme of fete  
 Tellerd so bygd a worthy tete  
 For this I fynde eke of wordes  
 Which the cronycle hath aueried  
 What emperour Was iudged

Hic etiam contra adulationem nar  
 rat qd primo die quo super Imperat  
 interfectus cydus latens sui ad ipso  
 constanti patenti de quali lapide fuit  
 sepulture simulacrum fulminant ut sic  
 futurum mortem commemorare. Vani  
 tates huius seculi transitorias facilius  
 expriment

¶ The first day of his comynge  
 When he Was in his royal tyme  
 And lette his seste in the palys  
 Sittynge vpon his hye tynge  
 With al the lust that may be gette  
 When he Was gladdest at his mete  
 And every myghtful had played  
 And every geystour had sayed  
 What meste Was pleasant to his eyne  
 After talle came in theyre  
 His mofone for they shal be cume  
 When that he shold be gyment  
 And what stode his sepulture  
 They sholden make & what sepulture  
 He shold be gyment then vpon  
 The Was then flaterie none



The Worshyp prenter to his  
The kyng was otherwys shap  
With good counsell & other wys  
They were hem self than wys  
And in this shew they & knewen  
When such softe synners be  
Of flattery in to be  
They sitting nought but to be  
And when they were worde shew  
The playne mouth it hath discerned  
Of hem that were so dyscreet  
So that the flatterer no more  
Of hem that was his prenter  
And for to proue that it is so  
A tale which I fynde in  
In a cronicle of some J

Die inter alia gilla arsis nati  
Tuum exemplum praeceptum contra illos  
qui cum in aspectu principis alio sapi  
entioris agerent Volent quando que ta  
men similitudo sapientie illa comitatur  
per que arsis studiosus in fine com  
probatur

e Elar been his ryal tyme  
When that he sat in his presence  
And was best in al his prenter  
A man which wold make hem wys  
Fyl down kneeling in his presence  
And vnd hym such a murther  
As though he had god been  
Then had god murtherer  
Of the worshyp which he was  
This man was for the flatterer  
And forth withal the same tyme  
He goth hym to & by his prenter  
He set hym down as wert a prenter  
And said yf thou that shalt be  
A god which al thynges may  
Then I have too worshyp a right  
As to the god & other wys  
Yf thou be not of the flatterer

Out aye a man such as am I  
Than may I get the faster by  
For we be both of one kynde  
Esar answerd & said o flatterer  
Thou art a foole it is wel sene  
Wen thy self yf thou were  
Yf I be a god thou dost a mys  
To sit where thou seest that god is  
And I be a man also  
Thou hast a gude sope do  
When thou to such one as that was  
The worshyp of thy god althys  
Hast given so vnderstond  
Thus may I proue truly  
Thou art not wys & that is trewe  
Held wysly that the kyng answerd  
It was to hem a newe lere  
Wherof they vnder hym the more  
And brought no thyng to his ere  
Out yf it treuth & reason were  
So ben there many in such a wys  
That sayen wordes to be wys  
And al is verry flattery  
To hym which can it wel aspre

Nota quod ista circa principem  
adulatores potius a curia expelli quam  
ad regie maiestatis munera accepta  
potencia suadentur debent

f He kynde flatterer can not lue  
But for to venge hym self alone  
For so that ever his master saw  
So that hym self stonde out of care  
He wylth nought & thus ofer  
Demureth with wordes softe  
The kynges that ben innocent  
Wher as for chastyment  
The wys philosopher seyd  
What kyng that so his trefour lerd  
Wen such felde he hath the lisse  
And yet ne doth he no largesse  
Out harmeth with his owne honde  
Hym self & alle his owne honde

And that by many a sonder wege  
Wherof yf that a man shal see  
No for to speke in generall  
Wher such thyng falleth ouer al  
That ony kyng bym self myghte  
The physyphye upon this rule  
In special a cause sette  
Which is e euer both to the kyng  
In gouernaunce about a kyng  
Upon the myself of the thyng  
And that he seyth is flattery  
Wherof a forre as in partye  
What that byr is I haue declared  
For it is that both his wyte bynd  
Upon a flattery to be true  
Whan that he weeneth best to be true  
His god worde it is moste true  
And for to peruen it is so  
Exaumples ther be many one  
Of which yf thou wilt knowe one  
It is becomen for to be  
What wysdom fyl in this man

Hic loquitur Valerius de consilio  
adulantium quorum fabulis principes  
omnes organizati. Brutalis audium  
capere nequeunt. Et narrat exemplum  
de rege achab qui pro eo ad ipsos propheta  
as fidelis Michas etiam ante blandis  
asque adulantis ydichas addit  
Regis Sime benedab in campo bellator  
ipsum diuino iudicio deuictum inter  
fecit

e Munge the kynges in the byble  
I fynde a tale e is credyble  
Of one that wysdom achab bygh  
Which had al ysrael to bygh  
But who that wold glasse soke  
And flatter which he sette on hys  
In a wylde estate and made hym ryche  
But they that wolden wodes speke  
To trouthe e wold it not forlete

For hym was none tresser to be  
The centre of such tresser none  
Epl after laster upon a wylde  
That benedab the kyng of syrye  
Of ysrael a grete partye  
Which amoth adath was hys  
Hath lead e of that tresser  
He wold counseyll in sonder wyse  
But not of hym that wolden wyse  
And nethelisse upon this mas  
To strangle hym for yosaphas  
Which wenne was kyng of iude  
He sende for to come on he  
Which thorough fundys e offys  
Was nege to hym of acquyntaunce  
For yoram sone of yosaphas  
Achabbes daughter wedde both  
Which byghyt fytte goodlye  
And thus came in to samer  
Kyng yosaphas e he founde them  
The kyng achab e whan they were  
To gyde spekyng of this thyng  
This yosaphas saith to the kyng  
How that he wold gladly be  
Somme tresser prophete in this maner  
That he his counseyll myght geue  
To what popple it shal be due  
And in that tyme so he fynde  
That there was such one in ysrael  
Which sette hym al to flatter  
And he was clyped sereche  
And after hym achab both sende  
And he of his cōmoundment  
To hym came e by a sl. pygher  
He hath byn his hys on bygher  
The forer hornes sette of lase  
And he wylch a flatterour was  
And goeth tompyne as a lye  
And cast his hornes by e down  
And had men by of good espye  
For as the hornes wylch the eye  
He saith withouten resistence  
So wylch he wylch of his saunce  
That benedab is dyscomfyte  
Whan sereche upon this plyte  
Hath sette this tale into this byde

None they were of one accord  
Prophecie false many mo  
To see by oyle and altho  
Affirmed that which is hath tolde  
Wherof the kyng achab was tolde  
And paise him pester of about  
But Josaphath was in gude doubt  
He lorde fantasme al that he lorde  
Penning achab told so it lorde  
If them were any other man  
The which of prophecie can  
To see hym speke or that they gone  
Quod achab than them is one  
A brother which mycelas hight  
That he ne cometh in my speke  
For he hath longe in prysen lye  
Hym lorde neuer yet to lye  
A goodly word to my plesaunce  
And netherleste at thyn installe  
He shal come out & than he may  
Say as he hath said many a day  
For yet he said neuer lorde  
To Josaphath gan semme dele  
To gloden hym in hope of trouthe  
And bade hym withouten shouthe  
That men hym shold seeke anone  
And they that were for hym gone  
When that they came wher he was  
They tolde him unto mycelas  
The maner to what lordechys  
Declarid hath his prophecie  
And thereupon they paye hym lorde  
That he wyl say no contrayre  
Wherof the kyng may be despayre  
For so shal every man be esid  
And he may helpe hym self also  
Mycelas vpon trouthe tho  
Has lorde lorde & to hem lorde  
Al that is lorde unto his lorde  
And of none other feryd thynge  
That wyl be alle unto the lorde  
As free as god hath geue hym grace  
Thus came this prophecie in to place  
Wher he the kynges wylde lorde  
And he shewd anone answere  
Unto hym in this wylde

my lorde lorde for my lorde  
With truth stonde hath ever yet  
Thou hast me with reason alyte  
But for al that I shal not glise  
Of trouthe after as I suppose  
And as touchyng of this batayle  
Thou shalt not of the soth sayle  
For yf it lorde be to lorde  
As I am taught in that matre  
Thou myght it understonde  
But what is afterword to done  
Alyte the of this I lorde  
I was tofore the lorde on lorde  
Wher al the lorde me thought stode  
And there I lorde & understode  
The word of god with wordes clere  
Alyng & said in this manere  
In what wyl may I lorde lorde  
This kyng achab & for a wylde  
And vpon this wylde they speke fast  
Thou said a lorde at a lorde  
I undertake this empyre  
And god hym ayth in what wylde  
I shal ad lorde lorde and lorde  
With flatteryng prophecie  
In such moethes as he lorde  
And he which al thynge actuech  
Bade hym god forth and do right so  
And ouer this I say also  
This noble peple of Israel  
Dispers as sheep vpon an hylde  
Without a lorde vpon a lorde  
And as they went about & lorde  
I lorde a lorde vnto hem lorde  
Goeth home in to your lorde agayn  
Tel I for you haue lorde ordeyned  
Quod lordechys thou hast lorde  
This tale in angering of the kyng  
And in a lorde vpon this thynge  
He smote mycelas vpon the clere  
The kyng hym hath rebuked clere  
And every man vpon hym ayth  
Thus was he shente on every lorde  
Agayn in to prysen lorde  
For so the kyng hym self lorde  
The trouthe myght not be lorde



But after ward as it hath ferde  
The dede proueth his entente  
Achab to the batayle went  
Where benadab for al his felde  
Hym stode so that vpon the felde  
His pple goeth about a stray  
But god which al thynges may  
So doth that they no myschep haue  
Her kyng was dede & they be saue  
And home agayn in goddes pes  
They went & al was founde les  
That slechpe hath sayd to fore  
So sit it wel a kyng therfore  
To loue them that trawe mene  
For after laste it wyl be sene  
That slachpe is no thynges worth  
But now to my matre forth  
As for to speken ouer more  
After the philosophes lere  
The third poynt of polycy  
I thynke for to speake

Propter transgressores leges statuuntur  
in orbem / Ut vniuersi iusti regis honore  
vires / Rex sine iusticia populum sub  
principis umbra / Deuiat de rectum  
nemo videt ita

Hic tractat de tertia principum le  
gis policia que iusticia nominata est  
cuius condicio legibus incorrupta vni  
uique qd suum est equo pondere dis  
tribuit

That is a honde thre men be none  
What ben the men that are alone  
Without a kynges gouernaunce  
What is a kyng in his lygeaunce  
Where that there is no lawe in honde  
What is to take lawe on honde  
But yf the iuges ben trawe  
These olde wordes with the newe  
Who that wyl take in euerye  
There may be se experyence  
What thynges it is to kepe lawe  
Thow which wronges be withouthe

And right wysnes stant comended  
Whereof the regnes ben amended  
For to kepe the lawe may commune  
The lordes forth with the comune  
Eche hath his proper deute  
And eke the knyghtes & palat  
Of bothe his worship underfongeth  
To his estate as it belongeth  
Which of his worthynesse  
Hath to gouerne right wysnesse  
As he which that the lawe gyde  
And neuerthelesse vpon some spede  
His power stant aboute the lawe  
To puer bothe and to drewe  
The forget of the mannes lyp  
But thynges which are exaspe  
Agayn the lawe he shal not doo  
For thus ne for that also

Imperatorem maiestatem non se  
lum armis sed etiam legibus oportet  
esse armatum

The myghtes of a kyng be cur  
b But yet a worship kyng shal be  
Of wronge to done al that he myght  
For he which shal the pple right  
Pe siteth wel to his regalye  
That he hym self first iustice  
Toward god in his degree  
For his estate is clere for  
Toward al other in his persone  
Save onely to the god alone  
Which wyl hym self a kyng chastise  
Where that none other may suffise  
So were it good to taken hede  
That first a kyng his owne dede  
Obedienc the vertu and the vye  
Redresse & than his iustice  
So seth in euen the balauce  
Towardes other in gouernaunce  
That to the power & to the peple  
His lawes myght stonde in lych  
He shal exaspe no persone

But for he may not at hym one  
In sondry place to justice  
He shal of his real offyce  
With wyse consyderacion  
Ordeyne his dysputacion  
Of such Judges as ben lerned  
So that his peple be gouerned  
By hem that in the lawe & wyse  
For yf the lawe of couetyse  
Wolde set vpon Judges honde  
Woo is the peple of thellike honde  
For wronge may not hym self hynde  
What aillas on that other syde  
Yf the lawe stonde with the right  
The peple is glad & stonde by right  
Wit as the lawe is meuable  
The comyn peple stande resonable  
And yf the lawe turne a mys  
The peple also ingraind is

Nota hic iusticia maximini imperatoris  
qui cum aliquis prouinde custodire  
sibi constitueret volebat primo de sui  
nominis fama proclamatione facta  
ipsius conditionem diligenter inuesti-  
gabatur

Id in ensaumple of this matere  
A Of maximyn a man may hem  
Of Rome which was emperour  
That when he made a gouernour  
By wyse of substatucion  
Of prynces or of wyse  
He wolde first acquyre his name  
And lette it openly proclame  
What man he was or euyl or goody  
And vpon that his name stode  
Enclayned to vertu or to vyc  
So wolde he sette hym in offyce  
Or els he put hym at a wyse  
Thus he lette the lawe the right wyse  
Which stonde no lette of couetyse  
The world stode than vpon that wyse  
By ensaumple thou myghtt rede

And holde in thy mynde I wote

Hic ponit exemplum de iudicibus  
incorruptis & narrat qualiter Bonus  
Sabacius nuper Rome consul aurum  
a dampnatis sibi oblatum remisit di-  
cens quod nobilius est aurum possidentes  
domino subiugari quam ex auri cupidi-  
tate domini libertatem amittere

Ala cronique I fynde thus  
I Dold that garys sabacius  
Which whylom was consul of rome  
By whom the lawes were & come  
When the dampnites to hym brought  
A somme of golde & hym besought  
To done hym fauour in the lawe  
To ward the golde he gan hym drewe  
Wherof in al menues lorde  
A part in to his honde he tolde  
Which to his mowthe in al haste  
He put it for to smelle and taste  
And to his eye & to his herte  
But he ne fonde no comforte there  
And then he began it to despyse  
And tolde vnto hem in this wyse  
I note what is wryth golde to thyng  
When none of al my wyse fynde  
Fynde fauour ne despyte theryn  
So it is but a nyce spynne  
Of golde to be couetouse  
But he is ryche and glorious  
Which hath in his subiection  
The men which in poressyon  
By ake of golde & by this lorde  
For he may al day when he wyll  
Or be hym lere or be hym lorde  
Justice doon vpon hem both  
So thus he said & with that worde  
He threwe tofore hym down a borde  
The golde out of his honde anon  
And said thym that he wolde none  
So that he kept his lere  
To doo justice and equyte  
With lute of such rycheesse  
Ther is now fewe of such I gesse

For it Was thylke tyme Bedy  
That every iuge Was refused  
Which Was not frende to comyn right  
But they that Wolden stonde By night  
For trouthe onely to Justice  
Preferred Were in thylke offyce  
To deme & iuge comyn salwe  
Which now me sayn is al Withdun W  
To sette a lawe and kepe it nought  
There is no comune prouffyt fought  
But alwe al nethelies  
The lawe Which is made for pees  
Is good to kepe for the beste  
For that sette th al may in reise

*Hic narrat de iusticia nuper contra  
di impetratis cuius amptor aduinus  
reuerencia persone aliqua seu pccum  
interuencione quacumq. Del auti re  
dempcione legum statuta comutari seu  
admi nullatenus potuerunt*

The rightfuf emperour contide  
e To kepe pees such a lawe made  
That none Within the cyte  
In dyrturbance of Bynde  
Durst ones meuen a matre  
For in his tyme as thou myght se  
What wryte that Was for lawe sette  
It shold for no good be sette  
To what persone that it Were  
And this brought in the comyn fere  
Why ony man the lawe drede  
For ther Was none Which fauour had

*Nota exemplum de constancia iudicis  
Vbi narrat de carimidefimo come nuper  
consule qui cum sui statuti legem nes  
ciens offendisset Romani que super  
hoc penam sibi remittere noluisse ipi  
propria manu Vbi nullus alius in  
ipsum Vniuers fuit sui criminis vindic  
tam exactus est*

Das these olde bookes sayn  
I fynde Writte Writte a comyn  
Which consul Was of pccore  
Whos name Was comynpccore  
He sette a lawe for the pees  
That every man be Wepndes  
That came in to the counayl howe  
And elles as malicions  
He shal ben of the lawe drede  
To that statute & to that drede  
Accorden al it shal be so  
For wryte cause Which Was the  
Nowhere What fyl transfer sone  
This consul had for to done  
And Was in to the feldes ryden  
And they hym longe abyden  
That Writte of the counayl Were  
And had hym come and he came there  
With swerde & gyde and had foryet  
Tyl he Was in the counayl sette  
Was none of hem that made speche  
Tyl he hym self it Wold seche  
And fonde out the default hym self  
And saide Vnto the Wylle  
Which of the senate Weryn Wylle  
I haue deseruyd the iuge  
In holte that it Were I do  
And they hym sayden al no  
For Wel they Wylle it Was no drede  
Whan he ne thought no malice  
But onely of a lytel shewe  
And thus they lsten as for wryte  
To do Justice Vpon his gyfte  
For that he shold not be spyle  
And Whan in the maner how  
They Wold hym saue he made a bolle  
With manful lre & thus he sayd  
That come shold neuer abyde  
His lreys Whan he Was of dalle  
That lre auntyour haue the lawe  
For thy that they Weryn Wary  
Forthwith the same swerde he hane  
The statute of his lawe he lreys  
So that al come his deth be Wary



Nota qd̄ fūst iudice mortis p̄na  
p̄uicendi sunt n̄rat̄ enim quādr̄  
cambicio Rex p̄s̄atū quēdam iū  
diciū corruptū exponēti v̄ium f̄at̄  
eius quē p̄st̄ cathedra iudiciālem  
op̄ari cōstituit Itē qd̄ filius suus sup̄  
patas p̄lēm postea p̄o tabulā s̄s  
futus iudicij equitātem euidētiū me  
mōtariū

It other places also I rede

I Wote that a Juge hys owne dede  
He wil not benge his lawe broke  
The kyng it hath hym self p̄ wote  
The grete kyng whiche cambyses  
Was for a Juge la wte  
He fonde and to remembrement  
He dōd vpon hym such bengeaunt  
Out of his syn he was bestowne  
At quene & in that wyse stayne  
So that his syn was shapē al mē  
And nōp̄d vpon the same sē  
Wote that his sone shold sitte  
Nurys hym p̄ he wold flite  
The lawe of courtysse  
There sa we he wōd his iuste  
Edue in default of other Juge  
The kyng moche other wile inge  
To holden by the right lawe  
And for to speke of the olde da we  
To take ensaumple of that was the  
I fende a tale Weyn also  
Hole that a Worthy pryncē is holde  
The lawes of his lorde to helde  
First for the hygh goddes sake  
And for that hym is betale  
The peple for to guye & lre  
Whiche is the charge of his kyngdome

Hic ponit exemplum de principibus  
illis qui non solum legem servantes  
illam conservant. Sed et comune ho  
num obauctant propriam facultatem  
diminuant / Et narrat qd̄ cum signi

us athenum princeps in omni prospera  
citatis habundantia dives & vni  
med congruis legibus stare fecisse vo  
lens ad vltimam tripulicem leges et  
las firmitus observari preceptis proferre  
se fuit set prius iumentū solempne  
a legibus suis sub hac forma egerit qd̄  
ipsi usque in vltimum sui leges suas  
nullatenus infringent quibus mi  
tatis preganacionem suam in christū  
absque redditu perpetuo delegavit

It a cronycle I rede thus

I Of the rightul lygurys  
Whiche of athenes pryncē was  
How he the lawe in every mas  
Wherof he shold his peple rule  
Hath sette vpon so good a rule  
In al this world that a none  
Of lawe was so wel begone  
Forwith the trouthe of gounthar  
There was emonge hem no distannce  
Wnt every man hath his cherece  
There was without verry p̄ce  
Without enye lre stood  
Richesse vpon the comune good  
And not vpon the spinguler  
Orpned was & the po wer  
Of hem that wern in estate  
Was sauf wherof vpon debate  
There stode no thyng so that in wte  
myght every man his lre wte  
And vhan this noble rightul kyng  
Saw how it ferde of al this thyng  
Wherof the peple stode in ese  
He whiche for euer wold vlyse  
The hye god whos thōke he soughe  
A wonder thyngē than he loughthe  
And shōp hole that it myght be  
How that his lawe in the air  
myght after ward for euer laste  
And there vpon his wite he caste  
What thyngē hym were bestē to sayen  
That his purpos myght atayne  
A parlyment & thus he sette  
His wysdom wher that he se

In audience of grete & smale  
 And in this wyse he tolde a tale  
 God wote & so ye woten alle  
 Here afterward how so it falle  
 Yet to now my wyllie hath he  
 To do iustice and equityte  
 In fordering of the comyn profyt  
 Suche hath ben ever my delite  
 Out of one thyng I am helio we  
 The whiche my wyllie is that ye knowe  
 The lawe which I take on hande  
 Was al to gyde of goddes soules  
 And no thyng of myn owne wit  
 So moche it nedde endure yet  
 And that do longer yf ye wyl  
 For I wyl telle you the story  
 The god mercurius & no man  
 He hath me taught al that I can  
 Of suche lawes as I made  
 Whereof that ye ben al glade  
 It was the god & no thyng I  
 Which dyd al this & now for thy  
 He hath commaunded of his grace  
 That I shal come in to a place  
 Whiche ferre out in on yle  
 Where I moche tarye for a whyle  
 With hym to speke as he hath seide  
 For as he saith in thislike seide  
 He shal me suche thynges telle  
 That ever while þe world shal dwelle  
 Aftenes shal the bettre fare  
 But first on that I thynke fare  
 For that I wold that my lawe  
 Amonges you ne be withdraue  
 The whyles that I shal be oute  
 For thy to settan out of doubt  
 Bothe you & me thus wil I praye  
 That ye me wold assure & saye  
 With suche an othe as I wyl take  
 That ech of you shal undertake  
 My lawes for to kepe & holde  
 They sayden al that they wold  
 And then upon they swere they othe  
 That fro that tyme that he gothe  
 Tyl he to hem be come ageyn  
 They shullen his lawe wel & plyne

In every wynter sepe & fulfille  
 Thus hath mercurius his wyllie  
 And toke his leve & forth he wente  
 Out here now wel to what entente  
 Of right wysnes he dyd so  
 For as far that he was a god  
 He stope hym never to be founde  
 So that aftenes which was bounde  
 Never after shold he be ad  
 He thynke good lawe shold  
 Which was for comyn profyt soule  
 The kyng his owne estate ne tought  
 To do profyt to the comyn  
 He toke of eyle the fortune  
 And lest of pryncely thynke offere  
 Onely for love & for iustice  
 For which he thought yf he myght  
 For ever as far his tith to night  
 The cite which was hym to take  
 Whereof men ought ensaumple take  
 With hem which under governaunce  
 The good lawes to auaunce  
 And who that wold take sepe  
 The lawes have for to kepe  
 Of hem that first the lawes founde  
 As ferre as lasteth ony grounde  
 Of soules her names yet he knowe  
 And yf it lyke the to knowe  
 Some of their names how they stonde  
 Now berley & thou shalt understonde

Hic ad eorum laudem qui iusticie  
 causa leges statuerunt aliquorum no-  
 mina specialius commemorat

o I every benifete the mergeth  
 The god hym self it wyl acquyte  
 And ech ful oft it falleth so  
 The world it wyl acquyte also  
 Out that may not be even speche  
 To god he prynceth the true rpeche  
 The world prynceth onely but a name  
 Which stant upon the good fame  
 Of hem that done the good dede  
 And in this wyse double made

Reception that done Wel lere  
 Wherof yf that thou list to lere  
 After the same as it is tolde  
 That myght thou Wel the soth knowe  
 Howe this honeste knyght  
 Of hem that first of aghtwysnesse  
 Emonge the may the lawes made  
 May neuer vpon this erthe fonde  
 For euer while there is a tonge  
 Her name shal be wode & songe  
 And holi in the cronike booke  
 So that the may shullen Wyte  
 To speke good as they Wel oughten  
 Of hem that first the lawes foughen  
 In forgering of the wordes pes  
 Vnto the barbares Was moyses  
 The first & the Egypciens  
 Mercurius & to twiens  
 First Was ne Vma pompilius  
 To athenes ligurius  
 Paue first the lawe Vnto gregore  
 Foroncus hath thellie bope  
 And romulus of romayns  
 For such men as ben bylapyne  
 The lawe in such a Wyse ordeyne  
 That what man the lawe plyneth  
 Wy so the iuge stonde by right  
 He shal be serued of his right  
 And so ferforth it is befall  
 That lawe is comune emonge vs alle  
 Godd lene it moche Wel be holde  
 As eury kyng thereto is holde  
 For thyng which is of kynges seide  
 With kynges ought it not to be lide  
 What kyng of lawe taketh no lere  
 Wy lawe he may no wyame lere  
 Do lawe alyen what is a kyng  
 What is the right of ony thyng  
 If that there be no lawe in londe  
 This ought a kyng wel vnderstonde  
 As he which is to lawe sworne  
 That yf the lawe be forborne  
 Withouthen excusoun  
 It maketh a londe torne by so don  
 Which is vnto the kyng a schandour  
 For the vnde kyng absaundour

The Wyse philosopher hadde  
 That he hym self first he hadde  
 Of lawe & than forth with alle  
 To doo Justye in generall  
 That at the Wyse londe aboute  
 The iustye of his lawe doubte  
 And than shal he stonde in tiste  
 For ther to lawe is one the beste  
 Alone al other erthely thyng  
 To make a lere durt his kyng  
 But how a kyng shal gete hym due  
 Toward the hygh godd above  
 And eke a man in erthe  
 This negre pynne which is the fith  
 Of aristotles lere it teth  
 Wherof who the soke seeth  
 What polere that it is  
 The look vnderth after this

*Nit rationis habens Vbi Vel citāni  
 a regna / Stringit amor populi transi  
 et epul ibi / Sed pietas regnum que  
 conseruabit in euum / Non tantum po  
 pulu / set placet illa deo*

*Hic tractat de quarta principum in  
 geminis polia que pietatis dicta est  
 per quam principes erga populum mi  
 sericordes effecti misericordiam abissi  
 mi conseruantur*

i I needeth not that I debate  
 The pryncer which prised is algate  
 And hath ben euer & euer shal  
 Wherof to speke in special  
 It is the Vertu of pyte  
 Thowgh which the hyr mageste  
 Was stered when his sone alpyght  
 And in pyte the World to right  
 Tole of the mayde fleshe & blood  
 Wyte was cause of thellie good  
 Wherof that we lere all saue  
 Wel ought a man pyte to haue  
 And the Vertu to sit in pyte



When he hym self which is at Wyse  
 Hath welled why it shal be persedy  
 Ope may not be countrepydy  
 Of tyrannye with no pyse  
 For ppe maketh a man curysse  
 Bothe in his worde & in his dede  
 It sit wel every liege to drede  
 His kyng & to his bester oke  
 And right so by the same weye  
 It sit a kyng to be ppeus  
 To ward his pple & gracious  
 Upon the rule of gouernaunce  
 So that he worde no vengeaunce  
 Whiche may be elyde cruelte  
 Jusseye which doth equyte  
 Is drede ful for he no man spareth  
 But in the ende where ppe faueth  
 The kyng may neuer fayle of due  
 For ppe thorough the grace about  
 So as the phylosophy affermeth  
 His ryngue in good estate confermeth  
 The appoynte iames in this wyse  
 Seyth what man that shold do iuste  
 And hath not ppe forth wpe all  
 The dome of hym which demeth all  
 He may hym self ful fore drede  
 That hym shal lacke byon the nede  
 To fynde ppe when he wolde  
 For who that ppe wyl beholde  
 It is a wynde of cistres lye  
 And for to lutan ouermore  
 It is heuynly as we fynde  
 To reton & to la we of kynde  
 Cassiodor in his apyse telleth  
 The ropame is sauf where ppe dwelleth  
 And tullyus this tale auoweth  
 And saith what kyng to ppe loyeth  
 And with ppe stontr ouercome  
 He hath that shelde of grace nome  
 Which into kynges poueth victorye  
 Of alisaunde in his hystorie  
 I wote so w a worthy knyght  
 Of fodeyn wath & not of right  
 Foringedy hath & he apelleth  
 And with y word the kyng quarelth  
 And said none is about me

That wote y wel my lord qd he  
 For thy lordshipp apelle y thought  
 Out fro thy wath in al my thought  
 To thy ppe stande myn apelle  
 The kyng which vnderstode hym wote  
 Of pure ppe gaue hym grace  
 And eke y wote in another place

Constantinus imperator ait Veru se  
 dominum esse .comprobat qui suum  
 pietatis se facit

Thus said whidm constantyne  
 What emperor that is enclyme  
 To ppe for to be seruante  
 Of al the worldes vniuaunte  
 He is worthy to be a kynde  
 In oke booke of wynde

Emilianus ait qd cum ipse subditos  
 suos solita pietatis fallom magis qua  
 austeritatis rigore regeret eorum que se  
 neuolenciam potius quam amorem pe  
 nes se attractione proponebat

His fynde y wote of ensalpage  
 Tavian the worthy dehonape  
 By whome that wote stode gouernaude  
 Upon a tyme as he was lernede  
 Of that he was to famulye  
 He said vnto that counseller  
 That for to be an emperor  
 His wyse was not for byne honur  
 He pet for wddour of iustye  
 Out of he myght in his offye  
 His lord & his pple pise  
 Hym thought it wete a grete ease  
 With due her lertre to hym dwelle  
 Than with the drede of ony lawe  
 For wha a synge is done for dwelle  
 Ful oft it cometh the wete aboute  
 Out wete a synge is ppeus  
 He is the more gracious  
 That myket thise hym shal lertre  
 Which ellis shold lerne a fynde

Quodam Iudeus predestinatus cum pa-  
gane equitantes itinerant per desertum  
et ipsum de fide sua interrogavit

I O to ple supporte & grace  
The philosopher upon a place  
In his writing of dayes olde  
A tale of grete ensaumble tolde  
Unto the kyng of macedone  
How hyldene carye & sublygne  
When comyn is the somer lete  
It happened also may for to mete  
As they shold entre in to a pass  
When that the wyldernes was  
And as they wente forth speakinge  
Under the large wodow ende  
That one man ageth of that other  
What man art thou my kyn brother  
Which is thy creature & thy fere  
I am a paynym that other seith  
And by the salve which I seith  
I shal not in my fere refuse  
To knowe of men & bestes  
The pointe whiche & alle the rich  
When they be glady I shal be glad  
And fere when they ben bestady  
So shal I fynde in myn  
With every man in his degree  
For right as to my self I wolde  
Right so toward al other I sholde  
Be gracious & obedynt  
Thus have I tolde the softe & fere  
My fere my salve & my creature  
And yf the best for acquyntaunce  
Held telle what manere man thou art  
And he answered upon his part  
I am a Jewe & by my salve  
I shal to no man be felow  
To have hym trouthe in worde ne dede  
But yf he be without dede  
A Jewe Jewe right as am I  
For alle I may trespasse  
Comyn hym to the lye & good

The paynym herte & understood  
And thought it was a wonder tolde  
And thus upon their sondry salve  
Talkinge tothe forth they wente  
The day was hot the sonne beente  
The paynym rode upon an asse  
And of his mule more & lasse  
With hym a rich trosse he ladde  
The Jewe which at Batrouth hadde  
And went upon his feet lappede  
Orethought hym how he myght ryde  
And with his wordes fere & wyse  
Unto the paynym in this wyse  
He said/o now it shal be sene  
What it is thou woldest mene  
For yf thy salve be certeyn  
As thou hast tolde I dar wel fere  
Thou wylt beholde my distresse  
Which am so ful of werpnesse  
That I ne may vnnethe goo  
And lette me ryde a mule or asse  
So that I may my body ese  
The paynym wolde hym not dysplese  
Of that he spake but in pite  
It list hym for to knowe & see  
The pleynte which that other made  
And for he wolde his herte glade  
He light & made hym no thyng strange  
Thus was ther made a newe charge  
The paynym the Jewe a lyste  
Was sette/upon his asse softe  
So goon they forth carpend faste  
On this /on that /till on the laste  
The paynym myght goo nomore  
And payed unto the Jewe therfore  
To suffer hym ryde a lyste whyle  
The Jewe which thought hym to begyle  
Anone rode forth the grete pass  
And to the paynym in this pass  
He seide thou hast do thy right  
Of that thou haddest me behyght  
To do secour upon my neede  
And that accordeth to the dede  
As thou art to the salve holde

And in such wyse as I the tolde  
 I thynke also for my party  
 Upon the salde of Jherge  
 To werche & do my duety  
 I hye asse that goo forth with me  
 With al thy good which I haue seide  
 And that I wote thou art dyfied  
 I am right glad & not mysfoid  
 And whan he hath these wordes sayd  
 In al haste he wote alwey  
 The paynym wote none other wey  
 But on the grounde he kneledy cumy  
 His hondes vp vnto the heuy  
 And said/ o hye sothfastnes  
 That kurest al rightwysnes  
 Wnto thy dome lord/ I appelle  
 Beside & deme my quarrel  
 With humble herte I the beseeche  
 To mercy both & the breche  
 I set al in thy iugement  
 And thus vpon his marrement  
 This paynym hath made his prayere  
 And thenne he wote with deuy chere  
 And goeth hym forth & in his gate  
 He cast his eye aboute algate  
 The yelde yf that he myght see  
 But for a tyme it may not be  
 Tyl atte last agern the nyght  
 So as god wold he wente a right  
 As he which felde the hye lye  
 And thence he salde in a haley  
 Where that the yelde liggend was  
 At elody dede vpon the graue  
 Which strangeledy was of a leon  
 And as he loked vp & down  
 He fonde his asse fast by  
 Gorthwith his barnes redely  
 Al hoole & sounde as he it left  
 Whan that the yelde it hym byrefte  
 Whereof he thanked god/ knelende  
 So thus a man may knowe at ende  
 How the prynces pte deserveth  
 For what man that to pte serueth

As aristotle it writeth wyneffe  
 God/ that his foemen so wyneffe  
 That they shal ag stonde vnderfote  
 Wnto may sayn in thyllle wote  
 Whereof the breches farynges alle  
 What infortune that befaller  
 In ony londe/lacke of wyll  
 To cause of thyllle aduersite  
 And that alday may stonde at eye  
 Who that the world descende ly fye  
 Good is that eury man therfore  
 Take herte of that is said before  
 For of this tale & other y wote  
 That noble prynces wyll they dwote  
 Her euydence and her apert  
 As may may fynde in many wyll  
 Who that these olde bookez wote  
 And though they lye in erthe dede  
 Her good name may not tye  
 For pte which they wote olde  
 To doo the dedes of mercy  
 And who this tale wote  
 Remember as aristotle it wote  
 He may the wyll of god behote  
 Wnto the pte as it has ended  
 Whereof the pte stood comended  
 Which is to chaunte felde  
 As they that lye in the one felde

Modi hic de pietatis principis ratio po-  
 pulum ubi narrat quod cum Codrus  
 ut Athenis contra dominos bellum ger-  
 er debent consulto prius apolline uisum  
 sum accepit quod bellum de duobus li-  
 telat scilicet prius interfecti et popu-  
 lum saluati aut scilicet saluum fieri  
 & populum interfecti eligere oportet  
 ut / Super quo ut pietatis modus  
 pietatis que sui magis quam proprii con-  
 silio salutem affectans mortem sibi  
 prelegit / Et sic bellum operabitur pro  
 vita multorum solus interit.



I praye for to speke playne  
 Which is with mercy that I praye  
 Full of hym self to be holde praye  
 To lye another for the praye  
 For chaunce the moode is  
 Of praye which no thyng a mye  
 Can suffer if he it may amende  
 It sturth to every man lyende  
 To be praye but none so well  
 As to a praye which on the well  
 Justice hath set adoun alle  
 For in a praye of so to falle  
 That his praye be firme & stable  
 To all the herte it is unstable  
 Only through the grace of his person  
 For the praye of hym allone  
 May all the large wegame save  
 So sit it not a praye to have  
 Of his herte to be  
 And said hold that by daye of  
 Goddys which was in his degre  
 King of allenes the praye  
 A herte he had ageryst doctore  
 And so to take his euidence  
 What shal lesaile of the lacye  
 He thought he shold hym self counaye  
 With apollo in whom he tryste  
 Thowgh he wold answer thus he wiste  
 Of also praye that he myght chise  
 Or that he wold his hody lese  
 And by lacye hym self deye  
 Or this the second weye  
 To hem his praye descomfyte  
 But he which praye hath praye  
 Upon the praye of his herte  
 The praye thought to be  
 And that hym self to be  
 What is now such another herte  
 Which wold for the lymmes deye  
 And yettlesse in somme partye  
 It ought a praye to be  
 That he his praye may fordeye  
 And yettlesse his enemye  
 Full of he may desire praye

To take of praye remembrance  
 Where that he myght do vengeance  
 For whom he hath the victorie  
 And than he deale in to memory  
 To do praye in secke of wretched  
 He may not saye of thylls speche  
 Wherof ariseth the wordes same  
 To give a praye a worthy name

Sic ponit exemplum de Victoriosi prin-  
 cipis pietate erga adversarios suos.  
 Et narrat qd cum pompeius Roma-  
 norum Imperator regem armenie ad-  
 versarium suum in bello victum cepisset  
 captum qz vinculis alligatum Rome  
 tenuisset tirannidis iracundie secura  
 hos post ponens pietatis mansuetudine  
 operatus est dixit enim qd nobilius e-  
 regem facere quam deponere sup quo  
 dictum regem absqz ulla redemptione  
 non solum a vinculis absoluit sz ad  
 sui regni culmen gratuita voluntate  
 coronatum restituit

Rede whym that pompey  
 to whom that come must obey  
 A herte had in jupartye  
 Ageryst the kyng of ermonye  
 Which of long tyme had hym gruedy  
 But atty last it was achieved  
 That this kyng descomfyte hadde  
 And forth with hym to come ladde  
 As prisoner where many a day  
 In fery playe & polver & lape  
 The crowne of his heed deposed  
 Within walles faste enclosed  
 And with ful grete humylyte  
 He sufferth his adversite  
 Pompey save his payn  
 And take praye with conscienc  
 So that upon his hedy deye  
 To fore al come in his paleye  
 As he that wold upon hym rebe  
 Lett praye hym his comye newe  
 And his estate ful & playn  
 And wstond of his regne ageryst

And said it was more goodly thyng  
To make than to Undone a kyng  
To hym which polver hady of tothe  
Thus they becom longe brothe  
Accorden hem to spual pces  
And yet Justye nethelers  
Was kepte & in no thyng offended  
Wherof pomye was commendyd  
That may no kyng hym self excuse  
But yf Justye be kepte & the  
Which for to eschewe cruelte  
He more attamper with ppe  
Of cruelte the felonye  
Engendred is of tyrannye  
Agayn to whos condycion  
Gody hym self the champpon  
Whos strengthe may no man withstonde  
For ever yet it hath so stonde  
That gody a tyrant ouer ladd  
But wher ppe the tygne ladd  
That myght no fortune laste  
Which was greuous att laste  
The god hym self it hath redressed  
Wher is thyllke E. r. u. blessed  
Which neuer lette his maister falte  
But cruelte though it so exalte  
That it may repne for a thowbe  
God hold it shold be ouerthowbe  
Wherof ensamples ben y no be  
Of hem that thyllke men? dwolbe

Hic loquitur contra illos qui tyranni  
in potestate principum optinentes ini  
quitate sua malicia gloriatur / Et nar  
rat exemplum quoddam Leoninis tyran  
nis pium iustitiam non solum a  
sola impavore maiestatis fraudulen  
ter exultat sed de ipso inhabitans ad reg  
num in aspectu plebis efficitur raso et  
labris absatis ipsum tyrannum multavit  
deus tamen qui super omnia pius est libe  
rio superueniens Via cum adiutorio Ter  
tel Bulgare regis iustianinum inter  
fecto Leonio ad Imperium restitui misit

ricardus primum

I amelle J. r. u. thus  
When the tyrant Leonis  
Was to the myght of wme argued  
For which he hath the strengthe pained  
Of the pious Justynian  
As he which was a cruel man  
His nose of a tygne tothe  
He put for he wold hym selfe  
Wnde the ppe & make hym Unalle  
But he which is al merciable  
The hgh gody ordyneth so  
That he wold a tyne also  
When he was strengest in his ppe  
Was shoun out of his empyre  
Telenus the polver ladd  
And wme after his polver he ladd  
And for Leonis in such a tygne  
Ordyneth that he wold Justye  
Of nose & tygne tothe lbo  
For that he dyd another so  
Which more worthy was than he  
To which a falshe hath cruelte  
And ppe was sette by agayn  
For after that the hoodes seyn  
Terbellis kyng of Bulgarye  
With helpe of his chivalers  
Justynian hath Unprisoned  
And to the myght agayn comendyd

Hic loquitur ultimus de rebus fidei  
culpe nemon et de bello eiusdem confis  
ario qui ad tormentum populi quidam  
taurum eneam tyrannum coniectum fa  
sionem constituit in quo tamen ipse pri  
or ppeo cie illud exigente Vay ad  
huius interitus expiationem iudicialiter  
torquebatur

J. Et a rethorice J. r. u. also  
Of sculus which was eke so  
A cruel kyng byde the tempest  
To whom no ppe myght answe  
He was the first as hoodes seyn  
Upon the se which fonde galley

Ande let him make for the better  
 As he which was al out of here  
 For ppe and mysericorde  
 For thereto coude he not accorde  
 But whom he myght (seem) he shough  
 And therof was he glady p nough  
 He lndy of cunseynt many one  
 Amonge the which ther was one  
 Whose name which cristus lught  
 And he loughought hym hold he myght  
 Wnto the tyrant to loughing  
 And by his othne pimagynng  
 Lett forge & make a tounne of lous  
 And on the spot cast ther was  
 A deer wher a man may in  
 And he his payne shal loughyn  
 Of fere which that man putten vnder  
 And at this dyd he for a wonder  
 That when a man for payne cryed  
 The bull of lous which gapeth wyde  
 It shal seme as though it were  
 At loughing in a mannyes re  
 And not the crying of a man  
 But he which al stoughghes can  
 The deup that lough in lough fust  
 Hym that this made lough oueraste  
 That for a trespass which he dede  
 He was put in the same stede  
 And was hym self the fere of alle  
 Which was in to the payne falle  
 That he for othet men ordyneth  
 Ther was no man of hym compleneth  
 Of tounne & cunse  
 Whose this ensaunple a lough may see  
 Hym self & eke his cunseynt tothe  
 Hold they be to mannyng lough  
 And to the god alhomyngable  
 Ensaunples that lough cunseable  
 I fynde of othet pynne moo  
 As thou shalt lough of tyme a go

Nota hic de dionisio tirano qui murem  
 delantis iuratus etiam hospitales suos

ad deuorandi equis suis tribuit cui ser  
 uiles tandem super venientes victum  
 impium in impietate sua pati morte  
 conclusit

The grete tyrant dyonys  
 Which manes lough set at no pyns  
 Wnto his hors ful oft he past  
 The man in stede of corne & chafe  
 So that the hors of thylke stode  
 Deuouriden the mannes lough  
 The fortune at the laste came  
 That lough lough hym ouercome  
 And he right in the same lough  
 Of this tyrant toke the iuste  
 As he tyl othet lough do  
 The same deth he deyd alfo  
 That no ppe hym lough socoured  
 The lough was of his lough deuoured

Nota hic de consimili loughaontio tirania  
 qui carnes hominum in suo hospitio  
 ad ascendum dedit cuius formam con  
 ditioni similem qualiter coequas ipsum  
 in lupum transformauit

I loughaan also I fynde  
 Hold he agayn the lough of lough  
 His host stode in to mete  
 And made lough loughes to be ete  
 With othet man within his holdes  
 But iustice the glorious  
 Which was meued of this thyng  
 Wengeaunt Exon this cruel lough  
 So toke that he fro manes forme  
 In to a wolf he lough transforme  
 And thus the cruel was lough  
 Which of longe tyme he lough lough  
 A wolf he was than openly  
 Whose nature poughly  
 He had in his condycion  
 And wnto this conclusion  
 That tyrant is to oppress  
 I fynde ensaunple in sondry lough  
 And namelpe of lough ful oft  
 To whom fortune lough set alse



Upon the warres for to wyne  
But hold so that the wronge begynne  
Of tyrannye it may not laste  
But such as they done att laste  
To ether man such on him falleth  
For agerh such pte calleth  
Wengcunne to the god: aboute  
For who that hath no tender huse  
In saung of a manns lyfe  
He shal be founde so gyltyfe  
That wthan he wold mercy craue  
In tyme of neede he shal none haue

Nota qualiter leo hominibus sitatio patet

Of the nature thus I fynde  
The fierc lpon in his kynde  
Which goeth rampyng aftar his prey  
Yf he a man fynde in his way  
He wil hym slee yf he withstonde  
But yf the man coude vnderstonde  
To make anone tofore his face  
In signe of mercy and of grace  
The lpon shal of his nature  
Restayne his pte in such mesure  
As though it were a bestie y tamed  
And towe alwey halspng ashamed  
That he the man shal no thyng graue  
Wolt shold than a preynter graue  
The worlde graue yf that he wold  
Desuore a man wthan he is holde  
And stante vpon his mercy alle  
But for to speken in specialle  
There haue he such & such there be  
Tyrantes whos hertes ne pte  
May to no poynte of mercy pte  
That they vpon her tyrannye  
He gladen hem the men to slee  
And as the wyre of the see  
Wen vnprouis in the tempeste  
Right so may no pte wte  
Of cwellte the grete vltage  
Which the tyraunt in his craue  
Engendurh hath whos I fynde

A tale told which cometh to mynde

Hic loquitur contra tyrannos illos qui  
cu in bello vitam perdidit quidam sanguis  
nis effusus salutem nequalet et natat  
in exemplum de quodam pte nre auct  
nomen spectatus erat qui per ceteris  
tue in oriente bellatus & victoribus  
quosdam gladio vincti putant alios  
pictat interfici cecidit / Et tandem  
sub manu hamatis mersit tunc regi  
ne in bello captus & a dia cruciatus se  
ueritatem p suavitatem finalem invenit  
nam & ipse quoddam suo de sanguine  
plani pte ante se offere decuit in  
quo apud finem vlt ad mortem mte  
gens dixit / O tyrannus crudelissime  
semper ceteris sanguinem salsi ex  
iam ad salutem sanguinem hie

3 Note in olde tales thus  
That was a tale which spectatus  
May clepe & was a detour  
A cruel man a conqueror  
With stronge powder which he lade  
For this condicion he made  
That when hym hapeneth the victory  
His lust & al his ghye  
Was for to slee & not to save  
Of wlfen wold he no goodie haue  
For saung of a manns lyfe  
But al goeth to the swerde & knyfe  
So hee hym was wange lade  
And netheresse thus it stode  
So as fortune aboute went  
He fyr night lye as he dyssent  
To pte & was cwellte lye  
And wth the woful of this lye  
Was full & he was lye of pte  
Of that they wem first lye

Hath shap for hym a tye  
 When he was first in his pye  
 In his minow & in his hie  
 Agens the queene of messages  
 Which shames that tyme hight  
 De made better al that he myght  
 And she which wolde his lunde wende  
 Her othe some agens hym sende  
 Which the deffence hath undertake  
 What he dyscomfyt was & take  
 And wha this kyng hym had in honde  
 He wold no mercy undertake  
 What dgd hym she in his persence  
 The kyng of his spoile  
 When it came to the mores etc  
 She sente anone ap lorde wher  
 To such friends as she had  
 A grete polver tpe that she lady  
 In fonder hope & tho she caste  
 Wold she this kyng may outwaste  
 And attir last accorded was  
 That in the daunger of a pass  
 Thougth which this tyme shold pas  
 She shap his polver to compas  
 By strength of may by such a way  
 That he shuld not scape alwey  
 And when she had thus ordyned  
 She hath his othe lorde fepned  
 For fer as thougth she wold flee  
 Out of his lunde & when that he  
 Hath lerte how that this lady fledde  
 So fast after the chace he spedde  
 That he was founde out of array  
 For it leryd bym a day  
 In to the pass when he was felle  
 The entussemens to lerte alle  
 And hym helpe on every syde  
 That she ne myght be not a tye  
 So that when they dte & take  
 The hundred thousand for his sake  
 That when with hym of his host  
 And thus was lerd the grete host  
 Of hym & of his tynnyng  
 But he hath not mercy for to cpe

To hym which whiche dgd none  
 For he unto the queene anone  
 Was brought & when that she hym se  
 This word she spake & lerd on her  
 O man which out of mannes kynde  
 Keson of man hath lerte lerynde  
 And lured more than a lere  
 Whom pye myght not arste  
 The manns blode to shed & fpye  
 Thou shouldest neuer yet thy fpye  
 But now the last tyme is come  
 That thy malice is overcome  
 And thou tpe other last mys do  
 Now shal he do to the right so  
 Tho had this lady that men shold  
 A vessel drynge in which she wold  
 See the tyngeance of his jugle  
 Which she began anone drupe  
 And to the prince which she lade  
 By whom his chere counayl he lade  
 And while he lert a ong bathe  
 She made him blode to the dethe  
 In to the vessel wher it stode  
 And when it was fulfilled of blode  
 She caste the tyngeance therin  
 And said so thus myght thou wyne  
 The lustres of thy appetit  
 In blode was whiche the delyte  
 Thou shalt now drynge al thy fpye  
 And thus onely of goddes wyll  
 He which that wold hym self strange  
 To pye fonde mercy so strange  
 That he without gnt is lere  
 So may it wel shalve therfore  
 That cruelte hath no good ende  
 But pye shal so that it wende  
 Maketh that god is merciable  
 If there be cause reasonable  
 Why that a kyng shal be ptyous  
 But also yf he be donbous  
 To stem in cause of rightwysnesse  
 It may be sayd no ptyousnesse  
 But it is pusillanymy  
 Which every pryncer shold flee

For yf yf & mesure eyde  
 Byngthode may not alwey proude  
 To do iustise vpon right  
 For it kengeth to a knyght  
 As gladly for to fyght as wste  
 To sette his liege prple in wste  
 When that the warre vpon hem fallith  
 For them he mozt as it kfallith  
 Of his knyghtthode as a lron  
 Be to the prple a chamypon  
 Without any ppe fayned  
 For yf manhode be refused  
 Or be it wste or be it better  
 Justise goeth out of better  
 So that knyghtthode is set besyde  
 Of aristotles kn 1 fynde  
 A kyng shal me he good vylage  
 That no man knele of his wage  
 But al honour & worthynesse  
 For yf a kyng shal vpon gesse  
 Without any cause dede  
 He may be lyke to that 3 rede  
 And though that it be lyke a fable  
 The ensauple 3s good & resonable

*Hic sequitur secundum philosophu  
 diano qd sicut non deat principes si  
 rania ignominie esse cudeles ita ne  
 deat timorosa pusillanimitate esse ueris  
 deo*

a    Sit by olde dayes felle  
 I reu whylom that an helle  
 vpon the houndes of archde  
 A wonder dreful noyse made  
 For so it spk that pke dog  
 This hylle on his chyldeyng lag  
 And when the therwes on hym come  
 His noyse like the dog of dome  
 Was fearful in manngs thought  
 Of thynges which that they see nougt  
 But wel they herden al aboute  
 The noyse of which they were in doubt  
 As they that wenden to be kn  
 Of thynges which thene was bulow

The new this hylle was vpon chound  
 To take his dreytwarmer  
 The more vntunably he cryde  
 Euery man shode a fyre  
 For lorde & ladye his olme helle  
 And after laste it was a molde  
 & which was hem & to nothe  
 Wytake & the they helle hem nre  
 For they withouten cause dede  
 Thus yf a kyng his lorde lode  
 With euery thyng that he shal dte  
 Gul oft he shold charge his chm  
 And vpon fantaspe dede  
 When that there is no cause of tete

*Nota hic fraudum omnium de mag  
 nanimo iocunde & pusillanimitate iherisik*

Quar to his prync helle  
 That hym were better that he wold  
 vpon knyghtthode achilles fynde  
 In tyme of warre than of challe  
 So as iherisik dyde at troye  
 Achilles at his hole ioye  
 Bet vpon armee for to fyght  
 Thersyde sought al that he myght  
 Conarmed for to stonde and wste  
 Out of the lode it was the laste  
 That achilles vpon the note  
 Dath do lorde that his knyghtthode  
 Is yet commended ouer alle  
 Kyng salamon in specialle  
 Dath as there is a tyme of pte  
 So is a tyme nethelste  
 Of better of which a prync algate  
 What for the comyn right dede  
 And for he olme was lorde  
 But it behoueth not to felle  
 Onely the better for was lorde  
 Out to the right of his lordship  
 Which he is helle to defende  
 Most euery worthy prync entrade  
 Withdeme the symplest of pte  
 And the felle helle of emelle  
 Ware stant the lordeynesse  
 Thymon a kyng his lorde aduffe



Whan it is tyme for to forsake  
And whan tyme is also to take  
The goodly wenes vpon fonde  
That he shal for no dore wende  
Wherby he shal be saved  
For god is myghty ouer al  
To further every mannes trowth  
Que it is thowgh his owne shewe  
And namely the kynges ned  
It may not faile for to speke  
For he stands one for hem alle  
So moche it wyl the better falle  
And yet the more god knoweth  
Whan he the comune right forweth  
And for to be the soch in dede  
Wherof the byble & thou myght wote  
Of gret ensamples many one  
Wherof that I segge alle one

Hic dicit qd princeps iusticie causa  
hunc modo amittit acti Et narrat  
qualiter dug gedron cum suis fratribus  
Vitis quinq; Reges saluat Madia &  
michorum amalechitarum amonitarum  
Amoritarum & iabusitarum cum eoru  
exercitu qui ad nonaginta milia nu  
meratus est gaudia ceperunt diuina  
victoriosi infugam conuertit

¶ Upon a tyme as it byfelle  
Agens Jude of Amale  
Whan sendyng kynges come were  
Imprisoned & to detyne there  
The tyme which god kepte the  
And stode in thyllis dayes so  
That gedron which shold stode  
The goddes folle take hym to wote  
And sende in al the lande aboute  
Til he assembled hath a myght  
With xxx thousand of offenour  
To fight & make resistence  
Agens the which he wote assaile  
And nethelesse that one batayle  
Of them that were enemies  
Was double more than was of his  
Wherof that gedron hym deid

That he so hertely had  
But he which al thynges may helpe  
Wher that ther lacketh maner helpe  
To gedron his aungel sente  
And bad on that he further wente  
Al opekyr that he do crye  
That every man in his partye  
Which wold after his owne wyll  
In his delyt abyde styll  
At home in any maner wyll  
For purchace or for couetyse  
For lust of loue & lacke of lere  
He shold not aboute sterte  
But holde hym styll in pces  
Wherof vpon the morowe he lere  
Wyl xx thousand men & mo  
Which after the crye ben goo  
Thus was with hym but onely leste  
The thyrd party & yet god efre  
His aungel sente & said this  
To gedron yf it so is  
That I thyn helpe shal undertake  
Thou shalt yet lesse paye take  
Wherof my wyll is that thou speke  
For thy to morowe take good hede  
Unto the fode whan ye be come  
What man that hath the water nome  
Upon his hinde & lappeth so  
To thy party chese out al t'o  
And hym which there is to synke  
Upon his wombe & lyeth to drynke  
Forsake & put hem al abye  
For I am myghty al there  
Wher as me lyst my helpe to stowe  
In good men though they be fewe  
This gedron a wayeth welle  
Upon the morowe & every dille  
As god hym lade right so he dede  
And thus they lasten in that stede  
With hym ther hundred & no mo  
The remenaunce was al a goo  
Wherof that gedron merueyleth  
And thereupon with god counceyleth  
Pleynyng as forforth as he dare

And god that wold & wett that  
 That he shal speke vpon his right  
 Hath ben hym goe the same nyght  
 And wite a man to hym to be  
 What shal he speke in this maner  
 Amonge the lasses enuyes  
 So may he be the more wyse  
 What after ward hym shal befall  
 This gedon amonges alle  
 Phara to whom he first moste  
 By nyght wite to ward thyllie hoste  
 Which lodged was in a valley  
 To see what they wolden see  
 vpon his foete & as he ferde  
 & so sayynge spekyng to lorde  
 Quod one aude my swene a nyght  
 Which I met in my swene to nyght  
 Me thought I sawe a barde cike  
 Which fro the hylle his weye hath take  
 And came wyllyng down at ones  
 And as it wett for the nones  
 Forth in his cours as it may  
 The lynes and of madon  
 Of amalech of amareye  
 Of amon & of jebuseye  
 And many another and mo  
 With grette ioy as me thought the  
 It thurde to grounde & ouercaste  
 And al his host so for agaste  
 That I wote for pur dore  
 This swene can I wel aude  
 O by the othe sayynge anone  
 The barde cike is Gedon  
 Which fro the hylle down so deryn  
 What come & set such a streye  
 vpon the lynes & so loche  
 That it shal be so al lode  
 For in such dore & shal be bryng  
 That yf we hadden flight of lynes  
 The weye of foete in dyspayre  
 We shul lene & flete in the ope  
 For ther shal no thyng hym withstande  
 vhan gedon hath vnderstande  
 This tale he thanked god of alle  
 And pryncer agayn he stalle  
 So that no lye hym both pryncer

And than he hath fully conuyned  
 That he shal speke & then vpon  
 The nyght sayynge he shal be gone  
 This multitude to assaye  
 Nolle stant thou art a grette meruayle  
 With what wysdom that he brought  
 The lynes wyllyng which he brought  
 Was none of hem that he ne lode  
 A wote of cikke which he lode  
 A lichte burning in a crosse  
 And ech of hem eke a trumpet  
 vpon in his hande eke lode  
 And thus vpon the nyghte tye  
 Duc gedon vhan it was dore  
 Oreynteth hym vnto his lode  
 And parde than his folke in the  
 And charged than that they ne fete  
 And taught hem how they shold offere  
 Al in one wyse wyllyng  
 And what lode they shold eke speke  
 And how they shold be poynted lode  
 Eche one with other vhan they lode  
 That he hym self so first ferde  
 For vhan they came in to the strete  
 He had hem to right as he lode  
 And thus stallyng forth a ynde  
 This noble duc vhan tyme was  
 His yet he lode & lode as lode  
 And tho they lode on eury lode  
 The trumpet was not tho to lode  
 He lode & so they lode eke  
 With such a noyse amonge hem alle  
 As though the heuyn shold felle  
 The hylle vnto the dore out lode  
 This lode in the valley it lode  
 And saith lode that the hylle a lode  
 So what of lode & of lode  
 They might such a lode fete  
 That none of hem he lode then  
 The lode lode they fete  
 That they none other good lode  
 vnto ony lode he lode lode  
 They fete as dore the lode lode  
 And euer vpon the hylle they lode  
 Tyl that they lode tyme & lode  
 That they be lode vpon the lode

And when they best their anallage  
 They saye anon vnto the chace  
 Thus myght thou see howe goddes grace  
 Vnto the good anallage  
 What else oftyme it sayeth  
 To such as be not well disposed  
 This tale wyl not be to ghyde  
 For it is omyte shewed  
 That god to him that ben well thewed  
 Hath put a gualitee the bechour  
 So that the sample of this bylage  
 Do good for every kyng to holde  
 First in hym self that he desolde  
 If he be good of his kyng  
 And if the folke which he shal kyng  
 Do good also for than he may  
 Be glad of many a merry day  
 In what that euer he hath to done  
 For he which sitte about the mone  
 In al thyngs may speke a spede  
 In every man a every neede  
 His good kyng so well he dresseth  
 That al his foe may be wretched  
 So that they may no man hym drewe  
 And also well he can fortrewe  
 And suffer a wicked kyng to faile  
 In handes of his foen alle

Hic dicit qd. Vbi et quando causa &  
 tempus requirunt pnapo illos sub  
 reditote sua quos iusticie aduersarios  
 fuer. agnouit occidit de iura amectur  
 Et narrat exemplum qualiter pro eo  
 qd. fuit regem agage in bello deuincit  
 iuxta famulio consilia occidit nola  
 it ipse diuino iudicio non solum a reg  
 no israel pnuatus sed & gentes sui pro  
 pceptis exhereditati sunt

In old frenchman of 3 that saye  
 Of my mother & bene agage  
 To speke of iustice & ppe  
 After the rule of reallie  
 This may a kyng well vnderstande

Strengthe made to felle on fonde  
 When that it stonde vpon the nede  
 He shal no nightful cause drede  
 He more of better than of ppe  
 If he well stonde blameles  
 For such a cause a kyng may haue  
 Better it is to see than saue  
 Wherof thou myght ensample fynde  
 The bygh maker of mankynde  
 By samuel to saul bode  
 That he shal no thyng be adode  
 Agage kyng agage for to fyghe  
 For this the goddes hym be bygh  
 That agage shal be ouercome  
 And when it is so fereforth come  
 That saul hym hath dyscomfyte  
 The god had make no wppre  
 That he ne shold hym see anone  
 But saul let it ouer gone  
 And dpe not the goddes liste  
 For agage made a grete bestie  
 Of munson which he wold gyu  
 Kyng saul suffere hym to lye  
 And faynech ppe forth withal  
 But he which sa we & lene we alle  
 The hye god of that he fegnech  
 To samuel vpon hym plepnech  
 And sende hym word for that he & fte  
 Of agage that ne be wte  
 The lye he shal not onely depe  
 Hym self but for his regale  
 He shal be put for euer mo  
 Nought but eke his epe also  
 That it shal neuer come agage  
 Thus myght thou see the sothe plepne

Hic narrat blarius super eodem  
 qualiter dauid in regimine iusticie mu  
 la de joab occiditur absque vlla m  
 missione filio suo Salamoni iniungit

That of to moche & of to lye  
 vpon the pnapo stande & wte



But ever it Was a kynges right  
 To do the dedes of a knyght  
 For in the honore of a kynges  
 The dede & lye is al o thynges  
 After the lawes of iustice  
 To see if it is a dede lye  
 But yf a man the dede deserue  
 And yf a kyng the lye preferue  
 Of hym which ought for to dye  
 He shal weete not the ensaunple  
 Which in the bible is expounde  
 How dauid in his trespasse  
 When he no longer myght lye  
 Unto his sene in charge both geue  
 That he ioab shold sike algate  
 And when dauid Was gone his god  
 The yonge wyse salomone  
 His faders lyste dyd anone  
 And sike ioab in such a wyse  
 That they that herd the ioyse  
 Euer after dredded hym the more  
 And god Was also wel payed therfore  
 That he so wold his lyste plye  
 The lawes for to iustifie  
 And yet he kepte forth with al  
 Wyse as a pryncer shal  
 That he ne tyrannye wrought  
 He fonde the wysdom which he sought  
 And Was so rightfull nethelies  
 That al his lye he stode in pces  
 That he no dede lye wates hadde  
 For euery man his wysdom dredded  
 And as he Was hym self wyse  
 Right so the worthy men of wyse  
 He both of his counsaill wylholde  
 For that is euery pryncer holde  
 To make of such his reuerence  
 Which wyse ben & reuerence  
 The foolis for there is no thyng  
 That may be bettar about a kyng  
 Than the counsaill which is the substancial  
 Of al a kynges gouernaunce

Hic dicit ad populum sibi commissu  
 bene regere super omnia principi lau

tabiliter est Et narrat in exemplum  
 qualiter pro eo qd salomon de populu  
 bene regeret ab altissimo sapienciam  
 specialem poscunt omnia bona pa  
 nter cum illa sibi habundancia adue  
 runt

i Al salamon a man may see  
 What thynges of moste necessity  
 Unto a worthy kynges belongeth  
 When he his kyngdom vnderfongeth  
 God had hym chise what he wold  
 And said hym that he shoulde  
 What he wold aske of a kyng  
 And he which Was a noble kyng  
 For ther vpon his lyste prayd  
 To god & in this wyse sayd  
 O kynges by whome that I shal regne  
 Deue me wisdom that in my reue  
 Forthwith the pple which I haue  
 To hym honour may lye & haue  
 When salomon with lye both tagede  
 The god of that which he hath aued  
 Was right wel payed & graunted sone  
 Not al onely that he he lye  
 Shal haue of that but of necessity  
 Of hile of pces & of the noblesse  
 For with wysdomes al his thynges  
 Which stande about al erthly thynges

Hic dicit scandum Salomonem ad  
 regie magistratis imperium ante omni  
 sano consilio dirigendum est

At what kyng wil his thynges saue  
 First hym shoulde for to haue  
 After thy god & his lye  
 Such counsaill which is to be true  
 Fulfilled of trouth & right wysnes  
 But aboute al in his noblesse  
 Wyse the reuerence & pte  
 A kyng shal do such equity  
 And let the balancer in euen  
 So that the lye god in lye

And at the pryde of his nobles  
 Denge vnto his name seyn  
 For mooste about al etherly goode  
 Weren that a kyng hym self is goode  
 It helyeth for in other weye  
 Yf so be that a kyng forsweye

*Quidquid delinunt reges plebsclamat  
 achini*

Col of it hath he seyn  
 The comyn pryde is ouerleyn  
 And hath the kynges gyune aboute  
 Al though the pryde aggre nought  
 Of that the kyng his god myfferteth  
 The pryde taketh that he deserueth  
 Dene in this world but ellis when  
 I nowt how he shal stonde then  
 For thy good is a kyng to traste  
 First to hym self as he ne wyfte  
 None other helpe but gods allone  
 So shal the rule of his persone  
 Within hym self though prouident  
 Wem of the better conscienc  
 And for to fynde ensaumple of this  
 A tale I fynde & soch it is

*Hic de lucio imperator exemplum  
 ponit qualiter princeps sui nominis  
 famam a secretis consiliariis sapienter  
 inuestigari debet et siquid in ea sinistral  
 inuenient peruisa discretionis ad depre-  
 cau conuertat*

i A cronycle it telleth thus  
 The kyng of Rome lucius  
 Within his chamber vpon a nyght  
 The steward of his holwe a nyght  
 Forthwith his chamberleyn also  
 To counayle had bothe two  
 And stoden by the chymne  
 To grete spekyng al thre  
 And sayeth that the kynges folde  
 Wat by the fyre vpon a stoke

As he that with his hable playde  
 But yet he herde al that they sayde  
 And therfore toke they no fre  
 A kyng hem ayeth what to we  
 Of such matere as came to molthe  
 And they hym tolde as they couthe  
 Whan al was spok of that they ment  
 The kyng with al his holk entente  
 Thanne atte laste hem ayeth this  
 What kyng men tellyn that he is  
 Emong the folke touchyng his name  
 Or be it pris or be it blame  
 Right after that they herde sayn  
 He had hem for to telle it playne  
 That they no poynte of soth fortere  
 By thyke feyth that they hym be  
 The steward first vpon this thyng  
 Gafe his answer vnto the kyng  
 And thought gho in this matere  
 And said as fere as he can fere  
 His name is goode & he noutable  
 Thus was the steward fauourable  
 That he the trowth p yne ne tolde  
 The kyng than ayeth as he sholde  
 The chamberleyn of his auple  
 And he that was subtel & wyse  
 And somde thout vpon his feythe  
 Hym tolde how al the pryde feyth  
 That yf his counayle were trewe  
 They wyse than wel & knelwe  
 That of hym self he shold be  
 A worthy kyng in his degree  
 And thus the counayle he accuseth  
 In partre & the kyng excuseth  
 The folde which herde of al this mas  
 That tyme as goddes wyll was  
 Berth that they sayden not ynough  
 And hem to sworne to the lough  
 And to the kyng he sayd the  
 Syr kyng yf it were so  
 Of wysdom in thyn olone mode  
 That thou thy self were good  
 Thy counayle shold not be bad  
 The kyng theof merueyle had

When that a folc so wyfely spakke  
 And of hym self fonde out the lacke  
 With in his oldne consciens  
 And thus he felth euyden  
 Which was of goddes grace enspired  
 Maketh y good counayl was desired  
 He put away the vycious  
 And toke to hym the virtuous  
 The wrongful lawes ben amended  
 The kendes good is wel dyspended  
 The peple was nomore oppressed  
 And thus stood euery thyng redressed  
 For wher a kyng is prouer wyse  
 And hath such as hym self is  
 Of his counayl it may not fayle  
 But etery thyngs shal anayle  
 The byes than goeth alwey  
 And euery thyng he doeth his way  
 Wherof the hye god is plesid  
 And al the kendes folke esid  
 For yf the comyn peple crye  
 And that a kyng list not to plye  
 To here what the clamor holdre  
 And otherwyse than he sholdre  
 Dryfapneth for to done hem grace  
 It hath be seen in many place  
 Ther hath be falle grete conturpe  
 And that y fynde of ensaumple

*Hic dicit qd seniores magis experti  
 ad principis consilium admittendi potius  
 existunt / Et narrat qualiter pro  
 eo ad whom salomonis filius & tres  
 senium sermonibus annuncians dicta  
 iuuenium prelegit de duodecim talibus  
 israel a domino sub deam penitus ami  
 sit & sic cum duabus tantummodo illis  
 suis postea regnavit*

a After the lech of salomone  
 When this wise kyng was gone  
 In whom was in his persone

Reynue holdre the crowne  
 The peple upon a parlement  
 Assesed were of one assent  
 And al into the kyng they payden  
 With comune bys & thus they sayden  
 Our hege had be the byschop  
 That thou wryste our humble speche  
 And graunte us which y wryste wyl  
 Or of thy grace or of thy wyl  
 Thy fader wyse he was on lyue  
 And myghte luffe graunte & proue  
 Upon the werkes which he had  
 The comyn peple strete lade  
 When he the temple made newe  
 Thyng which man neuer tofore knewe  
 He brought up than of his tallage  
 And al was under the usage  
 Of werkes which he made tho  
 But now it is to falle so  
 That al is made right as he seyde  
 And he was rich when he deyde  
 So that it is nomore newe  
 If thou therof wylt take heed  
 To pillen of the peple more  
 Which longe hath be graued for  
 And in this wyse be the seyn  
 With tender herte be the pyge  
 That thou relise thyllie wyse  
 Which upon be thy fader seth  
 And yf the lyke to done so  
 We ben thy men for euer mo  
 To gone & comen at thyn herte  
 The kyng which heere this requeste  
 Saith that he wyl ben assayed  
 And hath therof a tyme assayed  
 And in the which he he hym thought  
 Upon this thyng counayl he sought  
 And first the wyse byschops olde  
 To whom that he his tale tolde  
 Counayl hym in this manere  
 That he with hene & with glad chere  
 Forreue & graunte al that is asked  
 Of that his fader had sayed  
 For so he may his wygme achue



With thyng which that hym hat greue  
 The kyng hem brude & ouer passeth  
 And with this othe his wit compasseth  
 That yonge lorde & no thyng els  
 And they that these othe may dyspse  
 And sauen fir it shal be same  
 For euer vnto thy worthy name  
 If thou ne lere not thy right  
 While thou arte in thy yonge myght  
 Which that thyne olde fader gate  
 Out say vnto the pple plate  
 That whyle thou lyeest in thy honde  
 The beste fenger of thy honde  
 It shal be stronger ouer al  
 Than was the fader lode aile  
 And thus also shal be thy tale  
 If he hem smote with rodde smale  
 With scorpions thou shalt hem smyte  
 And where thy fader toke a lide  
 Thou thyndrest to take mychel more  
 Thus shalt thou make hem dwel for  
 The grete lorde of thy counge  
 So for to holde hem in seruage  
 This yong kyng hym hath cōformedy  
 To done as he was laste enformedy  
 Which was to hym vndoyng  
 For when it came to the spekyng  
 He hath the yonge counayl holde  
 That he the same wordes tolde  
 Of al the pple in audyng  
 And when they herde the sentence  
 Of his malice & the manace  
 Anone tofor his olde face  
 They haue hym entyely refused  
 And with ful grete reproche accused  
 So they began for to saue  
 That he hym self was fayne to saue  
 For as the wyde wode rage  
 Of wyndes maketh the see sauage  
 And y was calme dryngeth to walke  
 So for default & gree of falde  
 This wyle is stremd al at ones  
 And forth they goo out of his bones  
 So that of the signage twelfe

The tribus onely by hem selfe  
 With hym abeyen & no moo  
 So were they for euer moo  
 Of no retorne without espyre  
 Departed fro the rightful lorde  
 Al Israel with comyn lorde  
 A kyng vpon her olde choyce  
 Amonge hem self anone they make  
 And haue her yonge lorde forsake  
 A polber kynght ierobas  
 They toke & leste ierobas  
 Which rightful lorde was by dyssent  
 Thus the yonge cause wente  
 For that the counayl was not good  
 The regne fro the rightful blood  
 Euer afterward deuyded was  
 So may it prouen by this mas  
 That yonge counayl which is to warne  
 Or may be ware dothe of a larme  
 Olde age for the counayl serueth  
 And lusty yongth his thowte deserueth  
 Upon the trauyle which he dothe  
 And tothe for to say a sothe  
 By sondry cause for to saue  
 If that he wyl his regne saue  
 A kyng behoueth euery day  
 That one can & that othe may  
 Be so the kyng tothe wile  
 Or ellys al goeth out of wile

Nota questionem cuiusdam philo  
 sophi vtrum regno conueniens foret  
 principem optare sapientiam quam cum  
 sano consilio ipsum eligere insipientiam

a And vpon this matre also  
 A questyon betwene the two  
 Thus written in booke 3 fonde  
 Whether it be better for the lorde  
 A kyng hym self to be wyse  
 And so to lere his olde pryse  
 And that his counayl be not good  
 Or otherwylse yf it so stode  
 A kyng yf he be vnguous

And his counayle be vertuous  
It is answered by such a wyse  
That better it is that they be wyse  
By whom the counayle shold go  
For they be many & be but one  
And rather shal an onely man  
With fals counayle for ought he can  
From his wysdom be made to falle  
Than he offone shold be made  
For by his wyse into vertues change  
For that is wel the more strange  
For thy the soude may wel be glad  
Whoe kyng with good counayle is lade  
Which sett hym into right wysnes  
So that his hygh worthynesse  
Betwene the wyde & pyte  
Doth mercy forth with caryte  
A kyng is holden ever alle  
To pyte and in specialle  
To him whome he is moste scholde  
Thy shold his pyte moste scholde  
That he the laces of the kynde  
For they ben ever vnder his hande  
As far the goddes ordenaunce  
To soude vnder his gouernaunce

A kyng which hath I charge on honte  
The comyn peple to gouerne  
If that he wyll be may that berne  
Do none so good to the pleynne  
Of god as is good gouernaunce  
And every gouernaunce is due  
The pyte thus I may argue  
That pyte is the foundement  
Of every kynges regnemente  
If it be medlyd with iustye  
Thy the remeum al thy  
And he of vertu moste wyllable  
To make a kynges regnemente  
Do thus the four wyntes to be  
In gouernaunce as they be  
Of trouthe first & of largesse  
Of pyte forth with right wysnesse  
I haue hem holden & ouer this  
The first wynt so as it is  
Set of the rule of polycie  
Wherof a kyng shal medlye  
The flesshly luses of nature  
Hold thyne I take of such resure  
That to the kynde shal be sure  
And eke the lade of god of sure

Nota ad luc principis de principis  
erga suos subditos debita pietate legi  
tur enim qualiter antonius a sapio  
ne exemplificatus dixit quod mallet  
vnum de populo sibi commissum vni  
saluare quam centum ex hostibus ahe  
nigenis in bello perdere

o If the emperour antonius  
I fynde he be sayd thus  
That heuer hym were for to saue  
One of his lieges than to haue  
A f enemy an hundred dede  
As thus he lerned as I dede  
Of Cyprio which had be  
Consul of Rome & thus he  
Drucro ensamples hold they soude

Corporis et mentis regem docet omnis  
honestas / Nominis et famam nulla  
likido uat / Omne qd est hominis effe  
minat illa. Voluptas / Sit nisi mag  
nanimi cordis et obstat ei

Hic tractat secundum aristotilem de  
quinto principum regiminis politica q  
castitatem concernit cuius honestas im  
pudicie motus obtemperans tam cor  
poris quam anime mundiciam spec  
alans preferat

1 The male is made for the female  
But it be as one desyre felt  
That neath not by wyse of kynde

For when a man may wryte spente  
 His owne wyf what shold he seke  
 In strange place to be seke  
 To trouble another manes pough  
 When he hath gytte good enough  
 Afforded at his owne best  
 And is to hym wel more honeste  
 Than other thinge which shoulde  
 For he shold euer good man knowe  
 And thynke how that in marriage  
 His trowth pleye hath in mortgage  
 Which if he be it is falsehode  
 And that discordeth to manhode  
 And namely toward the gytte  
 Wherof the looke al tyme  
 So as the philosophes teacheth  
 To alysaunde & hym speake  
 The best how that he shal mesure  
 His body so that no mesure  
 Of flesshly lust he shal exceede  
 And thus forth I shal pwrite  
 The first poynte as I sayd eue  
 Is chastyete which selde wher  
 Cometh now a dayes in a place  
 But netheresse but it be gytte  
 About al other in specialle  
 So none that chaste may ben alle  
 But yet a knyghtes hygh estate  
 Which of his order as a prelate  
 Shal be enoynded & scyppede  
 He myght be more magnifyed  
 For dygnite of his crowne  
 Than shold another be prynces  
 Which is not of so hygh empyre  
 Therefore a prynces hym shold aduise  
 Or that he falle in such roide  
 And namely that he ne afforde  
 To chaunge for the womans  
 The worthynesse of his manhode

aspiciat delectat carum ne mens co  
 luptuosa corporeus ex carnis fugiatis  
 in in vicium delatatur

I Aristotle I haue wel mde  
 How he to alysaunde hadd  
 That for to gladden his corage  
 He shold beholden the bylage  
 Of wymmen when that they ben fayn  
 But yet he set an examplage  
 His body so to gude & rule  
 That he ne passe more the rule  
 Wherof that he hym self begyle  
 For in the wymmen is no gyle  
 Of that a man hym self byldapeth  
 When he his owne wyf by iapeth  
 I can the woman wel excuse  
 But what man wyf upon hym muse  
 After the folysh impressyon  
 Of his ymagynacion  
 Within hym self the fyrte sheweth  
 Wherof he woman no thyng knoweth  
 So may he no thyng be to wyte  
 For if a man hym self excite  
 To dremes & wyf it not fortre  
 The water shal no blame bere  
 What may he golde though men couete  
 If that a man wyf byue sturpe  
 The woman hath hym no thyng to lide  
 If he his owne lere bounde  
 He may not lere the folye  
 And though so fyl of compayne  
 That he myght on thyng purcha  
 Yet maketh a man the first chace  
 The woman fleeth & he pursueth  
 So that by the lere of shyl it sueth  
 The man is cause how so he falle  
 That he ful of speche is false  
 Wherof that he may not wel arse  
 And netheres ful many wyse  
 Defoolded hath hem self or this  
 As now a dayes yet it is  
 Amonge the men & euer was

Nota de doctrina aristotilis quali  
 ter pincipe de anima sui iocundita  
 tem prouocat mulieris formosus ordo



The swinge is softest in this case  
 It syt a man by were of kynde  
 To keue but it is not kynde  
 A man for keue his wyf to lise  
 For yf the month of Iuly shal first  
 And that december shal be last  
 The yere mystrorneth wel I wote  
 To seyn a man fro his estate  
 Through his foly effeminate  
 And true that a man shal do  
 It is go hote above the shoe  
 To man which ought not to be shed  
 But yf the world hath of it accused  
 Ful grete prynces of this dede  
 How they for keue hem self mystee  
 Wot of manhode seide theynde  
 Of olde ensamples as I fynde

Hic ponit exemplum qualiter pro  
 eo qd; Sardanapallus afflictioni prin-  
 ceps mulieri oblectamento effeminatus  
 sue concupiscentie torporem quasi ex  
 consuetudine adhibebat a barbaro Rege  
 medorum super hoc insidiante in sui feruo-  
 ris maiori voluptate subitis mutacioni-  
 bus extinctus est

These olde gestes telle us  
 That whyghem Sardanapallus  
 Which helde al hile in his empyre  
 The grete kyngdom of assyre  
 Was through the skulth of his wyge  
 Falle in to the ylle fere wyge  
 Of keue which the man assoloth  
 Where of hym self so spotheth  
 And weyeth so ferforth womannes  
 That ageyn kynde as a fyssh  
 A kynde wolde vpon the lande  
 In wymmen such a luste he fonde  
 That he dwelt euer in chamber styll  
 And onely brought after the yll  
 Of wymmen so as he was bred

That seldom when in other steds  
 If that he wolde wendyn oute  
 To seyn how that it stode aboute  
 But then he kyste & then he played  
 They taughten hym a lace to wyged  
 And were a pure & to enfyde  
 A perle and yet the wyse  
 One lady was the pryncesse of mede  
 Bred the kyng in womanhode  
 Was fulle fro chylde  
 And gat hym lye & company  
 And wrought so that atte laste  
 This kyng out of his regne he caste  
 Which was vndoyn for euer moo  
 And yet men speken of hym so  
 That it is shame for to lye  
 For the to keue is in maner

Nota qualiter dauid amans mulierem  
 propter hoc prohibitionem armorum non  
 minus exercuit

A yng dauid had many a keue  
 But nethelesse alwey above  
 Rynghed he kepte in such a wyse  
 That for no fleschly coneyte  
 Of luste to bygge in lady armes  
 He left not the luste of armes  
 For when a pryncesse his luste such  
 That he the were not purselwey  
 When it is tyme to beyn armed  
 His contrerstant ful ofte harmed  
 When the enemyes he were hilde  
 That they offen now beholde  
 Ful many a londe hath so be lye  
 As men may see of tyme tofow  
 Of hem that so be easly leughen  
 Which after they ful den aboughen

Hic laudat enasiter regnum laci-  
 mae voluptatibus deditum de facili vin-  
 citur Et ponit exemplum de eius regno

persuaded qui cum addidit nihil prohibere  
 sine stantissimos sibi in bello aduer  
 santis nullis modo. Vnde potuit cum  
 ipsis tandem pacis tractatum diffini  
 tione. Inordinam finalis stabili sine  
 it super quo addidit postea per aliquod  
 tempus armis insoluit sub pacis am  
 per voluptatibus intendunt. Quod  
 tunc percipiens in eos armatus subis  
 to truit ipsos qui indefensibiles Vin  
 cius sub imperio talitantes subiuga  
 uit

1 O moche ease is no thynge worth  
 For it setteth every thynge forth  
 And every vertu put a lacke  
 Wherof prixe cometh in to lacke  
 As in a cromosome I may reherse  
 Which telleth how the kyng of pers  
 That quene hyght a better hadde  
 Agaynst the people which he desired  
 Of a countrie which he desired  
 But yet for ought that he do myght  
 As in entrappe upon the better  
 And lady of him alway the better  
 And when he sawe a wyfe it were  
 That he by strength was no dele  
 Thence after laste he caste a wyfe  
 This woman was to begette  
 And soke with him a faged pre  
 Which shold laste endles  
 So as he sayd in wordes wyfe  
 But he thought al in other wyse  
 For it stode upon the mas  
 When that this prele in wite was  
 They toke est many soldes  
 And wherfore est as it is tolde  
 By way of kynde is the norpe  
 Of every luste which toucheth hys  
 Thus when they were in lustes felle  
 The better ben forgotten alle  
 Was none which wold the woorth  
 Of armes but in poyntes

They pulled besynesse alway  
 And toke hem to daunce and play  
 But moste above al other thynges  
 They toke hem to the bypogres  
 Of flesshly lustes that chastyte  
 Recurved was in no degree  
 But every man doth what hym lyst  
 And when the kyng of pers it wote  
 That they into folke entred  
 With his power wha they lyste wote  
 More suddenly than doeth the thonder  
 He came & put hem under  
 And thus hath lorde he  
 The lorde which had he tofore  
 The lorde of hem that were the  
 And in the byble I fynde also

Nota hic qualiter facta belli regis  
 infortunat Et narrat qd cum Rex as  
 molech libris sibi instantibus resis  
 ter nequit consilio lulaam mulieres  
 regni sui pulcherrimas in castro hite  
 oam misit qui ab ipsis contaminati  
 gaudiam statim amiserunt Et sic ab  
 amalech devicti in magna multitudine  
 gladio occiderunt

a Take ye into this thynge  
 How amalech the payn synge  
 When that he myght by no way  
 Defende his lorde & put alway  
 The waye of Israhel  
 This samyn as it byfelle  
 Thowgh the counceyl of lulaam  
 A colde of fayre women nam  
 That lusty were & yonge of age  
 And lady hem goo to the bynaye  
 Of these cheryles & forth they went  
 With eyen gaye & swolles bent  
 And wel amyd every chone  
 And when they comen there anon  
 Among the cheryles was none in synge  
 But catche who that catche myght

Andy eche of hem his lustes sought  
 Which after they ful dre thought  
 For gret anone began to fayne  
 That when they cōm to bathe  
 Than after that in seip plyte  
 They were take andy dyscomfyt  
 So that wythyn a lict tēre  
 The myght of hem was ouerthrowde  
 That wyth hem were wonte to stonde  
 Thyl phyneers the cause on honde  
 Hath take this vengeaunce laste  
 But than it cōfēd: a lict laste  
 For god was wroth of that he dede  
 For when he fōnde Upon a side  
 A couple which myffered: so  
 Thowgh out he fōnde hem bothe lye  
 And let hem lyege in menys eye  
 Wroth of al othe which hem se  
 Ensaumpel hem Upon the dede  
 And wroth: Unto the godhede  
 For othe spynnes for to amende  
 Andy he which wolde his mercy sende  
 Restored: hem to nelde gret  
 This may it seke in sondry place  
 Of chastyte how that clenness  
 Accordeth to worthynesse  
 Of may of armes ouer alle  
 But moſte of alle in specialle  
 This wroth a kyng lyketh  
 For Upon his fortune it hangeth  
 Of that his honde shal spece or speke  
 For the But yf a kyng his wyke  
 Grew lustes of his fleshe wroth  
 Agens hym self he maketh a taryne  
 In to the which yf that he stye  
 Hym were better goe besyde  
 For euer man may vnderſtonde  
 How for a tyme that it stonde  
 It is a fory luste to lyke  
 Whos ende maketh a man to speke  
 Andy torneth ioyes in to sorowe  
 The bright sonne by the morowe  
 Despyueth not the deke myght  
 The lusty pongthe of mannes myght

In age but it stonde wroth  
 myfferneth at the laste wroth

*De hōitū quādrī principū ier  
 gulatū voluptas eos et semita uita  
 multitudine deuiat compellit / Et nar  
 rat exemplum de salomone qui ex sue  
 carnis concupiscentia victus mulierum  
 blandimentis in sui scandalum deos  
 alienos colere presumeret*

1 That eueri worthy pynner is hōld  
 Within hym self hym self hōld  
 To see the state of his persone  
 Andy thynke how ther he ioyes none  
 Upon this earthe made to laste  
 Andy how the flūsh that a lict laste  
 The lustes of his lye forsake  
 Hym ought a gret ensaumpel take  
 Of salamon whos apetyte  
 Was hooly set Upon delyte  
 To take of wymmen the plesaunce  
 So that Upon his pynner  
 The wyde world metuayseth yet  
 That he which al mennes wyte  
 In thylke tyme hath ouerpassyd  
 With flesshly lustes was so cassyd  
 That he which hady vnder lalde  
 The wylle of god hym self wroth  
 He hath few gode in such a wyse  
 That he wroth hym e sacrefys  
 For sondry hur in sondry stece  
 Wroth the false goddes dede  
 This was the wyse ecclesiaste  
 The frāme of whome shal euer laste  
 That he the myghty god forsake  
 Agens the lalde when he toke  
 His wyues e his concubines  
 Of hem that were sataynes  
 For which he dyd pōlatrye  
 For this j tye of his fory  
 O wroth of sydone so hym lade



That he keneþing his fader spradd  
So straiten with grete humblesse  
Which of her kinde was the goddesse  
And þat that was of moabyte  
So ferforth made hym to delge  
Thowgh lust which al his wyf deuou  
weth / That he chamos his god honou  
weth / And oþer amongst also  
With þus hym hath assaied so  
Her godd moche that wyth enen  
He sacreth & doeth muerder  
In such a wyse as she hym hadde  
Thys was the wyfste ouerladde  
With þynke lustes which he sought  
But he it afterward abought

Nota hic qualis achias propheta in 13  
nu qd regna post mortem salomonis ob  
eis petuam a suo herede dimuneretur  
pallium suum in duodecim partes sci  
dit unde dicit partes ieroboe filio nabal  
qui regnauit postea successit pater  
to dei trahit

f Or achias scribe  
Which was prelate on his dore  
Whyle he was in his lustes alle  
Dreweneth what that after falle  
For on a day when that he mette  
Jeroboam the knyght he mette  
And tild hym that he shold abyde  
To see what hym shal betide  
And forth with al achias aske  
His mantel of & also faste  
He cut it in to yeres twelfe  
Wherof the parties towarde hym selfe  
He kept & al the remenaunce  
As eode with sette his couenaunce  
He toke vnto ieroboam  
Of nabal which the sone was  
And of the kynges court a knyght  
And tild hym such is goddes myght  
As thou hast seyn departed & tr

My mantel in such manere  
After the deth of salamon  
God hath ordeyned thempon  
This regne than he shal deuyde  
Which tyme thou shalt eke abyde  
And vpon that deuyssyon  
The regne as in pporcion  
As thou hast of my mantel take  
Thou shalt reueue I vnderstande  
And thus the sone shal abyde  
The lustes and the lecherie  
Of hym which now his fader is  
So for to taken hede of this  
It sit a kyng wel to be chaste  
For elles he may aghtly waste  
Hym self & eke his regne to the  
And that ought euery kyng to knowe  
O which one synne vpolente  
Wherof a kyng was sene  
That the tingeanner of his persone  
Was not ynough to take alone  
But afterward when he was passed  
It hath his heritage lassed  
As I more openly tofore  
The tale tolde & thus tofore  
The philosopher vpon this thyng  
Write & counseyld to a kyng  
That he the forfete of luxure  
Shal tempre ande tye of such mesure  
Which he to kynde suffraunce  
And eke to reson accordaunce  
So that the lustes ygnoraunce  
By cause of mys gouernance  
Thowgh which that he be ouerthrowe  
As he that wyf no reson knowe  
For but yf a manys wyf be swerued  
When kynde is dulchete strued  
It ought of reson to suffre  
For yf it fyl hym oþer wyse  
He may the lustes for drede  
For of anthony thus I trede  
Which of seuerus was the sone  
That he his lyf of comune wone

Libet septimus

Pauze help Into thyllke byer  
 And ofte tyme he was so nyer  
 Vnto nature hath hir compleyner  
 Vnto the god which hath discomer  
 The werkes which anthony wrought  
 Of lustes which he ful sore abought  
 For god his forfete hath so wrote  
 That in trow he it is yet spoke  
 But for to like tyme to tyme  
 Of speyal mysguernaunce  
 Thowgh auctyse and iustysse  
 Forth with the remenant of byer  
 And namelye of lecherie  
 I fynde wite a grette partye  
 In a tale as thou shalt here  
 Which is the sample of this matter  
 Dic sequitur de tarquino nupti Rome  
 ipator necno & de eiusdem filio nois  
 arcus & oim Vicenū Variatū mletū tā  
 in hīs & in mulieris innumera sale  
 ra ppetuū set specialit sup hys oue  
 contra gabinos fraudulenter opus  
 sunt tractare intendit

S O as these olde gestes seyn  
 The proude tyrant the Romayn  
 Tarquinius which was thene kyng  
 And wrought many a wroghtful thyng  
 Of sonnes he had many one  
 Emonge the which arcus was one  
 Lyke to his fader of maners  
 So that with in felde yres  
 With tason and with tyranny  
 They wonne of hende a grette partye  
 And toke hede of no iustysse  
 Which delbe was to be offyce  
 Vpon the take of gouernaunce  
 Vnto al that euil was & foune  
 Vnto the flesshes luste they toke  
 And fyl so that they vnderste  
 A werre which was not actured  
 But ofte tyme he had hem grieved  
 A cepte the folke which than heght  
 The gabryne & al by myght  
 Thus arcus when he was at home

In wome a pryup place he nome  
 Within a chawndre & hede hym selfe  
 And made hym woldes & et thelfe  
 Vpon the lulle as he was seyn  
 And so forth with his hurted gyne  
 In al the hasty that he may  
 He wote & came that other day  
 Vnto galye the cyte  
 And in he went & when that he  
 Was knowe anone the patre was set  
 The lorde al vpon hym set  
 With dailen slyndes in hende  
 And arcus wold hym not withstonde  
 And said I am here at your wyll  
 As leif it is that ye me spylle  
 As yf myn owne fader wote  
 And forth with in that same stode  
 He payde hym that they wold se  
 And tolde hym in what wyse  
 His fader & his lordern bothe  
 Which he said wery wrothe  
 Fym hedy bery & wrothedy  
 And out of wome for euer cpylde  
 And thus he made hym to helue  
 And said yf that he myght achue  
 His purpose it shal wel he holde  
 Wy so that they hym helpe wold  
 When that the lorde hede sayn  
 Both wooful he was & sayn  
 Thy fader yf of his gyne  
 And yet it was hym wonder fure  
 That wome hym had cpylde so  
 This Galpene by cume yf the  
 Vpon the goddes made hym stene  
 That he shold to hys trouthe be  
 And strange he was with al his myght  
 And they also hym hith & hight  
 To helpe hym in his euente  
 They shopen thenne for his hede  
 That he was luffed & anoynt  
 Yf that he was in lyste poynt  
 And what he wold than he hadde  
 That he al hote the cyte lade  
 Right as he wold hym selfe trage

And than he thought by m in þ lyfþe  
 He myght his tynnyng fende  
 And toke to his counayl a fowle  
 Whom to his fader forth he fende  
 And in his message to the wende  
 And prayd his fader for to faye  
 By his auge to fynde a lyfþe  
 How they myght the aile lyfþe  
 Why he fode so lye therein  
 And when the messenger was come  
 To come & hath in counayl nome  
 The lyfþe it felle purchunx fo  
 That they were in a gardyn tho  
 This messenger forth with the kyng  
 And when he had tolde the thyng  
 In what maner that it fode  
 And that tarquynus vnderfode  
 By the message how that it fode  
 Anone he toke in honde a yerde  
 And in the gardyn as they gone  
 The lye croupes one andy one  
 When that they were fprongen out  
 He fmoth of as they fode about  
 And fadyd the messenger  
 To this thyng which I do now fye  
 What he in fode of thyng anfwere  
 And in this lyfþe as I me fye  
 Thou fhalt vnto my fone telle  
 And he no longer woldy dwelle  
 But toke his lye & goeth with alle  
 Vnto his fode & tolde hym alle  
 How that his fader fadyd do  
 When croupes fode hym alle fo  
 Anone he lyfþe what it mente  
 And thereto fet al his entente  
 By the fode fowle & trechery  
 The prynces fode of galy  
 Hath fupen of & al was wonne  
 His fader came afon the fonne  
 In to the fode with the comyns  
 And toke a fode the crafte  
 Without wfon or pye  
 That he ne fpanys no tyme  
 And for the fode of this conquifte

He fode to make a reth fode  
 With a folempne facryfe  
 In pletus temple & in this lyfþe  
 When the comyns afsembly were  
 In prefent of hem al there  
 Vpon the auter when al was fode  
 And that the fode were a lyfþe  
 From vnder the auter fode  
 An hydous ferynt openy  
 Came out & hath croupes alle  
 The facryfe & the lye alle  
 The fode queynt & forth anone  
 So as he came fo is he gone  
 In to the dxe grounde agerþ  
 And every man began to fode  
 A fode what may this fode  
 And thempon they praye & crye  
 To pletus that they myt knowe  
 The cause & he the fode the fode  
 With gately fode that al it fode  
 The comyns in this lyfþe anfwere  
 And fadyd how for the wickrednesse  
 Of pletus & of vntychlyfþenesse  
 That tarquynus & his fone hath do  
 The facryfe is wafode fo  
 Which myght not ben a fode  
 Vpon fode fode abfomynable  
 And ouer that yet he fode lyfþe  
 And fadyd which of hem fode lyfþe  
 His moder he fhalt talke fode  
 Vpon the fode & of that fode  
 They ben within her fode glade  
 Though they no fode made  
 The was a fode which fode fode  
 And he with al the fode he myght  
 To grolde fode & there fode  
 But none of hem the cause lyfþe  
 But wende that he had fode  
 Werchall & fo was fode  
 Vnto fode al another fode  
 For he fode fode in his fode  
 How thereto of every manes fode  
 So moder but they fode fode  
 And fode not fo fode as he



Libet septimus

But when they listen the crye  
And comen home to some ager  
Than every man which was wery  
And moder hath to hir to sende  
And first a cete of hem wende  
To be the first upon the chauce  
Of trouwe for to do vengeaunce  
So as they herden helus cryn  
But every tyme hath his cryn  
So must it nedes thence abyde  
Tyl aforlward upon a tye

Hic narrat qd cum tarquinus in  
obsidione civitatis ardet Et eam distan-  
ent intritus fuit Arrous filius eius  
romam secreto adire in domo collatini  
hospitatus est Vbi de nocte illam castis-  
simam dominam secretu luctuam yma-  
ginata suade Ei oppressit Unde illa  
pre dolore mortua ipsi cum tarquino  
patri suo tota clamante Roma unpm  
exilium delegati sunt

Arquinius made vnstuffyly  
A lyette which was fast by  
Ager a towne with walles stronge  
Which ardea was clyped longe  
And caste a siege there aboute  
That there may no man passe out  
So it kept upon a nyght  
Arrous which had his souer dyght  
A parte of the chynallre  
With hym to solwe in companye  
Hath fed & when they comen there  
And sette at solwer there  
Emonge her other wordes glade  
Arrous a grete spekyng made  
Who had the best wyf  
Of wome & there began a scryf  
For arrous saith he hath the best  
So iangle they withouten rest  
Tyl at laste one collatyn

A for the knyght & was a crye  
To arrous said hym in this tye  
It is adyde of none empye  
To speke a word but of the tye  
That it is to take the  
None for thy this same tye  
Lep on thy hore & lye by tye  
So may we knolke the tye  
Constantly what our lypes do  
And that shal be a true assaye  
This arrous saith not ones nay  
On horsebacke anone they lye  
In such maner & no thyng slepe  
Kydng forth tyl that they come  
At prynces within some  
In strange place & down they lye  
They take a chamber out of syght  
They ben dyscrey for a thyng  
So that no tye shold hem knolke  
And to that place first they souyt  
To see what thyng this lady brought  
Of which arrous made a munt  
And they hir salde at glad semblant  
At ful of mythes & of wordes  
But emonge al other wordes  
She spake not of hir husband  
And when they had al vnderstonde  
Of the like place what hem tye  
They gone hem forth that none it wist  
Besyde the place of tye  
Collatyn which clyped was  
When collatyn hath his dyllyng  
There founden they at home sittynge  
Encer his wyf al raryng  
With woman which were shadowned  
To werke & she brought also with al  
And lade hem huse & saye it shal  
Besore my husbandes ben  
Which with his sterde & his spere  
Lye at siege in gret dyscre  
And yf it shold hym not dyscre  
Now wold god I had hym here  
For arrous tye that I may be  
Some good tryng of his estate

My heart is ever open to thee  
 For so as al my lyfynesse  
 He is of such an hardynesse  
 That he can not hym self spare  
 And that is al my wofull care  
 When they the walles shold affayde  
 But yf my wofullnes myght awayde  
 I wold it were a groundles pite  
 Wher so the fere dem vntempte  
 And I my husbande se  
 With that the water in his eye  
 Aroos that she ne myght stope  
 And as may see the talbe ladwape  
 The lures & the fittes she  
 Right so vpon her whet chide  
 The wooful salt terna felle  
 When collatyn hath herde hir telle  
 The menyng of her trulle dote  
 A none with that to hir he sterch  
 And said he my goody dem  
 Noth is he come to pon hem  
 That ye most know as ye sayn  
 And she with goodly chere agayn  
 Whetpde hym in her armes smale  
 And the wofull which erst was pale  
 To leaue than was mofordy  
 So that it myght not be mofordy  
 The lynes sone which was myght  
 And of this lady herde & sygh  
 The lynes as they ben defalle  
 The wofen of his wofles alle  
 Hath leste for hure vpon his parte  
 Come than & his fere darte  
 With such a wofle hym hath y synge  
 That he must nece fide & wofle  
 Of wofle & ynde maladye  
 To which no cure of surgerye  
 Can helpe but yet netherles  
 At thiske tyme he herde his wofle  
 That he no countynance made  
 Out openly with wofles glade  
 So as he coude in his manere  
 He spake & made friendly chere  
 Tyl it was tyme for to goe

And collatyn with hym also  
 His hure wofle so that he myght  
 With al the faster that they myght  
 They ryde to the fere agayn  
 But aroos was so wofle byfyn  
 With thowles which vpon hym rone  
 That he al by the wofle fone  
 To lede goeth not for to wofle  
 But for to thence vpon the fere  
 And the fere forth with alle  
 That euer he saue or euer shille  
 So as hym thought in his corage  
 When he portreyde her ymage  
 Fere the fere of hir fere  
 In which nature had al grace  
 Of womanly fere byfere  
 So that it myght not be fere  
 And hure hir fere her was fere  
 And hir agayn so wel adressed  
 And hure she wofle al this he thought  
 And hure she spake & hure she thought  
 That he fere hath no fere  
 But al it fere hym so wofle  
 That in wofle or in fere  
 Her fere nout of womanly  
 And thus this tyrant fere  
 Was fere but not hure a fere  
 For he none other fere to be  
 But that he myght by fere croke  
 Al though it were agayn hir wofle  
 The fere of his fere fere  
 Which hure was not fere  
 For hure honour is fere  
 It ought wel to be adressed  
 But he which hath his fere  
 Wofle medlyde hure & tyrant  
 Hath fere vpon his fere  
 A wofle which he fere to hure  
 And saith fortune vnto the fere  
 Is fere for to fere  
 And thus wofle in hym self to fere  
 As he which was a wofle man  
 Wofle his fere he fere  
 And he fere & forth he wofle

Libert sepent

On horshe he put his entente  
 Thre knelbe no myght & his name  
 The next day yf he came  
 Wnto allora the yate  
 Of some & yf was somde late  
 Right cum upon the sonne sette  
 As he which had shew his nethe  
 Hir innocen to knowe  
 And as it shold so myshap  
 As prynces as cur & myght  
 Be wode & of his hors alpyght  
 Toke allaynes inne  
 And al for deche he goeth hym in  
 As he that was cown of huse  
 As he which is the good spense  
 Lucra whan that she hym sege  
 With goodly chere dwelle hym ngyth  
 And she which al honour supposeth  
 And hym so as she dwel opposeth  
 Told it stode of hir lustonny  
 And he the dpyd hir understonde  
 With tales scyned in his wyse  
 Right as he wold hym self deuyse  
 Wherof he myght hir heke glade  
 That she the hater chere made  
 Whan she the glad wordes heide  
 Told that hir lustor dyfide  
 And thus the swithe was depured  
 With she tessen which hee prouyd  
 To hir which ment al goody  
 For as the fester than stode  
 His serper was nght wyl ampyd  
 But yet he hath no word offeryd  
 To speke of hie in no degre  
 But with covert subyle  
 His fundely speche he offayth  
 As the tyme his tyme alwayth  
 In hepe for to catch his wyf  
 Whan that the hertes were allwey  
 Whan they heue soupyd in the hille  
 He sayth that she is on hym falle  
 And prayeth he more goo to bedde  
 And he with al hoster speke  
 So as he thought it was to done

That every thinge was wryt fine  
 She thought hym to his chamber to  
 An alle hee hur & forth is goo  
 In to his chere chamber to  
 And she that dwelle with yf  
 Had had a fende & had a foe  
 Wherof she after meche woo  
 The tyrant thought he the fote  
 Out of his bedde he was ful ofte  
 And goeth aduise & lye his re  
 To hie yf that al them  
 To hie geon & shupd faste  
 And than upon hym self he asse  
 A want & his swete al nedy  
 He take in honte & she talibedy  
 A hede tope but what she mette  
 God wote for he the don tustate  
 So prynces that none it hite  
 The fote was & forth he fide  
 Wnto the hede wher that she shupd  
 At fode nlype & in he curde  
 And he in hede his armes toke  
 With that the worthy wyf albe  
 Which for tenderesse of Romashe  
 Her wyf hie hite for pun dide  
 That one word speke she no dem  
 And she he hite to he hite  
 For yf she more reyse or crye  
 He sayd his swete lye faste  
 To shee he & he folde aduise  
 And thus he thought he in deche  
 That he a lante whan it is wryd  
 In wolue molles so was she fide  
 Lucra which he naged fonde  
 Wherof she stoumed in his honte  
 And as she saith lye & he offeryd  
 And he which al hym had adressed  
 To lye to he than what hym hite  
 And goeth his hite that none it hite  
 In to his chere chamber to  
 And shupd out his chamberlyng  
 And made hym wryt for to ryde  
 And he no the hite was wryt  
 To horshe & forth he wryt



And she which in her bedde abode  
 When that she wylt he was a goode  
 She cryed after light anone  
 And so awoke longe of the day  
 And hylt alwey her fustle amys  
 As she which hath the world forsa  
 And toke upon the charys blake  
 And euer upon continuenge  
 Right as may see a welke springe  
 With eyen ful of wooful tene  
 But her hanging aboute her eys  
 She wepte & no man wylt wylt  
 For yet amonge ful piteusly  
 She prayed that they nolden delych  
 But husbondy for to fete  
 Forthwith her fader eke also  
 Thus they comen to the wo  
 And benten came with colatyn  
 Which to luer was cosyne  
 And in they wenten al the  
 To chynber wher they myght see  
 The woofullest upon this moode  
 Which wepte as she to water fould  
 This chynber don anone was stolde  
 Or they haue ought into her spoke  
 They see her charys al dyspyde  
 And hylt she hath her self dyspyde  
 But then hanging vnsymp aboute  
 Out wylthe she gan to wylde  
 And fute into her husbnde  
 And he wold fayne haue vnderstode  
 The cause why she fute so  
 With fete wordes agens the  
 What may you be my goode fute  
 And she which thowt her self vmete  
 And the lere weathe of hymmen alle  
 Her wooful eys let down falle  
 For shame & wylde vmethe like  
 And they theof good hylt toke  
 And wylde her in al wepe  
 That she ne span for to fute  
 Com to her fute what her aplyth  
 Why she so fute her self fute  
 And what the fute wold mene

And she which hath her fute grune  
 Her wyl to fute thenne affayth  
 But under fume her wylde delapth  
 That funder tymes as she mente  
 To fute upon the poynte she stende  
 And they her fute euer in one  
 To fute forth & thow upon  
 When that she fute she moste nede  
 Her fute byllbene fume & dene  
 She toke not without pynne  
 And she which wold her wylde wylde  
 But husbondy a fute man  
 Comforter her al that he can  
 And fute & eke her fader toke  
 That they with her be not wylde  
 Of that is do agens her wylde  
 And wylde her to be fute  
 For they to her fute al fute  
 But she which thought not to fute  
 Of her wyl no fute wylde  
 And fute of the fute vylde  
 Which was to her fute wylde  
 Al wyl it so she myght it nought  
 Dene after wyl the wylde ne fute  
 Repwyl her & forth with alle  
 Or ony man thowf he wylde  
 A naked fute the which she fute  
 Within her mantel piteusly  
 Wylbene her fute fute  
 She toke & thowgh her fute it thowgh  
 And fute to growde & euer amonge  
 When that she fute so as she myght  
 Her fute with her fute she fute  
 That no man dounward fute the fute  
 Shold ony thynge of her see  
 Thus fute this wylde fute  
 Al thowgh she dene woofully  
 Tho was no fute for to fute  
 Her husbondy & her fader eke  
 A fute upon the fute fute  
 Fute may no mannes fute fute  
 In which angusly that they wylde  
 But fute which was with her fute  
 Toward her self her fute to fute

Liber septimus

And to Lucresse anone he lepe  
 The bloody sword & pulleth out  
 And swom the goddess al about  
 That he the worst shal do to her  
 And she the more made a countenance  
 Her & depe eye ande aske lasse  
 In herkyng as it were vp casse  
 And so he helde hym in the wyse  
 While she to like may suffre  
 And entus with a manly herse  
 His husband hath made vp steele  
 Forthwith he seide she also  
 In al haste & said than the  
 That they anone without lette  
 A bette for the body sette  
 Lucresse & there vpon bloodyng  
 He leyd & so forth without cryng  
 He goeth into the market place  
 Of Rome & in a hall space  
 Thorough crye the crye was assemblye  
 And cury manes herse tumblede  
 When they the soth herde of the case  
 And there vpon the counteyl was  
 Take of the grette & of the shame  
 And entus tolde hem al the tale  
 And thus came in to remembrance  
 Of synne of the contynuaunce  
 Which auous had do tofore  
 And she longe tyme er he were hem  
 Of that his fader had do  
 The venge came in to the place the  
 Of that the comyn clemour tolde  
 The nelde shame of synnes olde  
 And al the towne began to crye  
 A boye alwey the tyannys  
 Of lechery & of couetyse  
 And at the laste in such a wyse  
 The fader in the same wyse  
 Forthwith the sone they cryde  
 And taken better gouernour  
 But yet another remembrance  
 That rightwisnes & lechery  
 Accorden not in companye  
 With hym that hath f lalwe on hende

That may a man wel vnderstande  
 As by a tale thou shalt vnder  
 Of olde ensamples as it is tolde

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem  
 euasione huius Virginis cum ep  
 atus et manum unam suam pul  
 crum habens cum quodam ne  
 bula nomine Iho et idem in  
 ducit finat et mandauit /  
 Sed interim apud clauis tunc im  
 pudent Virginis formositatem Et cum  
 Violant concupiscentia censes quibus  
 matris in impedit ipsam que ad sui  
 thum expulsum presset si sola an  
 spinatione fieri conuictum et cum per  
 presidium sui testem productis falsis  
 astibus in iudicio impudent fateri de  
 lisset patris tunc ipsi per hunc cyne  
 to gladio filie sue peritus mortali feli  
 citi per medium transfudit dicens ma  
 h michi de filia mea Virginem de her  
 mortuam quam in scandalum mentis  
 am videret uiuentem

a T Rome then appus  
 Whos other name was claudius  
 Was gouernour of the cite  
 Ther he a wenter to se  
 Touching a gentyl mayde as thus  
 Whom quays vngenerous  
 Degeyn had vpon his wyse  
 Then sayden that so fayn a lyfe  
 As she was not in al the towne  
 This fame goeth vp ande downe  
 And to claudius came in his er  
 Whom his thought anone was then  
 Which at his birth had sette a fre  
 That he began the shame to se  
 Which longest vnto maydenite  
 And sent yf that he might see  
 The wynde lustre of his wyde

Out that thyng is myght not fulfil  
 For he stode upon marriage  
 A knyght of ful gude knyghte  
 Beyond which than heght  
 Accourtyng in his faders syght  
 Was that he shold his daughter wedde  
 Out of the cause were fully spedde  
 But fader which in romanyng  
 The lord of the chynalre  
 In gouernour hath vnder take  
 Upon a hewe which was take  
 Goeth out with al þe strength he had  
 Of may of armes which he had  
 So was the marriage left  
 And stode upon accorde tyl este  
 The kyng which lorde was of this  
 Hold that this mayde entred is  
 To marriage thought another  
 And hady the tyme a brother  
 Which marcus claudius was hote  
 And was a man of gude repute  
 Right as the kyng hym self was  
 Thyng to do gyde upon this case  
 In councyl founden out this weye  
 That marcus claudius shal saye  
 Hold he by weye of couraunte  
 To his senger apurdaunte  
 Was hool & to none other man  
 And then upon he saith he can  
 In euery wyse wytnesse take  
 By that the that it not forsake  
 When that they had shap so  
 After the salde which was the  
 While that his fader was absent  
 He was fownd and assent  
 To come in presence of the kyng  
 And stode in answer of this thyng  
 His faders wyse al wele  
 That it was fulfild euery wele  
 And comyn to the kyng and sayde  
 Upon the comune laide and prayde  
 So as this noble worthy knyght  
 His fader for the comune right  
 In thys tyme as was he fulle

Lay for the profit of them alle  
 Upon the wilde felde armed  
 That he shold not be harmed  
 He shamed while that he were oute  
 And thus they preyden al aboute  
 For al the clamour that he lorde  
 The kyng vpon his lute answerde  
 And gaue hem onely dayes two  
 Of respyt for he wente so  
 That in so short a tyme apper  
 His fader myght in no manere  
 Out as therof he was deapred  
 For lopus lorde al concupred  
 The purpos of the kyng lorde  
 And thought to be there therfore  
 In al haste he came rydyng  
 And leste vpon the felde lpyng  
 His cooste tyl that he came ager  
 And thus this worthy capteyn  
 Apperde vdy at his daye  
 Where al that euer reyon may  
 By salde in audyence he doth  
 So that his daughter vpon soth  
 Of that marcus his lorde accused  
 He hath before the court excused  
 The kyng which said his purpose faile  
 And that no sleight myght auayle  
 In combrde of his lutes blynde  
 To talbe turned out of kynde  
 And holt in wytt as though it were  
 In presence of hem al there  
 Deapred of concupiscence  
 Paue for his brother the sentence  
 And had hym that he shold ase  
 His daughter & make hym wel at ese  
 Out al withyn his owne entent  
 He wyse holt that the cause went  
 Of that his brother hath the wyse  
 He was hym self for to wyse  
 Out thus this mayden had wronge  
 Which was vpon the kyng alonge  
 Out ager hym was none appels  
 And that his fader wyse wele  
 Wrote vpon the tyranny



That for the luste of bedynge  
 His daughter shold be dyspayred  
 And that iustice was requered  
 Continly fro the marriage  
 Right as a Lyon fro the cage  
 Which of no darte sette no counte  
 And note what ppe shold amounte  
 A naked swerde & pulled out  
 The which amonges al the wote  
 He thurst through his daughter syde  
 And al akende thus & cryed  
 To take hit there þ wrongful kyng  
 For me is leuer þen this thyng  
 To be the fader of a mayde  
 Though she be dde than men sayde  
 That in her lyf she were shamed  
 And i therof were euyl named  
 Tho lade the kyng men shold auste  
 His body but of thyke lyste  
 Lyke to the chard wyde & w  
 The hundre within & forth fere  
 To proueth & goeth forth his weye  
 In such a wyse for to saye  
 This worthy knyght with swerde in hnde  
 His weye made & they hym honde  
 That none of hem his strokes lyste  
 And thus vpon his hore hylde  
 And with his swerd droppung of blode  
 Which within his daughter stode  
 He came there as the powder was  
 Of some & tolde hem al the mas  
 And said hem that they myght her  
 Open the wronge of this matre  
 That better it were to redesse  
 At home the grete brightnesse  
 Than for to waite in seynge place  
 And lest at home hit eldne growe  
 For thus stande euery manys lyf  
 In iopardy for his wyf  
 Or for his daughter yf they be  
 Passyng anocher in lyste  
 Of this meruayle which they se  
 So apurtraunt afore hit eye  
 Cf that the kyng hath hym mofon

Her othes they hane al shon  
 That they shal stonde by the right  
 And thus of one acorde by right  
 To come at ones & me agyn  
 They tyme & shortly for to syn  
 This tyme came to molde  
 And euery man saith what he couthe  
 So that the prynces frendys  
 Wer was þen bedynge  
 Came openly to mannes eyen  
 And that brought in the conyn fien  
 That euery man pryke & mende  
 Of hym that so him curiouse  
 For thy or it were worse falle  
 Though amyn amyn of him alle  
 They hane hit wronge kyng dysposed  
 And hem in whom it was suposed  
 The amyn seide of his bedynge  
 Wy lalde vnto the tyme they kyngde  
 When they were in the prynces  
 That length & such getenauer  
 And if us the vnde se was chesked  
 What they myght ben acused  
 That shold as a hardy geterne  
 And by this euyl tyme lerne  
 How it is good a kyng eschide  
 The luste of Tye & vnde se

Hic inter alia constitutio videtur con  
 arntencia equidit quomodo matrimon  
 nium cuius status sacramentum quasi  
 continentiam requirunt etiam hincse  
 delectationis regimine moderari deat /  
 Et narrat in exemplum quoddam  
 pro eo quod illi septim. Vici qui sunt  
 ingulis fide magis paxat concupis  
 ciam quam iuxta matrimonium  
 deceptiois nupsumt vnde post aliam  
 omnes prima nocte a deante asmodio  
 singillatim ingulati interierunt

I O made in this purp  
 Which toucheth to the policy  
 Of chastite in specialle  
 As for conclusion synalle  
 That every luste is to eschide  
 Whose great ensaumples 3 may arguende  
 Hold in wyes a towne of mende  
 That was a mayde & as 3 nede  
 Wanta for hyght & wauelle  
 Her father was & so byfelle  
 Of body to the & of bylage  
 Was none so fayer of the bynaye  
 To seke emonge hem al as she  
 Wherof the tye of the cyte  
 Of lusty folke that couerth hie  
 Assayed them vpon hir hie  
 And agayn hir for to wedde  
 One was which laste spedde  
 And that was more for bysnyng  
 To haue his luste than for weddynge  
 As he was in his brith caste  
 Which hym repented after laste  
 For it fyl the first nyght  
 When he was to the lode dight  
 As he which no thyng god bestideth  
 But al onely his lustes sedith  
 A lode for he was fully warme  
 He toke hir in his arme  
 Asmode a fende of lile  
 And serued as the doctes telle  
 To Empe a man in such a wyse  
 Which wye there & if the emperye  
 Which he hath set in such delpe  
 He ungeth than in such a pyle  
 That he his necke hath wronge a lile  
 This yonge wyf was thus the  
 Which wye no thyng what it mente  
 And netheresse yet thus it wente  
 Not onely of this first may  
 But after this thre began  
 By other of hir custodes  
 Asmode his tole in to his hondes  
 So that they al a lode wren  
 When 3 they hande to ward hir byden

thought for the talbe of marriage  
 But for that ylle fyringe  
 In which they wyl the talbe eynde  
 For who that wyl take he de  
 What after fyl in this matre  
 That myght he wel the sothe lre  
 When he was wedded to the bye  
 And mychel in company  
 He taught hym how to be honeste  
 Asmode wan nought at the lre seke  
 And yet the bye his wylde lre  
 For he his luste so goddely lade  
 That bothe talbe & lre is serued  
 Wherof he hath hym self perserued  
 That he fyl not in the sentence  
 O which another eyndene  
 Of this ensaumples a man may see  
 That when bysnyng degre  
 Of marriage may forsuey  
 Wel ought than in other lre  
 Of lust to be the better aduysed  
 For god the talbe hath assayed  
 As wel to reton as to lre  
 But he the lre wold bynde  
 Onely to talbes of nature  
 But to the mannes creature  
 God gaue hym reton forth with a lre  
 Wherof that he nature shoulde  
 vpon the causes mode lre  
 That he shal do no lecherie  
 And yet he shal his lustes lre  
 So ten the talbes bothe saue  
 And every thyng put out of sclaudre  
 As which to lre alisannere  
 The wylle physyphos lre  
 When he his first lre caught  
 Not onely vpon chastite  
 But onely vpon al honeste  
 Wherof a lre hym self may taste  
 How trwe how large iust & chaste  
 Hym ought of reton for to be  
 Forthwith the lre of pyle  
 Though which thonke deserue  
 Toward his god that he perserue

Liber septimus

Hym & his pplr al in welthe  
Of his richesse & nour & helpe  
Here in this world & ellis wher e he  
My sone as he tofore speke  
In swiste so as thou me saydest  
And for thyne ese as thou me perdest  
Thy kerethrolles for to disse  
That y the world take & wisse  
The forme of aristotiles ke  
I haue it sayde & somde more  
Of othre ensaumpls for to assaye  
Yf y thy poyntes myght alaye  
Thorough ony thyng that I can say  
Do weye my fader y pou praye  
Of that ye haue to me tolde  
I thanke you a thousand folde  
The tales founden in myn ere  
But yet my herte is elys wher  
I may my self not reserue  
That I nam enei in lues pyne  
Suche herte coude I neuer gete  
Whiche myght make me forye  
O poynte but yf so were I slepe  
That y my tydes ay ne lepe  
To thynke on loue & on his talbe  
That herte can y not withdeale  
For thy my good fader dre  
Leue & speke of my matre  
Touchyng of lous as he begonne  
Yf that ther be ought ouer tonne  
Or ought forpette or leste beynne  
Whiche falleth into lues kynde  
Wherof it nedeth to be shryue  
Now ayeth so that whyle y lyue  
I myght amende that is amys  
My good dety sone pis  
Thy shryfte for to make pleyne  
There is yet nomore for to sayne  
Of lue which is vnadysce  
But for thou shalt be wel adysce  
Onto thy shryfte as it speketh  
A poynte which vpon lue longeth  
And is the laste of al the  
I wyl the stowe and than so

Explicit Liber septimus

Incipit Liber octauus

Que fauet ad Vicium Venus he mor  
do regula coufert / Nec non eantur  
qui doct ordo placet / Caus amor  
dudum non diu sua lumina cepit /  
Quo Venus impetit uenia fallit iter

p O si quam ad instantiam amantis  
confessi confesser Serius sup this etie  
aristotiles regem Alexandrum edocant  
Una cum aliam cronicali exemplis  
seriose tractauit Jam Ultimo in isto ec  
cuso volumine ad confessionem in amo  
ris causa regrediens tractatur & ponit  
supr hec qd non illi permordia natu  
re ad habitum voluptuose consequentes  
nullo humane rationis arbitrio sen eci  
clis legum impetione a suis exassi  
luis debite reseruantur Unde quatinus  
amorem contraxit amantis consuetudis  
pro finali sui confessionis materia ges  
nius rimari conatur



The myghty god which vntogon  
 Standa of hym self & hath begon  
 At other thynges at his wyll  
 The brayn to lyste to fulfill  
 Of al the ioye wher as he  
 Opt entowyned in his se  
 And hath his aungels hym to serue  
 Such as hym lyfeth to persue  
 So that he not forny  
 Out luyfer to put alwey  
 With al the wite apostasyed  
 Which ben to hym alwey  
 Which out of drem in to falle  
 From aungels in to fendes falle  
 Wher that ther nys no ioye of light  
 Out derke as ony nyght  
 The paynes schal be endlesse  
 And yet of paynes nethelisse  
 Ther is plenty but they ben blasse  
 Wherof no speght may be take  
 Thus whan the thynges ben by falle  
 That luyfers couste was falle  
 Wher derke wyte dem hath conuered  
 A none forthwith it was puruered  
 Thowgh hym which al thynges may  
 He made adam the first day  
 In paradys & to his make  
 Euen lyfeth one also to make  
 And hude dem cur & multiplye  
 For of the mannes progeny  
 Which of the woman schal be bore  
 The nuber of aungels which was ben  
 Whan they out fro the blisse falle  
 He thought to restore & falle  
 In luyfer thyllke holy place  
 Which stode the wyte vpon his grace  
 But as it is wel wyte & knowe  
 Adam & eue but a thowde  
 So as it shold of dem luyte  
 In paradys at thyllke tyde  
 He dyctat & the must wyte  
 As wyte in the booke of genesys  
 As who so al may haue luyte  
 Hald uphald the fery liberte

In honde toke & droue hem out  
 To gett her lyues foode about  
 Upon this wooful erthe her  
 Methodre saith to this matre  
 As he by emulacion  
 It had vpon a dyspon  
 Hald that adam & eue also  
 Wyteynes comen to the lybo  
 In to the world & were assained  
 Tyl that nature hem hath reclaimed  
 To luyte & taught hem thyllke luyte  
 That first they luyte & ouernore  
 They done that is to luyte delbe  
 Wherof they had fary yssue  
 A sone was the first of alle  
 Caym by name they hym calle  
 A luyte was after the seconde  
 And in the geste as it is fonde  
 Nature so the cause ladde  
 Elbo doughters Eue had  
 The first cleped mahoma  
 Was / & that other delbe  
 Thus was mankynde to begynne  
 For thy that tyme it was no synne  
 The fuster for to take her sower  
 Whan that ther was of choper none  
 ether / To caym was mahoma bytake  
 And delbe hath a luyte take  
 Of whom was gett nethelisse  
 The worldes first entres  
 May sayn that new hath no luyte  
 And so it was by thyllke dalbe  
 And laste vnto the second age  
 Tyl that the great watr rage  
 Of noe which was said the fode  
 The world which than in synne stode  
 Hath darynt out take lyues eyght  
 Tho was mankynde of hyl luyte  
 hem Cam Japhet of these thy  
 That ben the sones of noe  
 The world of mannes nacion  
 In to multiplication  
 Was the restorid nelye ageyn  
 So ferforth as the booke segyn

That of hem & of der yssue  
 Ther was so large a trybune  
 Of nacpous seuentie & two  
 In sondry places ech one of tho  
 The wyde world; hure enshyd  
 But as nature hath than excedyd  
 They toke than hyl & de  
 The broder to the sister yede  
 To wedde wyues tyl it came  
 In to the tyme of abraham  
 When the thirde age was bygonne  
 That next it was ouer wonne  
 For ther was peple ynough in londe  
 Thanne after fyrst it came to hunde  
 That systerhode of mariage  
 Was turned; in to cosynage  
 So after that the right tyme  
 The cosyn wedded; the cosyne  
 For abraham or that he dyed  
 The charge vpon his seruauant lye  
 To hym in this wyse spake  
 That he his sone ysack  
 Do wedde for no worldes good  
 But onely to his oibne lode  
 Wherof the seruauant as he hadde  
 When he was dede his sone hath ladde  
 To hathuel wher he wleche  
 Hath wedded; with the wyght necke  
 For six wyse wel & syght  
 Was to the chylde cosyn nyght  
 And thus as abraham taught  
 When ysack was god; bytaught  
 His sone iacob dyd also  
 And of lalam the doughters two  
 Which was his eme he toke to wyse  
 And gafe vpon hem in his lyse  
 Of his fyrst which hyght by  
 Spy sones of his progeny  
 And of rachel two sones the  
 The amenaunt was for to seke  
 That is to sayn of four moo  
 Wherof he gafe on lala two  
 And of yelpha he had; eke thre  
 And these thre be as I the sty

Thorough the prouydence of god hym  
 self; Ben said the patriarches twelf  
 Of whome as aforelaid; byfelle  
 The tribus itself of ysrael  
 Engendered were & by the same  
 That of lalam the hidden name  
 Which of spurd in alpaunt  
 For curt kepte the lalam  
 Most continually tyl crys was lene  
 But afterward it was foken  
 Emonge so that by baptysed  
 For of the latre anonnyed  
 The pope hath lode to the men  
 That none shal werten of his lye  
 He the second; ne of the thre  
 But if holy church it byde  
 So to wsterne mariage  
 Ther ten yet vpon lures tace  
 Ful many of such nold a day  
 That taken wher they take may  
 For lare of which is vntesyn  
 Of al wsen as men sayn  
 Thorough sothe & thorough nyght  
 Of his voluptuosity  
 He spawth no condycion  
 Of kynne ne of allygon  
 But as a cock emonge the hennes  
 Or as a stakon in the fennes  
 Which goes emonge al the stode  
 Right so can he nomet good  
 But taketh what cometh next to hede  
 My sone thou shalt vnderstande  
 That such dysyte is for to lene  
 For thy ps thou hast by the same  
 To lare in ony such manere  
 Telle forth therof & shypus the lare  
 My fader naz god; wote the sothe  
 My fader is not of such a lode  
 So wyde a man yet was I neuer  
 That of my kynne or lene or leuer  
 Me lust lene in such a wyse  
 I nold eke for what empyse  
 I shold affore vpon a nome  
 For though I had his lare wonne

It myght in to no prync amounte  
 So therof set I none accounte  
 Ye may wel saye of this & that  
 But forsoke for to telle plat  
 In al this worldy there is but one  
 The which my herte hath outgone  
 I am toward al other far  
 For wel my soule now I see  
 The word stonde euer vpon a place  
 But yet therof thou hast a grace  
 That though the myght so wel excuse  
 Of hure such as somme may vse  
 So as I spake of now before  
 For al such tyme of hure is here  
 And lyke vnto the bytter swete  
 For though it thynde a ma first swete  
 He shal wel felen after laste  
 Thus it is soure & may not taste  
 For as a mortal enuynmede  
 So hath such hure his lust mynmede  
 And geue ensamples many one  
 A man may fynde thereupon

Hic loquitur contra istos quos  
 mis sui desiderij feruore inflammari  
 ita inastuosos efficit ut neque proprijs  
 foronibus parant Et narrat exemplum  
 qualiter pro eo qd; Capus Cadigula  
 tres forores suas Virgines coitu illicito  
 oppressit & deus tanti sceleris peccatum  
 impium non ferens ipsum non solum  
 ab impio sed a vita iusticia vindice  
 perdidit / Narrat etiam aliud exem-  
 plum super eodem qualiter amon filius  
 dauid facti amoris concupiscentiam  
 perueniens fororem suam thamar a sue  
 Virginitatis pudicia inuitam deflorauit  
 ut propter qd; et ipse a fratre suo ab-  
 soluit postea interfecit peccatum sue  
 mortis poena inuitus occidit

I come first of the bygn  
 Ther shal I fynde hold of this bygn  
 An emperour was for to blame  
 Capus Cadigula by name  
 Which of his olde sisters thre  
 Wyfte the byrgyn pr  
 And when he had hem so forloyn  
 As he which was al byllyn  
 He dyd hem out of hys eygh  
 But afterward within a wygh  
 God hath byreste hym in his pr  
 His lyf & eke his large empyre  
 And thus for byllyn of a thowbe  
 For euer his hure was ouerthowbe  
 Of this soth also I fynde  
 Amon his suster ageyn bynde  
 Which byght thamar he forloyn  
 But he that lust another day  
 Abought when that absohn  
 His olde broder there vpon  
 Of that he had his suster thence  
 Telle of that synne byngement  
 And slewe hym with his olde hond  
 And thus the byngende byllyn fond

Hic narrat qualiter lxx duas filias  
 suas ipsa concubinentibus carnali copu-  
 la cognouit duos que ex eis filios sci-  
 licet moab & Amon progeniuit quorum  
 postea generacio parua & exasperante  
 centis populum dei in terra saltim  
 promissionis vario grauamine qua  
 sepius insultabat

a No for to see more of this thyng  
 The byble maketh knowlechynge  
 Wherof thou myght take eydenre  
 Upon the soth experienre  
 When lottes wyf was outegone  
 And stipe vnto the salt stene  
 As it is spoke vnto this day  
 By lottes his daughters than he lay  
 With chylde he made hem lottes grete  
 A ;



Tyl that nature hold him let  
 And so the cause aboute laddes  
 That eche of hem a sone hadde  
 In oas the first & the second  
 Among of which as it is fonde  
 Came afterward to grete encure  
 Two nations & nether  
 For that the stockes were not good  
 The fauourers myght not be good  
 For of the false moalytes  
 Forthwith the strengthe of amonytes  
 Of that they were first myghte  
 The pyle of god was othe vpside  
 In Israel and in Jude  
 As in the bible a man may see  
 So thus my sone as I the say  
 Thou myght thy self be say  
 Of that thou hast of other herde  
 For euer yet it hath so ferde  
 Of lues lust yf so byfalle  
 That it in other places falle  
 Than it is of the salbe set  
 He which his lue hath so byfalle  
 More afterward repente it sore  
 And every man is other here  
 Of that byfel in tyme or this  
 The present tyme which now is  
 May be enformed how it stode  
 And take that hym thynke good  
 And leue that which is not so  
 But for to like of tyme a goo  
 How lust of lue excedeth salbe  
 It ought for to be withdralbe  
 For every man it shold drede  
 And namelyste in his syde  
 Which turneth othe to vengeaunce  
 What of a tale in remembraunce  
 Which is a longe proasse to her  
 I thynke for to telle her

Omnis est communis amor sed  
 et immoderatus / Qui facit exassus  
 non reputatur amans / - Sors tamen

Unde Venus attendat verba videtur /  
 Omne rationis erunt non ratione sunt  
 Sic loquitur adhuc contra iustitiam  
 eos amantem veritas / Et narrat  
 mirabile exemplum de magno rege  
 antiocho qui vxore mortua septuaginta  
 filiam violauit et quia filie matrimo-  
 nium pnes elios in pedit soluit tale  
 ab eo egit edictum quod si quis eam  
 in vxorem parit nisi quoddam proble-  
 ma questionis quam ipse rex proposu-  
 erat vincta solueret capitali sententia  
 puniretur super quo veniens eadem dis-  
 certus iuuenis princeps tui appolinus  
 questionem soluit / Nec tamen fili-  
 am vxorem petuit sed rex indignatus  
 ipsum propter hoc in mortis odium re-  
 collegit / Unde appolinus a facie re-  
 gis fugiens quamprimum prout inferus  
 us intulatur propter amorem peri-  
 cula passus est

s If a crowpe in dayes gone  
 The which is clippyd pantaone  
 In lues cause I re thus  
 Hold that the grete antiochus  
 Of whom that antioch took  
 His first name as saith the booke  
 Was crouplede to a noble quene  
 And had a daughter item bybent  
 But which fortune came to bynde  
 That wile which no kyng may with-  
 stonde / But every yf it more oky  
 This worthy quene toke away  
 The kyng which made moche mone  
 Tho stode as who saith hym allone  
 Without wyf but netherles  
 His daughter which was perches  
 Of helbre dwelle aboute hym styll  
 But when a man hath dwelt at wyf  
 The flesshe is fweel & fullen othe  
 And that this maye tender & softe  
 Which in hir faders chamber dwelleth  
 Within a tyme wyf & felle

For loking of conseruance  
Withouten insight of conseruance  
The father so with lustre blent  
That he wote at his entente  
His owne daughter for to speke  
The long hath byge at his wyke  
With strengthe & when he tyme seyn  
The yonge mayden he forkeyn  
And she was tender & ful of dore  
She coude not hir maydenhode  
Defende / & thus she hath forlore  
The schour which she hath longe bore  
It helpeith not though she wepe  
For they that holden hir body kepe  
Of wymmen were absent as than  
And thus this mayden goeth to man  
The wyke father thus deuoueth  
His owne flesch which none secoureth  
And that was cause of moche care  
But after this dukyns fare  
Out of the chamber goeth the kynge  
And she lare seyl & of that thyng  
Within hir self such sorow made  
That was nougt that myght hir glade  
For fere of thyghe horrible byer  
With that came in the noyze  
Which two chylchode hir body kepte  
And ayed hir yf she had kepte  
And why hir chere was Englad  
But she which hath be ouer lady  
Of that she myght not be werke  
For shame wote banethys speke  
And netheffe meete she payde  
With weppynge eye & thus she sayde  
It was my suster wel alway  
That euer I salbe this ylle day  
Tyng which my body first begat  
In to this world onelych that  
My wordes worship hath byge  
With that she stoutheith nold & offe  
And euer wiffeth after deth  
So that weyn she locketh deth  
That ether which hir wordes lere  
In comfortyng of hir answere

To lette hir fathers soule desyre  
She wyte no recourte  
When thyng is do ther is no do  
So suffer they that suffer more  
That was none other which hym wist  
So hath his kynge al that he lyst  
Of his loking & of his pleasure  
And last in such a conseruance  
And such wyte he toke there in  
Hym thought it was no syn  
And she durst hym no thyng withsey  
But fame which goeth euery wey  
To sende to games aboute  
The grete belbe allek out  
Of such a mappe of hye payge  
So that for hure of mariage  
The worthy prynces come & sende  
As they which al honoure wende  
And sheld no thyng hold that it stode  
The father when he vnderstode  
That they his daughter thus bysought  
With al his wyte he wote & sought  
Held that he myght fynde a lette  
And such a statute thence he sette  
And in this wyse his salbe togeth  
That what man his daughter ageth  
But he coude his questyon  
Assyle vpon suggestyon  
Of ardyn thynges that byfelle  
The which he wold vnto hem telle  
He shold in ardyn lete his lere  
And thus there were many dore  
Her lere stondyng on the gate  
Tyl att laste lere & late  
For lacke of answer in the wyse  
The remaunde that wote wyse

De aduentu apollini in aulio  
etiam Vbi ipse fiam regis antioche  
in dyotem postulauit

Eschibedyn to make assay

Tyl it befel Upon a day  
 Apollynus the prymer of tyme  
 Which hath to haue a grete desyre  
 As he which in his hygh mode  
 Was lpyng of his herte to  
 A yonge a fresshe a lusty knyght  
 As he lay musyng on a nyght  
 Of the tyepryng which he had  
 He thought to assay how that it ferde  
 He was with worthy companye  
 A wyrd & with good name  
 To shyp & goeth the wynde hym drys  
 ueth / And sailerth tyl that he arriueth  
 Hauke in the port of antioche  
 He knoweth & goeth to apperche  
 The kynges court & his presence  
 Of euery natural science  
 Which ony clerke hym coude teche  
 He coude ynough & in his speche  
 Of wordes he was eloquent  
 And when he salte the kyng present  
 He prayeth he wylt his daughter haue  
 & he kyng ageyn began to craue  
 And he lde hym the condycyon  
 Felle first vnto his questyon  
 He mote answer & saye nought  
 Or with his frend it shal be bought

Questio regis antiochi salerni  
 materna carne viscor quere patrem me  
 um matris mee vici dyotis mee fili

a And he hym ageth what it was  
 The kyng declarerth hym the cause  
 With sterne look & sterdy chere  
 To hym & said in this manere  
 With felowye I am by lorn  
 I etc & haue it not fordon  
 My moderis flessh whos euylondy  
 My fatir for to seeke I fonde

Which is the sene esse of my wyf  
 How I am inquysytyf  
 And who that can my tale saue  
 Al quyt he shal my daughter haue  
 Of his answer yf he saye  
 He shal be dede without fayle  
 For thy my sone ad the kyng  
 He wel aduysed of this thyng  
 Which hath & yf in Jecpartye  
 Apollynus for his partye  
 When he is curyson hody & rde  
 Conde the kyng & hath answerde  
 And hath wrode one & one  
 The popndre & said thet pon  
 The questyon which thou hast speke  
 Yf thou wylt that it be Enk he  
 It toucheth al the prynces  
 Welthpge thy n elone childe & the  
 And stonde al Upon pouthe  
 The kyng was wonder fornytho  
 And theup yf that he said it oute  
 Thenne wete he shamedy al aboute  
 With fly wordes & with felle  
 He said my sone I shal the telle  
 Thugh thou be spall of wyte  
 It is no menagele as yet  
 Thyn aye may it not suffyse  
 But he wel thou not despyse  
 Thyn elone lpf for of my grace  
 Of thyrty dayes ful of space  
 I graunte it to thy aduysed  
 And it us with lue geyme assyde  
 This ponce prymer forth he wende  
 And Understood wel what it mente  
 Within his herte as he was lorde  
 That for to make hym afrede  
 The kyng his tyme hath so deloyde  
 Wherof he tnd & was amayde  
 Of trefon that he tye shold  
 For he the kyng treuth tolde  
 And soderly the nyght tye  
 The more he wold he not aspre  
 At trefus his lurge he hnd  
 And home ageyn to tye he wende



And in his othre witte he sayde  
 For verie yf he the kyng belouyde  
 He shoulde so wel the kynges herte  
 That with ne shold he aserue  
 The kyng wold hym so please  
 But he that wold his wyl of chauce  
 And lene at this tyme the honde  
 Forsake he thought his owne herte  
 For then wold he not abyde  
 For wel he kene on somme spede  
 This tyrant of his feyns  
 By somme maner of trecherye  
 To geue his body wyl not lye  
 For the wyl ouer takyng lye  
 As prynces doo myght  
 He goeth to the see by nyght  
 In shippes that ben with wylde ladey  
 Her take wyl the they maken  
 And salde the sail & forth they fare  
 But for to telle of the care  
 That they of tyme began the  
 When that they wylt it was agoo  
 It is a pite for to see  
 They lye lye they lye chere  
 They took upon hem such penaunce  
 That was no songe ther was no daunce  
 But every myghte & melodye  
 To them was thenne a maladye  
 For lacke of that auenture  
 Ther was no man which wold consure  
 In veridul chaces they them chace  
 The lasses & the stedes wylde  
 They shet in by every wynde  
 Ther was no lye which lye to playe  
 He take of ouer lye lye  
 But for his herte lye to lye  
 And every myghte lye as he couthe  
 Also the lassy floure of pouthe  
 Our pryncer our lye our gouernour  
 Though whom he standen in honoure  
 Without the anyme assent  
 Thus lye lye is from the went  
 Such was the clamour of lye alle  
 But see now what is lye alle

Qualiter thaliartus miles de  
 apollinum veneno intoxicatus ab anti-  
 och in tium missus ipse ibidem non  
 inuenit antiochiam rediit  
 B yon the first tale playn  
 And thene lye thence agayn  
 Antiochus the grete spere  
 Which ful of pyn & of pite  
 His herte lye so as he lye  
 Of that this pryncer of tyme answerte  
 He had a felowe lye  
 Which was his pryncer auncle  
 And thaliart by name he lye  
 The kyng a strong pyn lye  
 Within a lye & golde lye  
 In al haste & lye hym goo  
 Stamp & lye tyme & for to lye  
 He spore tye he lye lye  
 The pryncer which he wold lye  
 And lye & kyng lye lye his lye  
 This lye in a lye  
 With al haste he lye his lye  
 The lye was good / they lye  
 lye / tye he lye lye lye lye  
 Of tye & forth lye al anone  
 In to the lye he gan to lye  
 And lye his lye & lye a lye  
 But for he wold not be lye  
 Dye lye thenne he goeth lye oute  
 He lye the lye lye al lye  
 And lye what the lye was  
 And lye lye lye al the lye  
 Lye lye the pryncer was goo  
 And lye he lye that it was so  
 And that his lye was in lye  
 Anone he lye lye agayn  
 And to the kyng lye he came lye  
 He lye lye that he lye lye  
 Lye that the pryncer of tye was lye  
 So was he lye lye lye  
 The kyng was lye for a lye  
 But lye he lye that lye no lye  
 He lye lye his lye  
 He lye lye lye & lye lye lye  
 A

Quahter apollinus in portu tharsis  
apphauit vbi in hospicio cuiusda mag  
ni viri nomine strangulonis hospiti  
tus est

8 Not ouer this now for to telle  
Of aduentures that byfelle  
Unto this prynter of whom I tolde  
He hath his right cours forth holve  
By stone & nedyl tyl he came  
To tharse & there kende he name  
A burgeys ryche of golde & fee  
Was thepke tyme in that cyte  
Which elyde was strangulys  
His wyf was dponys also  
This ponge prynter as sayth the booke  
With hym his lrebagage took  
And it befel that cyte so  
Before tyme & thenne also  
Though stronge fampn which he lad  
Was none that ony wete had  
A pollinus when that he herde  
The myschyf how that the cyte fere  
Al felyde of his owne gyfte  
His wete emonge hem for to shewe  
The which by shyp he had brought  
He poue & toke of hem right nought  
Wnt sythen fyrst this worldy began  
Was neuer yet to such a man  
More ioye made than they hym made  
For they were al of hym so glade  
That they for euer in remembraunce  
Made a fygure in resembelaunce  
Of hym & in comyn place  
They set it vp so that his face  
Myght euery maner man beholde  
So that the cyte was beholde  
It was of lacy our gyfte  
Thus was his face nougt spelt

Quahter bellianus cuius fin tharsim  
veniens apollinum de insidijs anthios  
chi perminuit

9 Don a dog with a route  
This led to pleye goeth hym oute  
And on his wyf of tye he mette  
A man which on knere hym gette  
And kallian by name he byge  
Which purged his led to hane inspyt  
Upon hym self & said hym thus  
Holv that the gude antiochus  
Alwytht yf that he myght hym speke  
That other thought & helde hym speke  
And thanked hym of his warnyng  
And lud hym alle for no thyng  
When he to tye came home ager  
That he in tharse hym had sern

Quahter apollinus portu tharsis reli  
quens cum ipse pri mar nauigio seu  
riorem quesuit superueniente tempore  
sua nauis cum omnibus perierat ipsum  
solum in eadem continet iuxta penta  
polim periculatur

f Ordune hath euer he mualde  
And may no whyte stonde stille  
For now it speth & now it kildeth  
Now stait vp right now overthowdeth  
Now ful of blisse now ful of hate  
For now as in trespynge of my tale  
Here afterward a man may lere  
Which is gude wylle for to lere  
This led which wold done his lere  
Within hym self hath lpett wse  
And thougt he wold his place chaunge  
And seke a contr more strunge  
Of tharsyne his lue anone  
He toke & is to shyp gone  
His cours he name with sayle vp  
dualde/ When as fortune doth s lalbe  
And shildeth as I sint redere  
Holv se was to the ledy dyuere  
The which upon the see se fertheth  
The wynde amos the water dertheth

It shalbe & made such a tempeste  
 That none anker myght the shyp arrest  
 Which hath broken al his gear  
 The shypmen stood in such a fear  
 Was none that myght lasten  
 But ever alwaye vpon the last  
 When þ they shold drenchen al atones  
 Ther was enough within the wones  
 Of wepyng & of sorowe tho  
 The ponge lynn maketh moche woo  
 For to see the shyp tannaple  
 But al that myght no thyng amaple  
 The mast to baste the seple to rof  
 The shyp vpon the walles droof  
 Tyl that they see the landes aste  
 Tho made a volbe lyste andy mozte  
 By that they myghten come a londe  
 But he which hath the see on honde  
 Neptunus wold not accord  
 But he al to baste cable & corde  
 Or they to londe myght appoche  
 The shyp to claue vpon a roche  
 And al goeth down in to the dyp  
 But he which al thyng may styx  
 Wnto this lorde was mercaple  
 And brought hym saue vpon a tassel  
 Which to the londe hath hym lere  
 The remenaunce was al forker  
 Therof he made moche mone  
 Thus was this ponge lorde allone

Quaſter apollinus nudus super  
 stius iactulatur Hi quidam pifator  
 ipsum collobio suo vſiens ad vſum  
 pentapolum dirigit

a I naked in a pourre pyle  
 His colour which was whygham whygh  
 Was than of water fide & pale  
 Andy eke he was so fere a cale  
 That he hym self wylt of no tole  
 It helpe no thyng for to mote

To gete agerz that he hath lere  
 Which he that hath his deth forfore  
 Fortune though he wold not yere  
 Al sodenly hath sente hym heere  
 When hym thought al quare albere  
 Ther came a pysser in the lere  
 And saide there a naked man stonde  
 And when that he hath vnderſonde  
 The cause of hym he hath grete wouthe  
 And onely of his y lber trouthe  
 Of such clothes as he hadde  
 With grete pyte this lorde he cladde  
 And he hym thonketh as he sholde  
 And saith hym that it shold be holde  
 If euer he gete his state agerz  
 And payeth that he wold seyn  
 Pf nyght were ony tolbne for hym  
 He sayd y pentapoly m  
 Where tothe kyng & quene dwelken  
 This tale lere he tellyn  
 He gladeth hym andy gan lesche  
 That he the lere hym wold tere  
 And he hym taughte & forth he wente  
 And to god with goody entente  
 To sende hym iore after his sorowe  
 It is not passed yet mydmorelbe

Quaſter apollinus pentapolim adue  
 nient ludus a giguasij p vſum  
 pub  
 lic proclamatus est

i Han thederward his lere he nam  
 Where sone vpon the none he came  
 He ete such as he myght ge he  
 And anone forth as he hady ete  
 He goeth to see the tolbne aboute  
 And came there as he fonde a ronte  
 Of ponge linte man with alle  
 And as it shold tho byfalle  
 That day was set of such affe  
 That they shold in the landes gese  
 As he lere of the wile seyn  
 Her comune game thenne pleye  
 And cryed was that they shold come



# Edw Octavus

Bothe to the game al & somme  
 Of hem that ben delyned & wyght  
 To do such masterye as they myght  
 They made hem naked as they shold  
 For so that ylle game wold  
 And it was the custome & the use  
 Amonges hem was none refuse  
 The skour of al the towne was there  
 And of the court also there were  
 And that was in a large place  
 Rpyght even before the kynges face  
 Which artystes thence myght  
 The playe was playd right in his sight  
 And who moke worship was of dede  
 Recyue he shold his mede  
 And in the eye here a praye  
 Apolynus which was bare & wyse  
 Of every game he coude an ende  
 He thought to assay who so it wende

Quasiater apollinus ludum gigna  
 In Vincens in aula regis ad anam ho  
 norific receptus est

a No syle emonge hem Into game  
 And wan hym there such a name  
 So as the kyng hym self accounteth  
 That he al other may surmounteth  
 And bare the praye above hem alle  
 The kyng had that in to his halle  
 At souper tyme he shal be brought  
 And he came than & left it nought  
 Without companie allone  
 Was none so semely a persone  
 Of bysage & of lymmes bothe  
 If that he had what to clothe  
 At souper tyme nethelless  
 The kyng amydde al the preste  
 Lett clepe hem by emonge hem alle  
 And had his marshal of his halle  
 To sette hym in such degre  
 That he vpon hym myght see  
 The kyng was sone sette and served

And he which hath his prest assured  
 After the kynges olde word  
 Was made byen a myddel hord  
 That bothe kyng & quene hym sy  
 He sette & cast aboute his eye  
 And salde the hordes in estate  
 He with hym self woge in dede  
 Thynkyng what he had hem  
 And such a sowde he tolde therfore  
 That he saide ever sylle & thought  
 As he which of no mete cougth

Quasiater apollinus in ana reum  
 hno nichil comedit set doluoso vultu  
 capite maxime ingemescat qui tan  
 dem a filia regis confortatus ceterum  
 plectens cunctis audientibus ceterum  
 do vltim modum complacuit

i De kyng behelde his knyghtesse  
 And of his grete gentylnesse  
 His doughter which was fayr and  
 good/ And atte hord byfow hym stode  
 As it was the tyme blage  
 He had to goo on his message  
 And fonde to make hym glode  
 And she dyd as hir fader hode  
 And goeth to hym the sefte pass  
 And sayeth when & what he was  
 And prayeth he shold his thoughtes true  
 He saith madame by your true  
 My name is hie apolynus  
 And of my tress it is thus  
 Upon the see I haue it her  
 The contrer where as I was how  
 Where that my hnde is & my tress  
 I left at tyme when that I wende  
 The worship them of which I ought  
 Unto the god I them brought  
 And thus to gyde as they speke  
 The treis wanne down by his chere  
 The kyng which tolde themof good here

Daye grete ppe to see hym there  
 And forth his daughter sende agerh  
 And prynced hir faye & gan to sayn  
 That she wolde no longer drede  
 Out that he wolde anone forth fete  
 Hir harp & done al that she can  
 To glade with that fory man  
 And so to done hir fairs taste  
 Hir harp fete & in the fete  
 Upon a chynge which they fete  
 Her self nexte to this man she fete  
 With harp boche & eke with molthe  
 To hym she dyde al that she coude  
 To make hym chere & euer to syghthe  
 And so hym agerh toly hym lyketh  
 Madame arrete wel he sayde  
 What yf ye the mesure playde  
 Which yf pou list I that pou list  
 It were a gladd thinge for to be  
 A lene fyr sayth she  
 Take the harp & let me see  
 Of what mesure that ye mene  
 The pryncer the kyng & the queene  
 Forthwith the lorde al arde  
 That he somme myche wolde stelde  
 And taketh the harp & in his wyse  
 He tuncith & of such affe  
 Springyng he harpith forth with alle  
 That as a boye wille alle  
 Her thought it folowed in her hert  
 As though it an aungel were  
 They gladen of his melodye  
 Out melle of al the companye  
 The kynges daughter which it orde  
 And thowt eke and that he answeide  
 When that it was of his appoyde  
 Within her hert hath wel supposid  
 That he his grette gentylnesse  
 His dres ben therof wyntesse  
 Forthwith the wyfdom of his hert  
 It nedeth not to fete more  
 He myght not haue such maner  
 Of gentyl shode: Cut yf he were  
 When he hath harpith al his fete

The kynges lere to fulfelle  
 Awey goeth dyffre alwey goeth awy  
 Down goeth & forde the chert was by  
 They ryse & goon out of herte  
 The kyng his chamberleyn let calle  
 And sayd that he by al weye  
 A chamber for this man purche  
 Which myght his olde chamber be  
 It shal be to my lord & god be

Qualiter apollinus cum rege pro  
 filia sua erudienda tentus est

a Apollinus of whom I mene  
 Tho toke his leue of kyng & queene  
 And of the worthy mayde also  
 Which prayde vnto his fader tho  
 That she myght with the ponge man  
 Of the sciences whiche he can  
 His hert haue in this wyse  
 The kyng his garrantith hir apprise  
 So that hym self thereto assent  
 Thus was accorded or they went  
 That he with al that cuer he may  
 This ponge faye tresser may  
 Of that he coude shold enforme  
 And ful assented in this forme

Qualiter filia regis apollinum  
 ornato apparatu vestiri fecit / Et ipse  
 ad puellae doctrinam in quam pluribz  
 familiariter intrabat / Unde placita  
 puella in amorem apollini egardens  
 infirmabatur

t Ap toke leue ad for that myght  
 And when it was on mowth night  
 Vnto this ponge man of tye  
 Of chokes and of good attyre  
 With golde & splur for to spende  
 This worthy ponge lady sende

Libr Octauus

And thus she made hym wel at ease  
 And he with al that he can please  
 Hir serueth wel & fast ager  
 He taughte hir tyl she was warden  
 Of body of cytolle & of toke  
 With many a felow & many a noke  
 Upon mypque Upon mesure  
 And of his body the temprure  
 He taughte hir wel as he wel couthe  
 But as men sayn that fute is pouthe  
 With let & contynuaunce  
 This mayde fyl Upon a chaunce  
 That loue hath made hym a quarele  
 Agaynst pongthe fressh & fute  
 That mangre wheder she wyl or nouyl  
 She mote with al her hertes thought  
 To loue & to his loue obeye  
 And that she shal ful ferre obeye  
 For she wote not what it is  
 But euer emonge she feleth this  
 Toldehyng this man of tye  
 Hir herte is hote as ony fyre  
 And other whylle it is a cale  
 Now is she wedy now is she pale  
 Right after the condycyon  
 Of hir ymagynacyon  
 But euer emonge her thoughtes alle  
 Hir thought what may befall  
 Or that she taughte or that she wepe  
 She wold hir goode name kepe  
 For feir of womannysshe shame  
 But what in earnest & in game  
 She stant for loue in such a playe  
 That she hath leste al appetyte  
 Of mete of drynke of nyghts rest  
 As she that note what is the beste  
 But for to thynke al hir fylle  
 She holde hir ofte tymes styll  
 Within hir chamber & goeth not out  
 The kyng was of hir lye in doute  
 Which wylt no thynge what it mente  
 But fyl a tyme as he out wente  
 O walke of vrgens sones ther  
 Ther came & fyl to his lene

Qualiter fides filij principum fiam  
 regis singulorum in dyotum hinc sup  
 phenomenon posuimus  
 And eke of him in sondry wyse  
 Wyfought & profert his simple  
 So that he myght his daughter house  
 The kyng which wold hir hower saue  
 Saith she is free & of that speche  
 Tho was no tyme to befele  
 But eke of him to make a lytle  
 He lady & wyte his eldne wyfe  
 His name his fater & his goode  
 And when she wylt holt that it stode  
 And hode her lykes our kyng  
 They shold haue anther ager  
 Of this countre they wote glady  
 And wote as the kyng him lady  
 And euer man his eldne lye  
 In to the kyngs hende lye  
 And he it to his daughter sende  
 And prayde hir for to make an ende  
 And wote ager hir eldne hende  
 Right as she in her herte fende

Qualiter fides regis omnibus alijs  
 relictis apponitur in maritum pri  
 elegit

1 He lykes wen wyl wrynde  
 But she hath al hir houre wrynde  
 And thought & thid was tyme & space  
 To put hir in her fateres grace  
 And wote ager & thus she sayde  
 The shame which is in a mayde  
 With speche dam no. he vnkille  
 But in wrytng it may be spelle  
 So wryte I fater to you thus  
 But yf I houe apolynus  
 Of al this weeld wote so lye  
 I wyl none other man alye  
 And wote yf I of hym saye  
 I wote right wel without saye  
 Pe shal for me be faterles  
 This letter came & ther was prest



Cofore the kyng them as he fode  
 And when that he it vnderfode  
 He paue hem aufwer by e by  
 Out that was do prynces  
 That was of othe counayl wyse  
 They toke the kyng & when hem byse  
 And wente forth vpon theyr weye  
 The kyng wolde not be lere  
 The counayl for no maner tyme  
 Out fuffreth tpe he tyme fe

Qualiter rex & regina in matrimonium  
 fide sue cum apollino consenserunt

And when that he to chamber is come  
 His counayl theris hym nome  
 This man of tyme & lre hym fe  
 The letter & al the prynces  
 The which his daughter to hym fende  
 And he his knee to grounde fende  
 And thowke hym and her also  
 And or they wente thence a lre  
 With good herde & goode counge  
 Of ful huse and ful mariage  
 The kyng & he be holt accorded  
 And after when it was wroded  
 Wnto the daughter holt it fode  
 The pefe of al the worldes goode  
 He fode huse mate his halfe so hlype  
 And forth with al the kyng affwiche  
 For he wyl huse his goode assent  
 Hath for the quene his moder fende  
 The quene is comen & when she fode  
 Of this matre holt that is fode  
 He falbe dute he falbe dyse  
 Out of the wold his daughter plese  
 And is theris assented ful  
 Which is a dre wonderfule  
 For no man knolde the fode cas  
 Out he hym self what may he was  
 And nethelisse fe as hym thought  
 His dre to the fode thought  
 That he was come of gentyl fode  
 Dym lacheth but wrodes goode

And as theris is no dyspene  
 For she fode he his faders fode  
 And he was able to gouerne  
 Thus wyl they not the huse lerne  
 Of hym & her in no wyse  
 Out al accorded they deuse

Qualiter apollinus fide regis nup  
 fit et primo nocte cum ea concubens  
 ipsam impregnauit

1 The day of tyme of mariage  
 When huse is hode of cotage  
 Dym thynketh lre or that he fode  
 Out atk lre vnto the dre  
 The tyme is come & in her wyse  
 With grete offryng & sacrefise  
 They wedde & make a grete fete  
 And eury thyng was right & nese  
 Within holt & eke without  
 It was so done that al about  
 Of grete wofshyp & grete noblesse  
 Ther cryed many a man a largesse  
 Wnto the hode hys & hude  
 The lynchys that he ponge & wrode  
 They iuste fere & after daunce  
 The day is goo the nychys chaunce  
 Hath dished al the bright sonne  
 The lode which hath his huse wonne  
 Is goo to bed with his wyf  
 When as they lre a luse lre  
 And that was after somde fene  
 For as they pleyden hem byldene  
 They get a chylde feldene hem lre  
 To whom fere after moche lre

Qualiter ambaffiadores a fide in quos  
 dam nauu pntapolim fmitas modern  
 regis antiochi Apollino nuciauerit

Nolt huse j toke of the spousayles  
 Out for to fere of the meruayles  
 Which of fildard to hem byfelle

It is a wonder for to telle  
 It fel a day they rode out  
 Kyng & quene & al the court  
 To play hem vpon the stonde  
 When as they saw towarde the lande  
 A shyp sayleng of grette atape  
 To knowe what it mene may  
 Tyl it be come they abyde  
 Than salbe they stonde on eury syde  
 Enkyng the stypes lorde to shalbe  
 Of the renoune a reche wylbe  
 They axyd when the shyp is come  
 Iw tye anone answerd somme  
 And ouer this they sayden more  
 The cause is they comen fore  
 Was for to seeke & for to fynde  
 Apollynus which of kynde  
 Dur luge lord & he appereth  
 And of the tale which he tareth  
 He was nylt glad for they hym tolde  
 That for vngedaunce as godd it wolde  
 Antiochus as men may wyte  
 With hys & lychtynng is al to symple  
 His daughter hath the same chaunce  
 So len they lothe in one salaunce  
 For thy our luge lord the the sye  
 In name of al the londe andy pryse  
 That leste al other thyng to done  
 It lyte you to come sone  
 And see your olde luge man  
 With other that len of your len  
 That lychtynng in longng & desyre  
 Tyl ye be come ageyn to tye  
 This tale after the kyng it hndy  
 Pentapoly al ouer it spande  
 There was no ioy for to seeke  
 For eury man it hndy in speche  
 And sayden al of one accorde  
 A worthp kyng shal len our lorde  
 That thougt be first an hupnesse  
 So stape be new to goet gladnesse

Quater apollino am Tyot sua

impugnata a pentapoli vrsus ipsum  
 nauigantibus configit. Vxoris mortis  
 ardoris angustiam in manu filiam  
 que postea thagis uoluntate patris

¶ Thus goeth the tryng our al  
 But newe is myght that newe shal  
 Apollynus his leue took  
 To gode & al that lande lycht  
 With al the pryse kyng & quene  
 That he no longer them abyde  
 The kyng & quene fowld made  
 But yet fowld they them glode  
 Of such thyng as they lorde to  
 And thus lychtynng the lorde & hnd  
 To stape he goeth his lycht nam chylde  
 The which was curi make & myght  
 And wold not trespas hym fow  
 Such lorde was lychtynng hem the  
 Epheonda for her offer  
 Was take which was a noie  
 To wende with this ponge lycht  
 To whom was shap a wooful lycht  
 Within a tyme as it lycht  
 When they were in the se ampe  
 Out of the north they see a cloude  
 The storme amos the wyndes lorde  
 They blen many a doreful blaste  
 The welken was al ouer alle  
 The derle myght the fowne both tender  
 The was a grette amys of londe  
 The more & the the sturcs lorde  
 In blacke chylde they hem chylde  
 Wherof their bright lorde they lycht  
 This ponge lady lycht & lycht  
 To whom no comfort myght amys  
 Of chylde she began to tynnyse  
 When she lay in a walyng chos  
 This wooful lorde fow her amos  
 And that was lorde of our monolde  
 So that in angust & in fowle  
 She was a lychtynng al of lycht  
 And lorde in eury mannes lycht

But methelste for at this tyme  
A mappe chylde was born the

Quaſter apollinus mortem by  
eis sue plangit

Apollinus when he thes kende  
A swelme he hym self ouerthende  
That no man wylde in hym no tye  
And when he wode he said a wylde  
My ioy my lust my desyre  
My welth & my treasurye  
Wylde that I lyue & thou shalt dye  
Do thou fortune I the wyse  
Wylde hast thou do to me the wyse  
A lorde wylde ne wylde thou barre  
That forth with he I myght passe  
My paynes were moche the lasse  
In such wepyng & such crye  
His wylde wylde which laye hym by  
A thousand synes he his lyfe  
Was neuer man that salde ne wylde  
A fowle to his fowle lyfe  
Was euer cunge upon the lyfe  
He fye swelmyng as he that thowt  
His olme wylde which he lufte  
Wylde the goddess al about  
Wylde many a wylde wylde of his  
But such wylde as the wylde  
Herde neuer no mannes eue  
But onely the wylde which he sayde  
The mapster shymman came & prayde  
Wylde other such as ten theryn  
And saye that he may no thynge wylde  
Agayn the wylde but they hym wylde  
He he wylde wylde & take he  
The he by wylde of his nation  
Nephe may no cunse  
Wylde hym self as for to wylde  
The wylde is wylde for the wylde wylde  
As they come yf al about  
The wylde wylde wylde out  
For lorde it is they saye alle  
That it of he so byfalle

Then of thes sholde al fyller  
The kyng which wylde the wylde  
And the wylde the counseyl was fyller  
Wylde agayn his fowle wylde  
Wylde wylde wylde & thus to sepe  
It is al wylde that he sepe

Quaſter suadentibus nauis cor  
pus dyotis sue mortue in quadam ci  
sta plumbo et ferro obſuſa & circumſa  
gata apollinus cum magno thesauro  
vna cu quadam litara sub eius capite  
ſcripta recludi in mari pꝛout fecit

I Am ady he lute one allone  
So wold I not for my persone  
That fel such aduerſite  
But when it may no better be  
Doth thou thus vpon my wylde  
Let make a coſter ſtronge of wylde  
That it be fyme wylde & wylde  
A none was made his coſter fyme  
At wylde brought vnto his wylde  
And when he salde & wylde fonde  
The coſter made & wylde englued  
The wylde wylde was beſelved  
In cloth of golde & lye therein  
And for he wold vnto his wylde  
Upon ſomme coſte a ſepulture  
Wylde his wylde in aduenture  
Of golde & lye ſomme wylde  
And of wylde ſtronge wylde

Copia littere capiti dyotis sue ſuppoſita

Forthwith a letter & said thus  
Kyng of the Apollinus  
Doeth al men to wylde  
That wylde & lute this letter wylde  
That lute without wylde  
Here lute a lute wylde wylde  
And wylde that lute he to fende



For charite take in his mynde  
And do so that she be wille  
With that trefour that she haue  
Thus when the letter was ful spoke  
None they haue the coffer/sicke  
And bounden it with yron faste  
So that it may with walles laste  
And stopen it by such a weye  
That it shal be with in tyme  
So that no water myght it greeue  
And thus in hope & good helpe  
Of that the corpe shal be at rest  
Ther after it ouer borde as blys

Quadragesima: Beoris sue corpe in  
mare proiecto. Tiam relinquens cursu  
suum. Versus tharsim nauigio dolens  
arripuit

The shippes forth on the walles went  
The prynter hath chaunged his entent  
And saith he wyl not come at tyme  
No thence but at his tyme  
So first to saylen into tharse  
The wyndy storme began to farse  
The sonne arseth the wyndes cleweth  
The shryman which be ynde stoweth  
When that he saith the wyndes softe  
Toward tharse his cours he sought

Quadragesima: corpus predicta defuncti  
et super altus apud episcopum quidem  
medicus nomine Cerimon cum adu-  
sus suis discipulis inuenit quod in  
hospitium portans et extra altam ro-  
nis spiritibus vita in ea inuenit isam  
plene sanitati restituit

6 Of nold to my master ager  
To sette as olde bookes sygn  
This dede corpe of which ye kenne

With wynde & water was fette  
Nold he nold them tye after laste  
At exchym the se by caste  
The coffer & of that was ther  
Of gret meruayle nold sygn  
May he who that sith sygn  
That godd wyl same may not sygn  
Nicht as p a rpe was thynke on this  
Then came walking by the seyn  
A worthy clerke & sygn  
And eke a gret p rpe  
Of that hnde the wylst ene  
Which sygn master Cerimon  
The nas of his dyspore forme  
This maister is to the coffer ame  
He wythet her was somethat in  
And hnd hym her it to his ynde  
And goeth tyme self forth with alle  
At that shal felle/felle shalle  
They comen home & tye nought  
This coffer in to his chiller is lwayt  
Which the tye synde felle felle  
But they with tye it hnd tye  
They hnd in wyl as they founde  
A dede dede which was p hnd  
In chnd of gold as I said en  
The trefour eke they founde tye  
Foun with the letter which they wde  
And tho they token letter hnd  
Consolled was the dede foun  
And he tye at hnd tye hnd was to hnd  
This nolle clerke with al hnd  
Began the sygn for a tye  
And saith his age was of ynde  
And with the trefour which he wde  
He sought & foun a sygn of tye  
With that this worthy sygn wyl  
Foun tye they token tye  
And maren tye at adu-  
The sygn her in a couch felle  
And with a sith wamed ote  
The olde dede hnd to hnd  
The tye also to felle & hnd  
This maister hath his tye sygn

With ardeyn eye & hysam anoynt  
And put a spere in her moulthe  
Which is to selde clerkes colerthe  
So that she couereth alle laste  
And first hit eye by she casse  
And when she more of strengthe maynt  
Hit armes bothe forth she sturght  
Held by his honde & ppeuylt  
She spake & sayd when am I  
When is my herte what herte is this  
As she that wote not how it is  
But crymen the worthip lede  
Answerd anon byon hit speche  
And said madame y den her  
When y be saue as y shal her  
Hem afterwarde for thy as nolt  
My counceyl is comforteth you  
For tryeth wel without faile  
That is no thyng which shal you faile  
That ought of usen for to be do  
Thus passy they a day or two

Quasi ut Uxor apollini sancta domi  
trahonis puit Ubi facta Uramine  
muniam casta omni tempore se duit

They speke of nought as for an ende  
Tyl she began somdele amende  
And wyse hit self what she mente  
Tho for to knowe hit hole entente  
This mayster ageth al the mas  
Dolt she came then & what she was  
Dolt I came her wote I nought  
Oy she but wel I am thought  
Of other thynges al aboute  
Goo yowre to yowre & wote hym oute  
As firforthe as she it wyse  
And he hit wote hold in a chyste  
The she hit therfor upon the herte  
And what tursour with hit he fonde  
Which was al wdy at hit wyse  
And he that shap hym to fulfille  
With al his myght what he shold

She thowghed hym that so he wold  
And al hit wote she dyschord  
And saith hym what she supposeth  
Her lord he drynt hit childe also  
So salde she nought but al woo  
Wrote as to the world nomore  
He wyl she tome & prayeth therfore  
That in somme temple of the cyte  
To kepe & holde hit chylde  
She myxt emonge the hymmen oldest  
When he this tale herde all  
He was nyl glad & made hit knowen  
That he a doughter of his olde  
Dath which he wyl vnde hit yue  
To serue whyle they bothe lyue  
In stede of that which she hath loste  
Al onely at his olde coste  
She shal be wended forth with hyr  
She sayth guarunte mercy leue yre  
Gode quye it you for I ne may  
And thus they dryue forth the day  
Tyl tyme was that she was hole  
And tho they wote her counceyl hole  
To shap byon good gouernaunce  
And made a worthip purueaunce  
Agayn the day when they be tryed  
And thus when they be counceyled  
In black clothes they them chyste  
The doughter & the lady bothe  
And yde hem to trahyon  
The feste & the professyon  
After the rule of that degre  
Was made with grete solempnyte  
Wote as dyane is sanctified  
Thus stant this lady justyfyed  
In order when she thynketh to dwelle  
But nolt agaynward for to telle  
In what place that hit herd stode yne  
He sayeth tyl he may wyne  
The tamen of thare as I sayd ere  
And when he was argued then

Quasi ut apollinus tharson nani t  
gao filiam suam tharson stranguloni

Act Octauus

e dionisie Byori sue eduanndam comen  
dauit et deinde suam adijt Esi cum in  
estimabili gaudio a suis carptus est

i Do it was thowgh the eye knowe  
Men myght see within a thowbe  
As who saith al the tolne attones  
That come ageyn for the nones  
To yench hym the reueren  
So glady they were of his i asner  
And though he were in his auge  
Dysfedy yet with glady dysage  
He made hym clere & to his yune  
Wher he whylke sojourneth in  
He goeth hym strep & was wayued  
And when þ ptes of pple is wayued  
He toke his host into hym to  
And saith my frende strangulpo  
Lo thus & thus it is byfalle  
And thou thy self art one of alle  
Forthwith thy wyf which I must trust  
For thy yf you it tothe lyst  
My daughter thapc by your leue  
I thy nke shal with you bleue  
As for a tyme & thus I praye  
That she be kept by al weye  
And when she hath of age more  
That she be set to doct let  
And thys auowbe to god I make  
That I shal neuer for hir sake  
My leide for lykynge shewe  
Tyl it befall that I leue  
In conuenable tyme of age  
Beset hir into marriage  
Thus they accorden at his wyll  
And for to asen hym somdele  
As for a while ther he sojourneth  
Aody than he taketh his leue & turneth  
To shyp & goeth hym home to tye  
Wher every man with grede dyspre  
A thapcith upon his comping  
But when the shyp came in saylyng  
And they perceyuen it is he  
Was neuer yet in no cite

Such ioye made as they the made  
His lere also began to glady  
Of that he seeth his pple glady  
Lo thys fortune his happy hath laden  
In sendy wyse he was tanygled  
But how so euer he be affeyled  
His latter ende shal be good  
And for to speke how that it stood  
Of thapc his daughter wher she dwelleth  
In tharke as the cronycle telleth  
She was wel kept she was wel scholed  
She was wel taught & wel scholed  
So wel she sped in hir yowthe  
That she of every wysdom cause  
That for to seke in every londe  
So wyse another no man fonde  
He so wel taught at marnes eye  
But euer was worth false enye

Qualiter thaisa una cum phiktrina  
strangulionis et dionisie filia omnis  
science & honestatis doctrina imbuta  
est Et thaisa phiktrinom prostrans  
in odium mortale per inuidiam a dis  
sia reuocata est

f Or it befel it at tyme so  
A daughter had strangulpo  
Which was cl pde phiktranne  
But fame which wyf euer trune  
Came al day to hir mores eue  
And saith when euer hir daughter com  
With thaisa set in ony place  
The comyn wyf the comyn gree  
Was al byen that othet mayde  
And of hir daughter no man sayde  
Who was worth but dyspse than  
Hir thought a thousand yet tyl thapc  
She myght be of thaisa leide  
Of that she lere folke so frede  
And tyl that ylle same tyme  
That deed was treble sekrepte  
Which had be seruauit of thaisa  
So that she was the more at ease  
For she had thenne no strypte



Out on thy though this dyspse  
Which was his deadly enemy  
Though pain taken and eny  
So that of al fouler man  
The spake he vnder his countenance  
Which chere was theophylus  
And made hym sterve in collyr thus  
That he such tyme as he hym sette  
What come thys for to sette  
And lette hit out of al synne  
Wher that no man his helpe myght  
Upon the stonde myght he see  
And there he stode this mayden se  
This chere hit is in a tyme  
As he which dand hym of Angroun  
Wher tyme cometh another day  
Out yet durst he not say naye  
Out stode he said he shold fulfille  
His helpe at his owne wyll

Quodam dionisia thaisum de occidit  
theophylus seruo suo tradidit qui cum non  
curmancer longius ab ipse ipsam pi  
pe hit manio iherusalem proferunt pium  
de iherusalem lachrimis thaisum de manu car  
nificis erupuerunt ipsam quod vixit cum  
inter multos diuites cunctis leoni  
no scelerum iherusalem magister viderunt

a. The taken & the tyme it shap  
So fel it that the chere anape  
Hath lad this mayden down to wold  
Upon the stonde & what she shold  
She was a dandy & he ourt bryde  
A nyste sherd & he his saye  
Thou shalt be wex alas quod she  
Why stode I see he thus quod he  
My lady dionisia hath hit  
Thou shalt be murdered in this stode  
This mayde she for synne synne  
And for the love of god al myght  
She purpeth that for a hart stonde  
She myghte have upon the grounde  
Toward the hony for to come

His beoful folde for to save  
And with nyght & with this crye  
Out of a large fast by  
Which hys was there on somer fere  
May sterve out & wery wate  
Of this felde & he to goo  
And she began to crye tho  
A mercy helpe for goddes sake  
In to the luge they hit take  
As thurs shold & forth they went  
Upon the se the wynde hem dente  
And malgre wery they wold or none  
Tofore the weter forth they gone  
The helpe no saye ther hit none oon  
Forstamed & forsholde for  
In grete myght so forth they dreyne  
Tyl atte laste they aryue  
At Myrham the cytre  
In thurmy huffe & wexan they be  
The maiest fegman made hym boun  
And goeth hym in to the town  
And proffert thys for to selle  
One longun it herde telle  
Which mayster of the bordel was  
Andy ludy hym goo a wryd pass  
To fetche hit & forth he went  
And thys out of his luge he bent  
And to this bordel he hit sold  
And that he by his lode wold  
Take advantage lette to crye  
That what man wold his lachrym  
Ampere vpon his mayden  
Lay down the golde & he shold speke  
And thus wexan he hath cryed hit out  
In syght of al the peple about

Quodam leoninus thaisi ad eupa  
nar destinavit dei tri gracia penitus  
ipsius virginicatem nullus violare po  
tuit

He lad hit to the bordel the  
No wonder is though she be wox  
Choo in a chamber by hit self  
Eche after othe cry or welf

Libri Octauus

Of yonge man in to hir went  
 But such a grace god hath hir sent  
 That for the sorowe which she made  
 Was none of hem which powder hadd  
 To done hir ony blyss  
 This trouperum like euer espy  
 And wayth after grace by  
 But al for nought she was forlyt  
 That no man wolde there come  
 When he therof hadde hede none  
 And knele that she was yet a mayd  
 Unto his olde man he sayde  
 That he with strengthe ageyn hir leue  
 So shold hir maydenhode byrue  
 This man went in but so it ferde  
 When he hir wooful pynkes herde  
 And he therof hath take grace he  
 Hym lyt better for to wepe  
 Than do eught ellys to the game  
 And thus she kept hir self fro shame  
 And kneled down to thetthe & prayde  
 Unto this man & thus she sayde  
 If so be that thy master wolde  
 That I his golde encure shold  
 It may not falle by thy weye  
 But suffer me to goo my weye  
 Out of this howe where I am in  
 And I shal do hym for to wyn  
 In somme place here of the towne  
 By so it be of thyng wolde  
 Where that honest wymmen dwelle  
 And thus thou myt thy master telle  
 That when I haue a chambre there  
 Lett hym do cry at wyde where  
 What lord that hath his daughter den  
 And is in wyll that she shal leue  
 Of such a scold that is turbe  
 I shal hir tache of thynges newe  
 Which that none other woman can  
 In al this kinde & tho this man  
 Hir tale hath herde he goeth ageyn  
 And tolde vnto his master pleyn  
 That she hath sayde & therupon  
 When that he salde byp noon

At lordel bycause of hir  
 He lade his man goo and spy  
 A place where she myght aspy  
 That he may bypne vpon somme spyde  
 By that she can hit atteste  
 Thus was she saue of this tempte

Quaerter thaïs a lapanari Virgo  
 liberta inat factus mulieris hospitali  
 balene sciencie quibz edocta fuit no  
 bilis regni puellas illam edocat

He hath hir fro the lordell take  
 But that was not for goddes sake  
 But for the lute as she hym tolde  
 Nold comen tho that comen wolde  
 Of wymmen in her lusty pouthe  
 To bre & see what thyng she couthe  
 She can the wysdom of a clerke  
 She can of ony lusty werke  
 Which to a gentyl woman longeth  
 And some of hem she vnderfongeth  
 To the cytole and to the harp  
 And whome it lyeth for to carpe  
 Quierles & demaundes sye  
 And other which they neuer sye  
 Which that scener so wel taught  
 Whereof she grete pefers taught  
 That she to trouperum hath donne  
 And thus hir name is so begonne  
 In sondry thynges that she tache  
 That al the kinde vnto hir tache  
 Of yonge wymmen for to leue  
 Nold lett be this mayden leue  
 And speke of bypny ageyn  
 And of theophyl the bypny  
 Of which I spake of nold before  
 When thapre shold haue he forer

Quaerter Theophilus ad bypny  
 mane videns affirmavit se thaïs oc  
 cidisse super quo diomisa vna cu  
 gubane maris suo deherem in pulico

conferendas equitias et sepulchrum  
honorificum quantum ad egrum subdola  
consecrationis fieri constituerant

His false chorde to his lady  
When he came home prynces  
He sayth madame stepn I haue  
This mayde tharfe & is beguine  
In prynces place as ye me tete  
For the madame talbeth her  
And here counseyll how so it stonde  
This fende which hath this vnderston  
Was glad & beneth it he sette  
Nolde heren transfer how she dothe  
She hereth the so welbeth & coplyne  
And of sikenes which she fegeth  
She saith that tharfe sodaynly  
Wp nycht is dede as she and I  
To gyde her nycht my herde  
She was a woman of word  
And al is leude that she seith  
And for to geue a more fith  
Her husbonds & she seith dothe  
In blacke clothes they hem chesse  
And made a grete entremet  
And for the prynces that he blende  
Of tharfe as for the timentoun  
After the ryal olde thaur  
A tombe of loun noble & ryche  
With an ymage vnto hys lych  
Layingg about therupon  
They made aude sette it vp anon  
Her cypresse & goode assyst  
Was wyth about & in this wyse  
It spake / o ye that this sholde  
To her lych she which was holde  
The fygure & the flour of alle  
Whos name tharfe may call  
The kyng of tyme apollinus  
Her father was nold she lych thus  
Fountene prync she was of age  
When deth hit toke to her vpryge

Qualiter apollinus in regno suo apud  
triam existens parchamentum fieri con  
stituit

Thus was this false trefon hys  
Which afterward was wyth hys  
As by the tale a man shal see  
But to declare my matre  
To tyme I thynke to tyme ager  
And alle as the cronycles seyn  
When that the kyng was comen home  
And hath lyste in the salte some  
His wyf which he may not forgete  
For he soune comfort wold gete  
He lette sommone a parlement  
To which the lordes weren assent  
That of the tyme he hath ten oute  
He seeth the thynges al aboute  
And tolde hem alle how he hath fare  
Whyle he was out of londe fare  
And payed al to abyde  
For he wold atte same tyme  
Do shawe for his wyues mynde  
As he that wold not be vnkynde  
Solempne was that plese offyce  
And ryche was the sacrefyce  
The first trasty was holde  
And thereto was he wel beholde  
For such a wyf as he had one  
In thyske dayes ther were none

Qualiter apollinus post parchamentu  
tharim p thais filia sua quereda adi  
it qua ibid non inuenta abinde nau  
gio traxit  
Wd this was done thd he hym thout  
Wyon his daughter & byfought  
Such of his lordes as he wold  
That they with hym to tharfe sholde  
To sette his daughter tharfe ther  
And they anone al wyth were  
To shew they gone & forth they went  
Tyl they the haue of tharfe lent  
They lende & faye of that they seeth



Libet Octauus

By couerthur e sleight of spech  
This false man swangulys  
And dyonys his wyf also  
That he the better twolve myght  
They ladde hym to hane a syght  
Wher that his wyf was amyd  
The lasse yet he was mysparde  
And nethelesse so as he durste  
He curseth e saith al the worstie  
Onto fortune as to the blinde  
Which can no syker weye fynde  
For hym she helpeyth euer enoughe  
And medleth sorowle with his songe  
But sythe it may no better be  
He thonketh god e forth goeth he  
Saylyng toward tyme ageyn  
But sodenly the wynde e reyn  
Began vpon the see debate  
So that he suffre moche algate

Qualiter nauis apollini ventis agi  
tata portum vrbis metelene in die quo  
festa neptuni celebrari consuevit appha  
it s; ipse pre dolare thaisie filie sue qua  
mortuam reputabat in fundo nauis ob  
scuro iacens lumen videre noluit

The lare which neptune ordyneth  
Wherof sul oft tyme he pleyne  
And helde hym wel the more esmayed  
Of that he hath tofore assayed  
So that for pure sorowle e care  
Of that he seeth this world so fere  
The wite he leueth of his cabin  
That for the counceyl of no man  
Ageyn therein he nolde come  
But hath synethe his place nome  
There he wepyng allone lay  
There as he salde no lyght of day  
And thus tofore the wynde they dryue  
Tyl longe e late they aryue  
With grete distresse as it was sene  
Vpon this wynde of mycelene  
Which was a noble cite tho

And happeneth thys tyme so  
The lordes tothe e the commune  
The hygh festes of neptune  
Vpon the stonde att ryuage  
As it was custome e usage  
Sole pnelly they be sygh  
When they this straunge vessel sygh  
Comen e hath his sayle aualed  
That one therof hath spoke e taled

Qualiter athanagoras dicitur me  
telene princeps nauim apollini iuestis  
gans ipsu sic contrastatum nichil que  
respondente consolari satagebat

1 He lare which of that cite was  
Whos name is athanagoras  
Was there e said he bold for  
What shipp it is e who they be  
That ben therein e after sone  
When that he salde it was to done  
His lare was for hym amyd  
And he goeth forth e he assayed  
He founde the shipp of gret amy  
But what thyng it is molde may  
He salde they maden hup chere  
But wel hym thynketh by f maner  
That they ben worthy men of blood  
And ageth of hem how it stood  
And they hym telen al the cas  
How that her lare fordyne was  
And which a sorowle that he made  
Of which ther may no ma hym glade  
He prayeth that he his lare may see  
But they hym tolde it may not be  
For he lyeth in so darke a place  
That there may no lyght be his face  
But for al that thought hym to helpe  
He fonde the ladder e down he gothe  
And to hym spak but none answer  
Ageyn of hym ne myght he lere  
For ought that he can do or seyne  
And thus he goeth hym by ageyn  
Qualiter pater principis ut a  
pollini consolatur thaisie cu altem

sua ad ipsam in obscuro nauis dei ias  
 abbat producta est

Thus was spoke in many a wyse  
 Emongest hem that weren wyse  
 Now this now that but atte laste  
 The wysdom of the colone thus caste  
 That ponge thays was assent  
 For yf ther be a mendement  
 To glad with this woeful kyng  
 Whiche can so moche of euery thyng  
 That he schal glade hym anone  
 A messenger for hir is gone  
 And she came with hir harp in honde  
 And said hem that she wolde fonde  
 Wy al the wyges that she can  
 To glady wyse this fery man  
 But what he was she wyse nought  
 But al the shyp hir hath bysought  
 That she hir wyte on hym dyspends  
 In aunter yf he myght amends  
 And sayn it schal be wel acquyt  
 When he hath vnderstonden it  
 She goeth hir down there as he laye  
 Wite that she harpeth many a laye  
 And lyke an aungel songe with alle  
 But he nomore than the walle  
 Toke hede of ony thyng he hede  
 And when she sawe that he so fere  
 She fallith with hym into wordes  
 And asketh hym of sonder herdes  
 And aseth hym demaunders strange  
 Wherof she made his herte chynge  
 And to his speche his eue he lyde  
 And hath meruayls of that she seide  
 For in the prouerbe & in probleme  
 She spake & had he sholdy deme  
 In many a subtil questyon  
 But he for no sublestyon  
 Which toward hym she coude stee  
 He wolde not one word answere  
 But as a mad man atte laste  
 His herte wepyng alleyn he caste  
 And halfe in wrauth he had his goe

But yet she wolde not do so  
 And in the darte forth she goeth  
 Tyl she hym toweyth & tha she wroth  
 And after hir with his honde  
 He smote & thus when she hym fonde  
 Dyscheyd courtysly she sayd  
 Do way my herte I am a mayde  
 And yf ye wyte what I am  
 And out of what lyegeage I cam  
 Ye wolde not be so saluage  
 With that he sobbeth his comage

Quasi sicut deus destinavit patri  
 filiam inuentam recognouit

And put alwey his huy chere  
 Out of hem elbo a man may here  
 What is to be so felle of shode  
 None wyse of oter holt it stode  
 And yet the fader atte laste  
 His herte vpon this mayde caste  
 That he hir loueth kyndely  
 And yet he wyse neuer why  
 But al was knowe or y they went  
 For god which wote her holt entent  
 Her hertes bothe anone dyscheyth  
 The kyng into the mayde opposeth  
 And aseth first what is hir name  
 And where she lerned al this game  
 And of what kyn she was come  
 And she that hath his wordes nome  
 Answereth & seith my name is thays  
 That was somtyme wel at ayse  
 In thair I was withdraue & fedde  
 Ther I lerned tyl I was spedde  
 Of that I can my fader che  
 I wote where I sholdy hym seke  
 He was a kyngs man toke me  
 My moder deryn was in the see  
 Fro popur to popur to hym toke  
 That he hath longe in herte holt  
 And neuer durst make hir mone  
 But onely to this herte allone  
 To whome hir herte can not be

# Libet Octauus

Tornedy to woo tornedy to wele  
Torne it to good turne it to harme  
Ande he tho took hir in his arme  
But such a ioye as she tho made  
Was neuer seen thus ben they glade  
That forth hadden he to forne  
For it is day forth fortune hath sworne  
To set hym upbawd on the world  
So goeth the world nold woo nold wele

Qualiter asenagoras apollinum de  
nauim in spiciam hencisfa recolligit  
e thaisim patre consuetudine in Egeum  
tuyit

t His kyng hath founde nelle grace

So that out of his derke place  
He goeth hym vp in to the light  
Ande with hym came that swete wyf  
His daughter thays e forth anone  
They both in to the cabin gone  
Which was ordyned for the kyng  
And there he dyd of al his thyng  
Ande was awayed rassy  
Ande out it came al openly  
Where asenagoras he fonde  
Which was kide of al the wnde  
He prayeth the kyng to come e see  
The castel both e his eyte  
Ande thus they goon forth al in fre  
This kyng this lord this mayden de  
This lord the made hym ryche frise  
With euery thyng that was honeste  
To ruse with this worthy kyng  
The lacketh hym no maner thyng  
But yet for al this nolle amys  
Wyndes he was vnto that day  
As he that yet was of yonge age  
So fpl them in to his cage  
The lussy woo the glad payne  
Of hure which no ma may restayne  
Yet neuer myght as nold to fore  
This lord thynketh al this world hure  
But yf the kyng wyl done hym grace  
He wayteth tyme he wayteth place

Hym thought his hure wold to lre  
Tyl he may to this mayde spele  
Ande to his sadde eke also  
For marpage e it fpl so  
That al was done right as he thought  
His purpoos to an ende he brought  
She wedded hym as for his hure  
Thus ben they al of one accorde

Qualiter apollinus Vna cum filia e  
eius maritum nauim ingreditur a me  
slena Vsq; Karson profuerit / s; ap  
ollinus in sempnis amolitus Vnus es  
pessim Et ibid; in telyp diane sacris i  
ant hila per mare diuertit

Whil al was done ryl as they wold  
The kyng vnto his sone wold  
Of thate thylke traparye  
Ande said holl nold in his companye  
His daughter e hym seluen eke  
Shal goo vngreunne for to seke  
The shippes were vnto fone  
Ande when they salde it was to done  
Without lette of ony bent  
With sayle by dwilbe forth they bent  
To lorde thate vpon the tye  
But he that wold that shal betye  
The hure god which wold hym hure  
When that this kyng was fast a slie  
By nyghts tyme he hath hym hure  
To seke vnto another stede  
To tye hym he lade hym dwilbe  
Ande as it was that tyme lade  
He shal do there his sacryse  
Ande eke he lade in al wyse  
That in the temple amongest alle  
His fortune as it is falle  
To lorde hym his daughter e his wyf  
He shal he lade vpon his lye  
The kyng of this anspoon  
Hath gude ymagynacion  
What it ynter it spenset may  
Ande netlesse when it was day



He lady caste anker & alore  
 And whyse that he on anker rode  
 The wynde that was to fore stounge  
 Upon the wynde began to chaunge  
 And thence thider as it shold  
 Tho knelwe he wel that gode it wolde  
 And had the maister make hym part  
 To fore the wynde for he wolde fare  
 To ephesym & so he dede  
 And when he came in to the stede  
 Where as he shold londe he lounde  
 With al the haste he may & fondeth  
 To styen hym in such a wyse  
 That he may by the morowe arse  
 And done after the commaundment  
 Of hym which hath hym thider sent  
 And in the wyse that he thought  
 Upon the morowe so he wrought  
 His daughter & his sone he nome  
 And forth to the temple he come  
 With a grete tolbe in company  
 His pefte for to sacrifice  
 The cytyens tho herden seyn  
 Of such a kyng that came to prayn  
 Unto dyane the goddesse  
 And lest al ether besynesse  
 And camen thider for to see  
 The kyng and the solempnyte

Qualiter apollin9 ephesym in tem  
 ple dyane sacrificans dyori suam ilid9  
 bratam inuenit qua scum assumpta  
 nauim Versus tirum regressus est

With worthip synghers enuproned9  
 The kyng hym self hath abandoned9  
 To the temple in goode entaunce  
 The dore is op & in he wente  
 Where as with grete deuocion  
 Of holy contemplacion  
 Within his lere he made his shryfte  
 And after that a yere pefte  
 He offereth with grete reuerence  
 And then in open audyence

Of hem that stoden al aboute  
 He tolde hem & declareth oute  
 His hope such as is hym byfall  
 Ther was no thyng forget of alle  
 His wyf as it was goddes quene  
 Which was professed in the place  
 As she that was abbess ther  
 Unto his tale hath leyed hir eere  
 She knelwe the tope & the bylage  
 For pure ioye as in a rage  
 She straught to hym al at ones  
 And fyl a wolue upon thy stoncs  
 Whereof the temple floor was paved  
 She was anon with water laued  
 Tyl she came to hir self ageyn  
 And than she began to seyn  
 A blessed be the hegh sonde  
 That I may see my huswonde  
 Which whym he & I were one  
 The kyng with that knelwe hir anon  
 And toke hir in his arme & kyse  
 And al the tolbe this sone wyse  
 Tho was there ioye many folde  
 For euery man this tale hath tolde  
 As for myracle & weryn glade  
 But neuer man such ioye made  
 No doth the kyng which hath his wyf  
 And when may stede hold that hir lyf  
 By hym saued & by whome it was  
 They wondred al of such a case  
 Though al the sonde aroos the speke  
 Of mayster Cyprien the leke  
 And of the cure which he dede  
 The kyng hym self this hath hym dede  
 And eke the quene forth wyth hym  
 That he the tolbe of ephesym  
 Wyl leue & goo wher that they be  
 For neuer man of his degre  
 Hath do to hem so myghty goode  
 And he his prouffyt vnderstood  
 And grauntith with hem for to wende  
 And thus they maden there an ende  
 And taken leue & went to shap  
 With al the fayre felaldshyp

Libet Octauus

Quaſter apollinus Una cum Dyce  
et filia ſua tunc apphauit

This kyng which now hath his deſire  
ſayth he wold holde his cōurs to tye  
Thy ſtreden wynde after wyll the  
With wyſeſſe cool & forth they goo  
And ſtrypeſſe neuer tyl they come  
To tye wher as they haue nome  
And kenden hem with moche kysſe  
Ther was many a molke to kysſe  
Each welcomeſſe other hōme  
But when the quene to kende come  
And thowſe hir daughter by hir ſpe  
The ioy was ſo plike tye  
That may no mannes tūge telle  
Thy ſayden al her cometh the welſe  
Of al womanly grace  
The kyng hath take his real place  
The quene is in to chamber goo  
Ther was grette feſte arrayed the  
When tyme was they goon to mete  
Al olde ſalves ben forſete  
And gladen hem with ioye newe  
The dyſcolored pple ſelbe  
Is now become a mddy chere  
Ther was no myſte for to ſe

Quaſter apollinus anthenogo  
cum cum tharſe Dyce ſua ſuper tynum  
coronari fecit

But every man hath what he wolde  
The kyng as he wel aude & ſhe ſe  
Maketh to his pple right good chere  
And after ſone as thou ſhalt ſee  
A parlement he had ſomoned  
Wher he his daughter hath coroned  
Forthwith the lord of meſekene  
That one is kyng that other quene  
And thus the faders ordinaunce  
This kende hath ſette in gouernaunce  
And ſaid that he wold wende  
To tharſe for to make an ende

Of that his daughter was ſtayed  
Wherſe men al men wel pced  
And ſaid how it was for to done  
The ſhyppes weren wryde ſong

Quaſter apollinus a ſuo p man  
vſus tharſim ut arripens vindictam  
contra ſtrangulacionem et lionifiam Dy  
cem ſuam pro iniuria quam ipſi tharſi  
ſue ſue intulerant iudicialiter aſſecu  
tus eſt

a Stronge polber with hym he toke  
Upon the ſkyn he toke his ſhoke  
And ſalve the wynde was couenable  
Thy ſale by ancer with the calke  
The ſeyle on hys the ſtern in hōde  
And ſeylen tyl they come on kende  
At tharſe nygh to the cete  
And when they wyſten it was he  
The ſonne hath doo hym auctore  
He taketh hem the dyolyn  
Which the tynpaur ſtrangulpo  
And dyonys hym had doo  
To lye yng his daughter as he ſerde  
And when they wyſt how it ſerde  
As he which was & hys ſought  
Conto the ſonne thus he tyeſought  
To done hym right in judgement  
Anont they weren bothe aſſent  
With ſtrength of men & a men ſene  
And as hym thought it was to done  
At tynp they were by the ſalve  
And demed to be ſonged & dūbe  
And lert & with wynde to ſhoke  
That al the world it myght knowe  
And upon this condempn  
The dome in execution  
Was put anone without ſayle  
And every man hath grette meruayle  
Which ſerde tye of this chauce  
And thowſed goddes puruauce  
Which doth mercy with iuſtice  
Slayn is the morder & the morder

Though they know of nightwysnesse  
And though mercy saue is simple  
nesse/ Of hit whom mercy perseuereth  
Thus hath he wel that wel deserueth

Quasi arctate pentapolim regis  
mortuo ipse de regno epistolae sup hoc  
apollino dirigerunt/ Unde apollinus  
vna cum vxo sua ibidem aduenien-  
tes ad deum impet; cum magno gau-  
dio coronati sunt

When al this thyng is goe & ended  
This kyng which liued was & fren-  
ded/ A letter hath which came to hym  
By shyp fro pentapolim  
In which the kinde hath to hym writte  
That he wyl vnderstonde & lye  
Holt in good mynde & in good pres  
Deed is kyng arctate  
Wherof they al of one accorde  
Hym prayen as for lyege lord  
That he the letter wyl conuerse  
And come his regne to reuerse  
Which god hath gise hym & fortune  
And thus he sought hym the comune  
Forthwith the grette lord is alle  
This kyng saue holt it is befall  
Fro thair & in prosperite  
He take his lue of that cite  
And goeth hym in to shyp agayn  
The wynde was good & he was pley  
Hem ned not a ryff to take  
Tyl they pentapolim haue take  
The kinde which lord of that tyding  
Was wonder glad of that comyng  
He wreteth hym a day or thre  
And take his counayl to hym the  
And set a tyme of parliament  
When al the lord of one assent  
Forthwith he wyl hath hym & wene  
When al good hym was forfene  
So that it is to be wel grounde  
For he hath first his lue founde

Honestly as for to wedde  
Honestly his lue he spedde  
And had chyldeen with his wyf  
And as hym lye he ledde his lye  
And in ensauple his lye was lye  
That al lures myghten lye  
Holt attre last it shal be sene  
Of lue what they holden mene  
For for now on that other lye  
Antiochus with al his lye lye  
Which sette his lue vnkynde  
His ende had so dely  
Set agayn kynde vpon lye  
And for his lye hath his penaunce

Confessor ad amantem procedendo

So thus my sone thou myght lere  
What it is to lue in good manere  
And what to lue in other lye  
The mede arseth of the serupe  
Fortune though she be not stable  
Yet at somtyme is fauourable  
To hem that lye of lue trille  
But certis it is for to relle  
To see lue agayn kynde falle  
For that maketh a man for to falle  
As thou myght to fore rede  
For thy my sone I wyl the rede  
To lere al other lue alwey  
But yf it be by such a wey  
As lue & reyon wyl accorde  
For ellis yf that thou discord  
And take lue as doeth a lye  
Thy lue may not be honeste  
For by no shyl that I fynde  
Such lue is not of lues kynde

Confessio amantis vnde pro finali con-  
clusionone consiliu confessoris impetrat

m p fader holt so that it seonde  
Pour tale is lye & vnderstonde



No thyng which worthy is to be  
Of grace enchaunce & grace matre  
Wherof my fader god? you quyte  
But in this poynt my self acquyte  
I may right wel that neuer yet  
I was assayed in my wyte  
But onely in that worthy place  
Wher al luste and al guete  
He set that yf daunger ne were  
But that is al my moste feare  
I note what the fortune accounte  
But what thyng daunger may amou  
t? I wrote wel for I haue assayed  
For when my herte is luste assayed  
And I haue al my wyte though souyt  
Of leue to befele hit ought  
For al that euer I syke may  
I am concluded with a nay  
That one syllable hath ouertholde  
A thousand wordes in a tolde  
Of such as I best speke can  
Thus am I but a leude man  
But fader for ye ben a clerke  
Of loue & this matre is derke  
And I can euer longer the lasse  
But yet I may not lete it passe  
Your hole counayle I befele  
That ye me by somme weye treche  
What is my leste as for an ende  
My sone into the trouthe I wende  
Holt wol I for the loue of the  
Lete al other tryfles be

*Hic super amoris causa finita con  
fessione Confessor Senius ea que sibi  
saluberrime expediunt sano consilio fi  
naliter iniungit*

It is more that the nede is hye  
The more it nedeth to be flye  
To hym which hath the nede on honde  
I haue wel herd & vnderstonde  
My sone al that thou hast me sayd  
And eke of that thou hast me prayd

Holt at this tyme that I shal  
No for conclusyon synal  
Counayle vpon the nede sette  
So thyne I synally to knethe  
Thy cause wher it is to be  
And make an ende of that I spoke  
For I bepyght the that gyfte  
First when I come vnder my sharpe  
That though I toward vnuis were  
Yet spake I such wordes there  
That for the presthode which I haue  
My order & myn estate to saue  
I said I wold of myn offyce  
To vntu more than to vper  
Enclene & treche the myn lete  
For thy to speken ouermore  
Of leue which the may auayle  
Take leue wher it may auayle  
For as of this which thou art in  
By that thou seest it is a synne  
And synne may no pryncer deserne  
Without pryncer & who shal serue  
I note what prouffyt myght auayle  
This foloweth it yf thou trowe  
Wher thou no prouffyt hast in pryncer  
Thou art toward thy self vnder  
And sythe thou myghast lust atayne  
Of euery lust the ende is payne  
And euery payne is good to flee  
So it is wonder thyng to see  
Why such a thyng shal be desyre  
The more that a frecke is fynde  
The rather in to assere it to myneth  
The folk which in the wyte sporneth  
Juf of his bred? hath ouertholde  
Thus he is blynde & can not knowe  
Wher that he goeth tyl he be falle  
For thy but yf it so byfalle  
With good counayle that he be lade  
Hym ought for to be a dande  
For counayle it passeth al thyng  
To hym which thyne to be a thyng  
And euery man for his portye  
A kyngdom hath to iustifye

That is to say his owne dome  
 If he misaile that kyngdome  
 He lesen hym self & that is more  
 Than yf he lesen shipp or oore  
 And al the woordes good with alle  
 For what man that in specialle  
 Hath not hym self & hath not ege  
 No more the prynces than the shelles  
 It is to hym of one kelybe  
 Though he bode of his respynde  
 The wyde world right as he wolde  
 When he has lerte hath not withholde  
 Toward hym self al is in tyne  
 And thus my sone I wolde seyne  
 As I sayd or thou arys  
 Or that thou falle in such a wyse  
 That thou ne myght thy self recoure  
 For here which blynde was euer  
 Maketh al his seruantes blynde also  
 My sone & yf thou haue ben so  
 Yet is it tyme to withdeale  
 And set thy lerte vnder that salbe  
 The which of wison is to be gouerned  
 And not of wyse & to be lerned  
 Ensauple thou hast many one  
 Of now & eke of tyme a gone  
 That euery lust is but a whyle  
 And who that wyse hym self begyle  
 He may the wylde be dysguyed  
 My sone now thou hast congyed  
 Somme of that I wolde mene  
 Here afterward it shal be sene  
 Yf that thou leue vpon my lere  
 For I can do to the no more  
 But tete the the right weye  
 Hold chere yf thou wyte lye or deye

*Hic Bonifat de contrariis que  
 inter confessorum & amantem in fine  
 confessionis versatur*

My fader so as I haue lerte  
 Pour tale but yf it were answered  
 I were moche for to blame

My wo to polb it is but game  
 That feleth not of that I fele  
 The felng of a manys helle  
 May not be likened to the lerte  
 I note though I wolde astate  
 And ye be for from al the pyne  
 Of hure wylde I me compleyne  
 It is right easy to commaunde  
 The lerte which fare goeth on & laide  
 Not of an oge what hym eyleth  
 It falleth ofte a man-merueyleth  
 Of that he seeth another faye  
 But yf he kelybe hym self the fare  
 And fete it as it is in sothe  
 He shold done right as he dothe  
 Or ellis wote in his degre  
 For wel I wote & so doo ye  
 That hure hath euer ben yet bled  
 So mote I ned ben gauded  
 But fader yf ye wolde thus  
 Wote cuppe and Venus  
 Ben frindel & toward my quarele  
 So that my lerte were in helle  
 Of hure which is in my breste  
 I wote wel than a better preste  
 Was neuer made to my lehoue  
 But al the wyse that I haue  
 In none criteyn kelybe the lye  
 I note wote I to wete or woe  
 Shal wene that is al my drede  
 So that I note what is to wete  
 But for fynal conclusyon  
 I thynke a supplicacion  
 With plesne wordes & expresse  
 Wrote vnto Venus the goddesse  
 The which I praye you to lere  
 And brynge ageyn a good answer  
 Tho was kelybe my preste & me  
 Delate & grete pteplete  
 My wison vnderstood hym wete  
 And kelybe it was soth euery dele  
 That he hath said but not for thy  
 My wyse hath no thyng set therby  
 For to wepyng vnto a wyse apore

It is Enu due no dyspore  
 Per myght neuer man behold  
 Reson hath here was withholde  
 They be net of one gouernaunce  
 And thus we felle in dyspore  
 My preste & I but I spake fayne  
 And though my wordes deconayn  
 Than after laste we accorde  
 So that he sayth he wyl accorde  
 To speke & stonde on my syde  
 To Venus bothe & to cuppe  
 And bad me wyte what I wolde  
 And said me truly that he shold  
 My letter bere Enu the queene  
 And I sat down vpon the grane  
 Fulfilled of lues fantasie  
 And with the treys of myn eye  
 In seide of prync I gan to wyte  
 The wordes which I wold endyde  
 Wnto luyde & to Venus  
 And in my letter I said thus

Hic tractat formam cuiusdam suppli-  
 cacionis quam ex parte amantis genij  
 Sacerdotis sui Venus sibi porrectam  
 acceptabat

The wooful pyn of lues maladye  
 Agren the which no p'sp'she anaple  
 My herte hath so be waped with fote  
 That where that I wste or traouyle  
 I fynde it euer wdy to assaple  
 My rson which can not hym defende  
 Thy seke I helpe wdwof I mygt amede

First to nature yf that I me complen  
 Then fynde I how that euery creature  
 Sdyme a p're hath lue in his demen  
 So that the lylt luerne in his mesure  
 Hauie of kynde lue vnder his cure  
 And I but one desyre which I mys  
 So lute I / hath euery kynde his lye

The rson of my wyte it ouerpasseth

Of that nature teth me the lye  
 To lue & yet no wyllyn sh compasseth  
 Both that I speke th' luydne & lye  
 I seide & note luyd I shal lye on lye  
 For though wyl agren my wyl de lye  
 I may not sle & I ne lue algaie

Upon my self this ylle tale come  
 Holw wyls span which is the god of  
 kynde / With lue luyd lye and was  
 euercome / For euer I wylde & euer  
 I am luyd / That I no strangle in  
 al my herte fynde / Wdwof I may ston-  
 den onp thewde / Loo fere my wyte  
 With lue is ouerthwde

Wdwof nedyth helpe to more helpe come  
 Or helpe to be shal his nedyth  
 ephynly & though sought my luydne  
 al I lue / But none of lue can  
 helpe ofter my luydne / But alsh wel  
 I myght fyte fyte / No rson Enu  
 my luyd of onp helpe / Thus wote I  
 not wdwof my self to helpe

Wnto the grete Ioue & yf it lye  
 To do me gwar of thylke swete luydne  
 Which vnder lye in his silem anp  
 Luyd couched & fortune is ouercome  
 Out of the luyd cuppe I lue luydne  
 I note how ofter & thus I fynde no  
 game / For euer I aske & it is f same

I see the world sldeth Ips eschallige  
 How luydne luydne & luydne the luydne  
 fote / I may see the luydne more  
 change / And luydne luydne luydne is  
 luydne is est in luydne / The luydne luydne  
 luydne in to pres ful of luydne / They luydne &  
 euer is to luydne in one place / Which  
 wil not change his luydne to do me gwar

But vpon this grete clerke oude / Of  
 lue luydne & luydne his luydne



He saith ther is the stynde cupid  
The which hath here vnder his govt:  
naunt / And with his hande many a  
feyr launce / He woundeth ofte there  
he wyl not byd / And that somdele is  
cause of my quantie

Cupid sayth eke þ he haue to parfourn  
stande in þ honde of Venus þ goddesse  
But when she taketh hir counsaile  
With satourne / There is no grace and  
in that tyme I gesse / Began my haue  
of which myn bewynesse / So nold e  
euer shal but I speke / So wote I not  
my self what is to tre

For thy to you cuppe & Venus to the  
With al my hertes chespaunt I praye  
If ye wem att first tyme to the  
When I began to lue I you say  
Nold stynde & do thilke fortune alday  
So that daunger whiche stonde of  
trynebe / With alle my lady hys  
place may tynelbe

O thou cuppe god of lues lalbe  
That with thy darte brennyng hast  
sette a fyre / My herte so that bounde  
wpehoulde / Or prue me salue such  
as I desye / For serupe in thy court  
wpehoulde hys / To me whiche euer  
pet hys lyeke thyn hys / May neuer  
be to lues lalbe honeste

O thou gentyl Venus lues stynde  
quene / Without gyfte thou doest on  
me thy wylle / Thou wotest my wyl  
is euer elyke game / For lue & yet  
I may it not aue / Thus wote I  
for my laste word bysch / That thou  
my lue acquyte as I deserue  
Or elys do me playnly for to sterue

Hic loquitur quatuor Venus accipit

to amantis supplicacione indila te ad  
singula respondit

W Her J thys supplicacion  
With good deliberacion  
In such a wyse as ye nold wyse  
Had after myn entente wyse  
Onto cuppe & Venus  
This pte which hysht Genys  
It toke on honde to persente  
On my messager & forth he wente  
To Venus for to wyse his wyse  
And I tode in the place styke  
And tode there but a lytel wyse  
Not fully the mountanace of a myle  
Whom I betelde & sodeynly  
I salbe where Venus stode me by  
So as I myght vnder a tre  
To grounde I felle vpon my knee  
And prayd hir for to do me grace  
She cast hir chere vpon my face  
And as it were haluyng a game  
She sayth me what was my name  
Madame I said Johan golber  
Nold Johan qd she in my polber  
Thou must as of thy lue stonde  
For I thy wyse haue vnderstonde  
In which to cuppe & to me  
Somdele thou hast compleyned the  
And somdele to nature also  
But that shal stonde emonge ye two  
For therof lue I not to done  
For nature is vnder the mone  
Maysteresse of euerp lues stynde  
But yf so be that she may fynde  
Some hylp man that wil withdraue  
His stynde lue ageyn her lalbe  
But felle when it falleth so  
For felle men ther ben of tho  
But of thys other ynough there be  
Which of her olde nyete  
Ageyn nature & hir offer  
Delpey hem in sondry wyse

Libre Octauus

Wherof that she ful oft hath pleynded  
 And eke my curte it hath dyspoynded  
 And euer shal for it be purged  
 None such it at kynde so dyspoynded  
 For al encreys en gentyl houe  
 My court stont/ al courtis aloue  
 And taketh not in tartynelbe  
 But thyngs which is to kynde delbe  
 For eke it shal be refused  
 Wherof I holde the excused  
 For it is many dayes gone  
 That thou emonge am there one  
 Which of my courtis best be withholde  
 So that the more I am beholde  
 For thy dyscase to comune  
 And to renelle that fortune  
 Which many dayes hath the grieved  
 But of my counaynt may be leued  
 Thou shalt be esed or thou goo  
 Of thy lke Enseytely woo  
 Wherof than sayst thou best is spede  
 But of that thou hast despyd  
 After the sentence of thy best  
 Thou must do therof at my wyll  
 And I therof me wyl aduys  
 And be thou hole it shal suffyse  
 My medecyn is not to selte  
 The which is holsem to the selte  
 Not al prechaunce as ye it wolde  
 But so as ye by rason sholde  
 Accordant vnto hys kynde  
 For in the plyte which I the fynde  
 So as my courtis it hath alwarded  
 Thou shalt be due ly rebarded  
 And yf thou woldest more craue  
 It is no right that thou it haue

Qui cupit id quod habere nequit  
 sua tempora perdit / Est Vbi non posse  
 esse salute curat / Non estatis opus ge  
 adis hirsuta capillos / Cum calor ab  
 essit equiparabit hiemps / Sicut ha  
 bet mapus non dat natum drometri /  
 Nec poterit compar floribus esse lili

Hic neq; dempta finem iuuenile lu  
 luptas / Hinc in obsequium quod  
 vniu ipsa petit / Conueniens igitur for  
 ut nec qd; sua senectus / Attingit V  
 annis corpori astra clausi /

Hic etiam quoscunq; viros iuuentudo  
 amoris concupiscantiam offerens habi  
 tur vniu huius q; amantis confessi  
 supplicationem quasi dicens ipsum p  
 eo qd; senexit debilis est multis egroti  
 tationibus insufficientem indarguit

I En? which stont with out falde  
 In none ardyn but as men dwelde  
 Of ragman vpon the chynne  
 He tryeth no pyss in the lufuane  
 But as he tryeth for to weye  
 The trewe man ful oft alle weye  
 He put which hath his gnat lye  
 And sette an vntrewe in his stede  
 So thus kyndly I wold he demeth  
 In hys must as to me smeth  
 I not what other men shold seyn  
 But I alga am so lufeyn  
 And stonde as one emongest alle  
 Which am out of his gnat felle  
 It nedeth take no wyntesse  
 For the which said is the goddesse  
 To whether parte of hys it beke  
 Hath set me for a fynal ende  
 The poynt wherby that I shal holde  
 For when she hath me wel beholde  
 Halung of sarme she sayd thus  
 Therne wylt thou that I was Venus  
 Which al onely my lufes felle  
 And wel I wote though thou beke  
 My lufes lufes ben there none  
 Which I may take of thy prysone  
 For hys lufes g helde ben  
 In chynne accorden neuer more  
 And though thou seyn a yonge wyge  
 It shal be wel by thy lufage

That this was no recouper  
 And as a man by blase of fyre  
 With water quenched so faste  
 A colde me caught sodenly  
 For sorowe that my herte made  
 My deely face pale & fide  
 Bycome in sholowne I fte to grounde  
 And as I laye the same stounde  
 He fully quicke ne fully dede  
 Me thought I salde tofore myn heed  
 Cuppe with his bolde sent  
 And spake vnto a parlement  
 Which were ordyned for the nones  
 With hym came & al þ world attuned  
 Of gentyl folke that whylome were  
 Louers I salde hem al there  
 Forth with cuppe in sondry tolde  
 My eye I caste al aboute  
 To knowe emonge hem who was who  
 I salde where lusty yongthe the  
 As he which was a capteyn  
 Before al othez vpon the playn  
 Stode with his tolde wel begon  
 Her lodes hempe & thenyon  
 Garbades not of one coloure  
 Some of the leef & somme of þ floure  
 And somme of the grete wiles were  
 The nelde guspe of seme was there  
 With sondry thynges wel deuyse  
 I se whereof they be quentyse  
 It was al lust that they with fide  
 Ther was no songe that I ne fide  
 Of loue to loue touchyng  
 Of Pan & al that was lpyng  
 As in yppynge of medodre  
 Was lide in thylike company  
 So loude that on euery syde  
 I thought that al the drum cryde  
 In such accorde & such a soun  
 Of lumbard & of claryoun  
 With cornemuse & flumele  
 That it was halfe a monnes helle  
 So glad a noyse for to heere  
 And as me thought in this matere



At firste I salde hem sprynge & dale  
And do to keue her entandaunce  
After the luste of yongthes luste  
That was ynough of ioye & feste  
For euer emonge they laught & playe  
And put care out of the wyse  
And he with hem ne sat ne stode  
And ouer this I vnderstood  
So as myn eye myght aucte  
The moste matras of her speche

De nominibus istorum nuper aman-  
tum spasiuot aliqui iuvenes aliqui se-  
neo apparuerunt. Seneca autem praecepit  
tam erga deum quam deam amorem p-  
fauitate amantis reuerentia nulli  
phantis praeiudicis misericorditer insua-  
lunt

It was of knyghthode & of armes  
And what it is to lygge in armes  
With loue when it is achauyd  
That was tressa which was exchaungyd  
With lele yfode & lanakete  
Stode with gūnor & galahote  
With his lady & as me thought  
I salde where Jason with hym trougt  
His loue which causa hyght  
And heracles with moche myght  
Was there leryng his grete mace  
And moste of al in thepke place  
He payneth to make chere  
Wyth Eolen which was hym der  
Therfore though he were vntrewe  
To loue al hymmen shewe  
Yet was he there nethelesse  
And phedra which to keue he chese  
Of grete che there was thelamon  
Which fro the kyng came don  
At troye his daughter wite alwey  
Escepen as for his prey  
Which take was when Jason came  
Fro colos & the cyke name  
In Angtaunce of the firste harte

That made hem aske to delecte  
When pyramus the nelle to deue  
Hath made & in auyssolme  
Me thought that I salde also  
Eche forth with his ladye two  
Hym self stood with mynde pte  
And neget to hym I myght see  
When myght stood with fayer daye  
Which was his ioye founteyne  
And myght stood with Crystide  
But euer emonge though he playe  
Wyth semblaunce he was hys chere  
For dyomedes as hym was kynde  
Clapmety to be his partymen  
And thus ful many a dycher  
A thousandy moo than I can syng  
With yongthes I salde hem that leryng  
Forth with her hauen glad & chere  
And femme I salde which ofte speke  
Complaynen them in othe wyse  
Emonge the which I salde naryse  
And pyramus that for her were  
The worthy gydes also them  
Achilles which for hys troye  
Agamenon che as may syde  
And menelap the kyngs also  
I salde with many another moo  
Which lode by fortune for  
Loue cause & ouer more  
Of hymmen in the same maner  
With hem I salde where dyde hys  
Gorsale which was with enye  
And phedra che I myght see  
Whom demophon dysceynde lode  
And adryane his fagelwe lady  
For thesire his firste toke  
And his vnkyned forsoke  
He salde there che emonge the ptes  
Complaynyng hym heracles  
His firste hys dyagyn  
Which set hym asfawards a fye  
Medea was there che & complayneth  
Upon Jason for that he feryneth  
Without cause & toke a nelle

He sayd I see on al vntilde  
 I like these wympys  
 Which lide like company  
 Of achilles than dyonys  
 To lye hym fith vpon the nete  
 Amongst thys othe than the grette  
 I salde also the woofull quene  
 Cleopatra within a grette  
 With serpentes hach hit self beguile  
 At quene & so she was to lye  
 For fowles of that she lide hit  
 Among which hit hane lide hit  
 And fowls with I salde hit thys  
 Which vpon the schyre swetes yownde  
 For hane lide in fow yownde  
 And as myn er it myght anothre  
 He sayd the woofull al fith  
 The playne of wyngne & yphamene  
 Whiche lide I whiche it hold mene  
 Hold erms & his vntwille  
 Wodep lide lide & that was wille  
 And myn to him I salde caner  
 Which maye lide hit fithen grette  
 Dally lide & lide in woofull pette  
 And as I salde in my fithen  
 He thought endage othe thys  
 The daughter of king pyramus  
 Whiche lide lide pyrus fithen  
 Was then & moche fowls & nough  
 As she lide lide grette  
 For lide & lide lide  
 And for to lide the dyfforde  
 I salde then fithen of othe wille  
 And that was Cene & myn  
 That wille lide the more lide  
 Of man & change the fithen  
 Of armagone fithen  
 Thys lide in lide man one  
 To lide lide lide lide  
 And alme of lide lide lide  
 Of lide lide lide lide  
 Whiche name to lide lide lide  
 Wp lide the more fithen al amend  
 Grette lide lide lide lide

May dde them the answer  
 As though they lide lide goddes  
 Of a the world or emperres  
 And as me thought an er I lide  
 And lide lide that the othe lide  
 To lide lide the fithen lide  
 Whiche lide lide lide lide  
 For in ensample of al gode  
 With mariage so they lide  
 That fithen lide no grette lide  
 For the erms of lide lide  
 Whiche lide lide lide lide  
 Whom many a lide lide lide  
 Whiche lide lide lide lide  
 Just many a lide many a lide  
 Wp the grette fithen of lide  
 But the lide lide no lide lide  
 But one lide of lide lide  
 Whiche lide lide lide lide  
 So lide lide lide lide lide  
 That al the world lide lide lide  
 And namelike of them in grette  
 That othe lide lide lide  
 Wp to the wemyn wille  
 And the consterned of lide  
 To lide lide lide lide lide  
 He lide lide lide lide lide  
 But lide only for lide of lide  
 In lide lide of lide lide  
 As lide lide lide one of the lide  
 The lide lide lide lide lide  
 Whiche lide lide lide lide  
 Wp his grette lide lide  
 He lide lide lide lide lide  
 That lide lide lide lide lide  
 And lide lide lide lide lide  
 So lide lide lide lide lide  
 The fourth lide lide lide lide  
 I lide of them lide lide lide  
 Lide lide lide lide lide  
 Whiche to lide lide lide lide  
 And to no mo lide lide lide  
 And lide lide lide lide lide  
 Wp the lide lide lide lide

And there a see foule she cam  
 And with hir wynges she hym bespawd  
 For hie that she to hym had  
 Too thys foule betwix the  
 Which I salbe as me thought the  
 Emonge the gude compaignie  
 Which hie had for to geve  
 But pongthe which in special  
 Of hies court was marshall  
 So besp was vpon his laye  
 That he none hie where he laye  
 Hath take & than as I behelde  
 Me thought I salbe vpon the felde  
 Where elde came a softe was  
 Toward Venus there as she was  
 With hym gude compaignie he hadde  
 But not so fele as pongthe hadde  
 The moste part were of gude age  
 And that was hie in her bylage  
 And not for thy so as they myght  
 They made him pongthe to the syght  
 But yet I herde no ryght there  
 To make mythe in mannes ere  
 But the mysroue I myght knowe  
 For olde men which folowede hie  
 With harpe & lute & cytolle  
 The houre daunce & the carole  
 In such a wyse as hie hath dede  
 A softe paws they daunce & treade  
 And with the bymnyng offeryngs  
 With softe chere emonge they synge  
 For laughter was there none on hye  
 And netheloes ful wel I heere  
 That they the moste queynte it made  
 For hie in whom they were glade  
 And there me thought I myght see  
 The kyng dauid with his beke  
 And salamon was not without  
 Passing an hundredth in a route  
 Of wyues & of concubynes  
 Jewesses & the ardy satyres  
 To hym I salbe al intendant  
 I note where he was suffysant  
 But netheloes for al his wyte

He was attachede with that wyte  
 Which hie with his honte enyde  
 From whom none erly ma appelde  
 And ouer this as for a wonder  
 With his leyn wyche he put Jader  
 With dalyda samson & hie  
 Whos hie his strength al ourthyde  
 I salbe then arystocke also  
 Whom that the quene of gree so  
 Hath bytred that in thyke tyme  
 He made hym such a sylage tyme  
 That he forgoth al his bygre  
 That was none art of his pyncture  
 Though which he myght be cyclude  
 That he ne was fully concludde  
 To hie & dyd his obysaunce  
 And the bygre of acqutement  
 I salbe then the mayden bygre  
 Which was the daughter as men seide  
 Of themprour wyche of some  
 Dore & plate with hym come  
 So dyd Cupide the poet  
 I thought thenne how hie is stode  
 Which hath so wyse men wylomde  
 And was my self the lasse affamde  
 Or for to lye or for to bygnat  
 In the myschance that I was in  
 And thus I lay in how of gane  
 And when they came to the place  
 Where Venus stode & I was felle  
 This olde men with one byer alle  
 To Venus bygre formp felle  
 And she that myght not forsake  
 So gude a clamour as was there  
 Lett ype come in to her en  
 And forth with al that cupide  
 She prayde that she vpon his syde  
 Me wold thowgh his gude fende  
 Some comfort that I myght amende  
 Vpon the case which is byfalle  
 And thus for me they prayde alle  
 Of hem that were olde about  
 And the foune of the ponge wold  
 And of gentylasse & pure touth



I had: then wike if thus grete wouthe  
That I withouten helpe so ferde  
And thus me thought I laye & herde

Die timent qualiter cupido amittit  
senectate: infortunio: uisum: presencione  
ignita: sue: deuocione: de la ad eo: pui  
tus: extinguit: quem: unus: postea: oblap  
mber: percipiens: lucrum: reliquit: / Et  
sic: tandem: pcurisa: senectus: uxorem  
inuocans: hominem: interitum: per: pui  
no: amem: infatuatum: mentis: sanctus  
pcuria: restituit

e Cupide which may hurt & helpe  
In hure cause as for my helpe  
Upon the point which I hym percyue  
Came with Venus when I was lepe  
So swelldung: Upon the grene grene  
And as me thought anone them was  
On every side so grete piers  
That every tye began to piers  
I wote not that hold many scow  
Such as I spake of nold tofore  
Dowres that comen to helpe  
But moste of hem that are olde  
They stode then that at ylle tyme  
To see what wote that helpe  
Upon the sun of my seye  
Then myght I see grete parties  
By hym & reth his olde aduys  
Hath told one that another this  
But enoughe at this I heye  
They demen how that I so ferde  
And sayden that for no tye  
An olde man shold not affe  
For as they tolen wryte  
There is in hym no cause why  
But yf he wold hym self he wye  
So there he wote the more wye  
And thus I sayen some of the  
And some sayen no thynge so  
But that the wylde hure wye  
In mikes tye forweth none oye

Wight there is oyle for to fye  
The lampes be lyghtly set a fye  
And is ful hardy or it be queynte  
But onely yf it be some synne  
And thus me thought in sondry place  
God which preseruet in his grace  
Of hem that halke by yf & doug  
That was dygure oppenon  
And so for a wight it laste  
Tyl that cuppe at the taste  
Forthwith his moder ful aduysed  
Hath werynged & dreynged  
Unto what point he wold defende  
And at this tyme I was lyggende  
Upon the ground tofore his eyen  
And they that my dysse syen  
Supposen not that I shold lye  
But he which wold than yuen  
His grace so as it may be  
This blende god which may not see  
Hath growd tye that he me se  
And as he put forth his honde  
Upon my body when I laye  
Me thought a fery launegaye  
Which wylde thowgh my herte he wylde  
He pulleth out & also fast  
As they was do/ cuppe name  
His wye I note that he became  
And so dyd at the tyme  
Which unto hym was entendaunt  
Of hem that in a dyspon  
I had a reuelacion  
So as I tolde nold tofore  
But Venus wote not therfor  
He genys which thylke tyme  
Abode to the fast hym  
And so which may the herte synne  
In hure cause & eke dyspente  
Or I out of my launegaye  
Wenus which herte a hore chere  
And wold not I shold tye  
Toke out more colye thune ony hys  
An opment & in such apment  
Whe hys my wounded herte anoynt

My temples & my roames also  
And forth with al she ake me tho  
A wonder myroure for to holde  
In which she lade me to beholde  
And take heed of that I se  
Wher in anone my hertes ey  
I caste & salde my colour fade  
My eyes dym & al my glade  
My chere thynne & al my face  
With elde I myght see as a  
So rycked & so woo bysoun  
That ther was no thyng ful ne playn  
I salde also myn hertes hore  
My wyll was tho to see nomore  
Therwith for ther was no pleasure  
And thence in to my remembraunce  
I dwelle myn olde dayes passed  
And wesen it hath compassed

Quod stat9 hois mēst9 ani ed padur

I made a kinnesse of my self  
Unto the sondry menthes welf  
Wherof the yere in his estate  
Is made & stant in no delate  
That by he to other none accordeth  
For who the tymes wel accordeth  
And thence at marche yf he begyn  
Whan that the lusty yere cometh in  
Tyl it be passed septimber  
The myghty poynt is may remember  
In which the yere hath his deluge  
Of gras of flour of corne of fyghe  
Of leif & eke the wyne grape  
And afterwarde this tyme is shap  
To frost to snolde to wynde to upne  
Tyl eke that marche be come ageyne  
The wynter wyll no sommer knowe  
The grene leif is ouer throlde  
The clothed cithre is than bare  
Dyspoyled is the sommer fute  
That erst was hot is than chile  
And thus thynnyng thoughtes fele

I was out of my stollone aserped  
Wherof I salde my lythes aserped  
And gan to clip from home agerped  
And whan wof it lerte fery  
That hure myr was alwey  
He came to me the right wey  
And hath remeyd the fery  
Of the lye valyse fantasie  
Wherof that I was bound to playn  
So that of the lye fery payn  
I was made fere & fole enough  
Wenus behelde me thence & laugh  
And agerped as it were in game  
What hure was & I for shame  
He wyll what I shold answer  
And nethelisse I gan to swer  
That by my trowth I knowe I am newe  
So fere it was out of my thought  
Right as it lade neuer fe  
My goode fere tho qd fe  
Now at this tyme I leue it welle  
So goeth the fortune of my welle  
For the my counayl is thou lue  
Madame I saide by your leue  
Ye wote wel & so do I  
That I am in lachrym  
Your wote fere this day forth to fere  
And for I may no thonde aserue  
And also for I am refused  
I payn you to lye excused  
And nethelisse as for the lase  
Whyle that my lythes hath mi lase  
Tolde myn my confessyon  
I age an absolution  
Of gennus or that I ge  
The prest anone was wof fe  
And saide fere as of the shifte  
Thou hast ful pardon & ful fere  
Forgette it thou & so wyll I  
My holy fader gwaunte mercy  
Quod I to hym & to the quene  
I fere on knees upon the grune  
And toke my lue for to lende  
But fe that wote make an ende

As the which was moste able  
 A pape of laces blacke as sables  
 He toke a hynge myn necke aboute  
 Upon the gaudes al without  
 Was lyste of golde pur wyfeste  
 To this he said yohan golde  
 Holb thou art atte laste caste  
 Thus haue I for thy mas caste  
 That thou of hie no more seche  
 But my wyfe is that thou seche  
 And paye hys for the pce  
 And that thou make a plyn reles  
 To hie which taketh hie lide  
 Of olde may upon the rode  
 When that the lutes ben alrepe  
 For thy to the me but one lere  
 For which wron be thy gye  
 For he may some hym self myfgye  
 That seeth not the ppyete tofor  
 Myf son be wel lare therfor  
 And lere the senten of my lere  
 And tarye thou my court no more  
 But goo there mouste lare dyllectly  
 Where ben thy booke as m. y. tellyth  
 Which of longe tyme thou hast lere  
 For this I do the wel to lere  
 If thou myn lere wil purre lere  
 Thou myght not make such a chere  
 Where that the game is not prouable  
 At lere a thyng vnresonable  
 A ran to be so curiose  
 For thy take lere of that I lere  
 For in the lare of my comune  
 We be not shapen to comune  
 Thy self a I neuer after this  
 Holb hie I lere al that ther is  
 Of lere as for thy synal ende  
 A lere for I made fro the lere  
 And grete lere chaunge lere p. m. lere  
 An myf discorde a myf poete  
 For in the lere of his poete  
 In lere lere as he lere lere  
 Of ophes a of lere glade  
 To lere lere for myf lere made

The lere fulfilled is ouer alle  
 Whereof to hym in speyalle  
 Alone al other I am moste holde  
 For the nolt in his dapes olde  
 Thou shalt hym alle this message  
 That a upon his laste age  
 To sette an ende of al his lere  
 As he which is myn olde lere  
 Do make his testament of lere  
 As thou hast don thyf shypre adour  
 So that my court it may recorde  
 Madame I can me wel accorde  
 Quod I to lere as ye m. lere  
 And with that worde it so lere  
 Out of speght al lere  
 Enchosed in a lere  
 Venus which is the quene of lere  
 Was take in to his place adour  
 More lere I not lere lere  
 And thus of hie my lere I nam  
 And forth with al the same lere  
 His ptef which wold not lere  
 Or me be lere or me be lere  
 Out of my speght forth be gooth  
 And I was lere withouten lere  
 So lere I not lere to lere  
 But that onely I had lere  
 My tyme a was lere therfor  
 And thus lere lere in my thought  
 When al was lere in to nought  
 I stode amased for a lere  
 And in my self I gan to smyle  
 Thynkyng upon the lere lere  
 And how they were me lere  
 For that I shold lere a lere  
 And when I salbe none other lere  
 But onely that I was lere  
 Con to the lere which I had lere  
 I thought neuer to lere ager  
 And in this lere lere to lere  
 Homelward a lere lere I lere  
 Where as lere al myn lere lere  
 Open the lere that I am lere  
 I lere to lere lere I lere



Parte precor ppeste populus quo gau  
det iste / Anglia ne traste subat ex  
summe refuso / Corrige quosque fca  
giles absolue tractus / Unde deo grat  
Vigeat locus iste beatus

¶ E which within dayes seuen  
This large world forthwith the heuen  
Of his eternal prouidence  
Hath maad / & thylke intelligenc  
In mannes soules resonable  
Hath shap to be perdurable  
Wherof the man of his felix  
Above al erthely creature  
After the soule is immortal  
To thylke lord in special  
As he which is of al thynges  
The creatour & of the kynges  
Hath the fortunes vpon honde  
His grace & mercy for to fonde  
Vpon my kure knees I praye  
That he this honde in syker weye  
Wyl sette vpon goody gouernance  
For yf men taken remembraunce  
What is to lyue in synne  
There is no state in his dege  
That ne ought to desyre pres  
Without which it is no les  
To seke & like in to the laste  
Eke may no wordes ioy laste  
First for to like the clerge  
Hem ought wel to iustefye  
Thynge which bylongeth to thepr cur  
As for to praye & to prouide  
Our pres towarde the heuen aboue  
And eke to sette rste & loue  
Emonge vs on this erthe lre  
For yf they wrought in this maner  
After the rule of charite  
I hope that men sholden see  
This honde amended & ouer this  
To seke & look hold it is  
Touchend of the chyualrye  
Which for to like in somme partye

Is worthy for to be commendyd  
And in somme parte to be amendyd  
That of the large reuene  
The honde is ful of mygnature  
Which causeth that comyn right  
In selbe contres stonde by night  
Exaucyon / contess / mayne  
Withholden ben of that couyne  
Al day men her grete compleyns  
Of the dystaste of the constuyns  
Wherof the peple is for oppressyd  
Gods graunte it moche to redressyd  
For of synghelode thorder holden  
That they defende & here sholde  
The comyn right & the sauynghes  
Of holy church in al wyse  
So that no byschop man if der  
And therof seruieth stonde and spere  
But for it goeth nowt other weye  
Our grace goeth the more alweye  
And for to like outremore  
Wherof the peple pleyen for  
Toward the salles of our honde  
Men say y trouth hath broke his bnde  
And with bewage is goon alweye  
So that no man can see the weye  
Wht for to fynde rightwisnesse  
And yf men seke sythernesse  
Vpon the lucte of marchandise  
Compassement & trespasse  
Of synghel prouysse to bypne  
Men sayn is cause of moche synne  
And namely of dysprouyn  
Which many a noble toun  
Fro welthe & fro prosperite  
Hath brought to grete aduersyte  
So there it good to be allone  
For moche graue theuon  
Vnto the cytes sholden fall  
Which myght awaye to be alle  
Yf these estates amended were  
So that the vertues stonde them  
And that the vices were allone  
We thynketh I durst thence lre

This lorde graue sholdy arpe  
 But yet to like in other wyse  
 Ther is estate as yf that here  
 About al other on erthe here  
 Which hath the lorde in his lalaune  
 To hym byngeth the lyeaune  
 Of clerke of knyght of man of lalde  
 Under his hande al is forth draide  
 The marchaunt & the labourer  
 So stande it al in his polber  
 Or for to speke or for to saue  
 But though he such polber haue  
 And that his myghte be so large  
 He hath hem nought without charge  
 To which that euery kyng is swore  
 So were it good that he therfore  
 First vnto the rightwysnes entende  
 Wherof that he hym self amende  
 Toward his god & true wyse  
 Which is the chur of his offyse  
 And after at the remenaunt  
 He shal vpon his couenaunt  
 Gouerne & lorde in such a wyse  
 So that there be no tyraunys  
 Wherof that he his peple graue  
 Or ellis may he nought achue  
 That longeth to his regalye  
 For yf a kyng wyl iustefie  
 His lorde & hem that ben within  
 First at hym self he must begyn  
 To kepe & rule his owne estate  
 That in hym self be no debate  
 Toward his god for other wyse  
 Ther may none erthely kyng suffyse  
 Of his kyngdom the folke to lorde  
 But he the kyng of heuyn dwelle  
 For what kyng sette hym vpon pride  
 And taketh his lust on euery syde  
 And wyl not goo the right way  
 Though god his graue cast away  
 No wonder is for alle tyme  
 He shal wel wyl it may not tyme  
 The pompe which he seeketh here  
 But what kyng with humble chere

After the lalde of god escheweth  
 The vices & the vertues selueth  
 His graue shal be suffisaunt  
 To gouerne al the remenaunt  
 Which longeth to his due  
 So that in his prosperite  
 The peple shal not be oppressyd  
 Wherof his name shal be blessed  
 For euere & be memorysse  
 And nold to speke as in synalle  
 Towchynge that I vndertook  
 In englysshe for to make a booke  
 Which stande bytvene ernest & game  
 I haue it made as thyllke same  
 Which are for to be refused  
 And that my booke be not refused  
 Of lechery men when they it see  
 For lacke of curposyte  
 For thyllke scole of eloquence  
 Byngeth not to my science  
 Upon the forme of trithorike  
 My wordes for to prync & pple  
 As tullyus somtyme wrote  
 But this I knowe & thus I wrote  
 That I haue done my trewe pyne  
 With rade wordes & with pleyne  
 In al that euere I couthe & myght  
 This booke to wyte as I requyte  
 So as sekene it suffre wolde  
 And also for my dayes olde  
 That I am feble & impotent  
 I wrote not how the world is went  
 So praye I to my lordes alle  
 Nold in myn age how so byfalle  
 That I mote stonde in theyr graue  
 For though me lacke to purchace  
 Der worthy thanke as by deserte  
 Yet the sympleste of my pouerte  
 Desereth for to do plesaunce  
 To hem vnder whose gouernaunce  
 I hope spere to abyde  
 But nold vpon my last tye  
 That I this booke haue made & wyte  
 My muse dothe me for to wyte

## Libri Octauus

And saith it shal be for my beste  
 fro this day forth to take reste  
 That I nomore of kare make  
 Which many a herte hath ouertake  
 And ouerwinded as the blinde  
 fro wson in to salve of kynde  
 Wher as the wysdem goeth alwey  
 And can not see the right wey  
 How to gouerne his owne estate  
 But euery day stande in debate  
 Within hym self & can not leue  
 And thus for thy my synal leue  
 I take noll for euermore  
 Without makynge ony more  
 Of kare & of his delyt hile  
 Which no physygyen can hile  
 For his nature is so dyuers  
 That it hath euer somme trauers  
 Or of to moche or of to lyte  
 That playnly may no mon delyte  
 For hym faileth or that or this  
 But thys he kare which that is  
 Within a mannes herte affermed  
 And stande of charge confirmed  
 Such kare is goodly for to haue  
 Such kare may the body saue  
 Such kare may the soule amende  
 The hylt godd such kare do sende  
 Forthwith the remouunt of guay  
 So that aboue in thy lye place  
 Where resteth kare & al pres  
 Our ioye may be endles

Amey

Expositio iste liber qui transeat obsequio  
 libere / Ut sine duore vigeat lectoris  
 in ore / Qui sedet in scannio ad ut  
 ista Iohannis / Perpetuis annis stet  
 pagina gratia britannie / Derbie comi  
 ti recolunt quem laude preli / Vnde  
 liber prius sub eo requiescit futurus

Epistola super huius operis vel

opusculi sui complementum Iohanni  
 Golder a quodam philosopho transmissa

Quam cingetur sacra golder tua car  
 mina lecta / Per hec discretis canit an  
 gela laude triplata / Carminis at lecta  
 satias tibi sine poeta / Sit laus com  
 pluta quo gloria stat sine meta

Quia Unusquisque prout a deo acci  
 pit alijs impartitur anetur Iohes gold  
 er super hys que deus sibi intellectus  
 ltra donauit Diffinitionis sue rationem  
 dum tempus instat scatur dum aliquid  
 allemare cupiens inter labores et oia  
 ad aliorum noticiam tres libros doctri  
 ne causa forma subsequenti propatra  
 composuit

Primus liber galico sermone editus  
 in decem diuiditur partes & tractans  
 de vicijs et virtutibus necnon & de sa  
 nis huius seculi gradibus namq; ha  
 peccator transgressus ad sui creatoris  
 agnitionem vultu dicit nro tramite  
 doctri conatur / Titulus libelli istius  
 Opusculi hominis nuncupatus est

Secundus enim liber sermone lati  
 no versibus epame tri composuit tract  
 at super illo mirabili euentu qui in an  
 gela tempore Regis Ricardi secundi  
 Anno regni sui quarto contigit quan  
 do ferules iusticia impetiose contra no  
 biles et ingenuos regni insurrexerunt  
 innocentiam tamen dicti domini regis  
 sine iunioris etatis causam inde exca  
 salilem pronuncians culpos abunde  
 et quibus et non a fortuna talia inter  
 homines contingunt enormis euiden  
 tia desolant huius que voluminis  
 huius cuius ordo septem continet pa  
 ginas / Vnde clamantis nominatus



Tertius iste fuit anglicus sermo in octo partibus diuisus qui ad instantiam scriptissimi principis dei domini regis anglie ricardi secundi conficitur / Secundum dauicis prophetiam / Super huiusmodi regnum mutatione a tempore regis nabogodonosor / Quod nunc tempore distinguit / Tractat etiam secundum nathanam et aristotilem / Super his quibus rex alexander cum in sui regimine et adierit super amorem et amantem conditiones fundamentum habet / Vbi variatum croniconum historiarum quod finem necnon portum philosophorum quod scriptum ad exemplum distinctus instantur nomen quod presentis opusculi Confessio amantis specialiter nuncupatur

Carmen quod quidam philosophus in memoriam Iohannis Golber super consummatione suorum trium decemum forma sub sequenti composuit / et eadem gratanter transmisit

Enchiridion quod grecum me tam prestantis / Virgilio laudis archa dedit scolis / Hic tribus ille libris perfertur honor poetis / Roma quod per opus laudibus instat eis / Golber sic que tuis tribus est dotata libellis / Anglia monigenis quo tua scripta sit / ris / Ille que latinis tantum sua metam liquet / Scripsit de iudicis sint recolenda notis / Te tua set trinis tria scribere carmina linguis / Constat de inde vixit sit sola lata magis / Gallica lingua / prius latina secunda set ortus / Lingua tui potius anglica compit opus / Ille quidem vixit / romanus obstupet auris / Audis et in studio musa pagana suis / Set tua ppristit fulget scriptum vixit / Quo tibi archa laus sit habita laus

Quis sit et qualis / scire ordo conu / bialis / Scripsi mentalis sit amor quod in ordine talis / Exemplum vixit pot / unt vixit timet / Tunc caro sicut vixit / vixit vixit illa mouet / Non ita gaudebit sibi qui de carne placet / Quin corpus sibi aut spiritus inde do / lebit / Carne vixit / qui se regit immaculatus / Omnes quoque status parat in ore vixit / Ille deo gra / tus / splendet ad omne laus

Carmen quod Iohannes Golber super amoris multiplica varietate sub compendio metrica composuit /

Est amor in gloria / pax bellum / his pietosa / Actio famosa / Raga fero / Bis impetosa / Pugna quietosa / Victoria perniosa / Regula discosa / scola deniua / lex capiosa / Cura molestosa / grauis ars / Virtus viciosa / Gloria dampnosa / plene / asus / et ita iocosa / Musa dolosa / mors letal / febris periosa / Est vixit / fel dulcor / fames ani / mosa / Vitis acerosa / sitis ebria / meno furiosa / Flamma parinosa / nox clara dies tenebrosa / Res dedignosa socias et ambiciosa / Garrula vixit / secula silene studiosa / Fabula formosa / sapientia prestigiosa / Causa uinosa rota vixit quies oprosa / Vixit rosa spes stulta / fides que dolosa

Magnus in egiuis variatus de est tibi clamor / Fugus in ambiguis motibus errat amor / Instat audita tibi letitia sit vixit / Mors amor et vita / participant ita

Lex docet audax quod dicit carnalis bonorum / Tunc est quoniam sunt federa coniugiorum / Instat de ortum rosa plus et gramen agrorum

Ordo matris caput. Et finis amoris  
 Hec est nuptiarum carnis quasi regula  
 motum / Que saluandorum faciat  
 in orbe vitam / Hinc Vetus Aeternum  
 Colitur sub spe matris / Ordine  
 sponsum tuus adhibeo thorum

Orate pro anima Johannis Collier  
 Quiaque enim pro anima ipsius  
 Johannis Collier conuenit sciens quod  
 ante mille Quingentes dies in ul  
 gentie ab ecclesia tua concessis misit  
 cordis in domino possidet

Engraved at Westminster by me  
 William Caxton and Henry VIII the ii  
 day of September the first year of the  
 regne of King Richard the third / the  
 year of our lord a thousand / CCCC /  
 CCCCii /



